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THE GIFT OF

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THE MINOR DRAMA

A MORNING CALL.

An Original Comedietta,

IN ONE ACT.

By CHARLES DANCE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COUNTRY SQUIRE," "THE DUSTMAN'S BELLE," "THE MAGIC HORN," "WHO SPEAKS FIRST," "A WONDERFUL WOMAN," "DELICATE GROUND, &c., &c., &c

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

BY HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

On Monday, March 17th, 1851.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GENTLEMAN.

Sir Edward Ardent.....MR. JAMES ANDERSON.

LADY.

Mrs. Chillingtone.....MRS. NISBETT.

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A MORNING CALL.

SCENE.

A well-furnished drawing-room in MRS. CHILLINGTONE'S *house in the country*—MRS. C. *discovered working*—*Her work-table being near the fire*—*Snow storm without, which gradually ceases, and discloses a winter landscape.*

Mrs. C. People declare that everything in England is changed; I wonder what they would say to this specimen of a fine old English winter. The snow falls thickly enough to chill a lover; if, indeed, such an animal ever existed, except in the imagination of some dreamy poet. Talking of lovers, let me look at this note once again.

[*Putting down her work—taking up note and reading.*

"My dear Fanny,—

"I am sorry, for my own sake, that you declined to join "the large and merry party who are now staying here—not "so for your's—for there is a plot against you, and I am for- "tunately enabled to put you on your guard. Never mind "how I came to know it—it is enough that I did not par- "ticularly listen, only—when gentlemen are on visits at "country houses, they should ascertain exactly how their "rooms are situated, before they talk too loud. I need not "tell you, that it is well known that your early marriage "was a forced one. It is, now, equally a matter of notori- "ety that you mistrust the whole of the opposite, or, as you "*call them, the* 'opposing' sex, and that you have resolved "*never to marry* again. I quite differ from you on this

"point, but never mind that—the subject was canvassed, a "heavy wager was laid that you would break your resolu- "tion within a week; and your appointed conqueror is Sir "Edward Ardent. As your house is but a few miles from "this, and as he has but little time to spare, if he really "means to win, I should not wonder if he were to ride over "this very day, and make a morning call." *(Speaking.)* In- "deed! "He has the reputation of making great profes- "sions to every handsome woman he meets, without coming "to the point with any; but you know him better than I do." *(Speaking.)* Yes, I know him. "He is a good-looking, "good-for-nothing, fascinating fellow, and that's the truth, "I only wish he would make love to me." *(Speaking.)* No doubt, my dear. "However, I believe he is in very safe "hands with you." *(Speaking.* So do I.) "Take care of "yourself, and make an example of him for the sake of our "sex in general, and of yours, dear Fanny, in particular.

"CHARLOTTE."

So, my gentleman, I am to surrender in less than a week, am I? the fortress must be badly defended indeed, that can't hold out for that time. It isn't worth thinking of, and I don't care a pin about it; but the man's impudence is almost provoking, and, little as it signifies, I declare I can hardly help wishing that this renowned general would commence his attack, that I may silence his batteries, and send him about his business. *(Shivering.)* Ugh! how cold it is, a little bit of a skirmish might warm one, for positively the fire went. *[Rings the bell, and pokes the fire.*

Enter SIR EDWARD ARDENT, *in a hunting dress.*

Sir E. (Aside.) The snow puts an extinguisher on our hunting to-day, and some amusement I must have, so I have come to try if I can win the widow, *and* my bet. *(She rings a second time.)* She rings again—what does she want, I wonder?

Mrs. C. Coals.

Sir E. Ma'am?

Mrs. C Coals.

Sir E. Coals?

Mrs C. (Looking up.) Dear me, Sir Edward Ardent I *declare, I beg your* pardon, I took you for my servant.

Sir E. Would that you would *keep* me for your servant!

Mrs. C. What wages do you ask?

Sir E. I'll serve you for love.

Mrs. C. You'll never get paid.

Sir E. Engage me, and I'll take my chance

Mrs. C. You have great confidence.

Sir E. Not too much.

Mrs. C. Yes you have—in *yourself*, I mean.

Sir E. Never mind, enagage me?

Mrs. C. I've heard a bad character of you from your last place.

Sir E. Indeed! from whom?

Mrs. C. From your mistress, to be sure.

Sir E. What mistress?

Mrs. C. Have you so many?

Sir E. None! but I seek one, and *that* one——

Mrs. C. Will have a remarkably troublesome servant.

Sir E. Well, if I am not allowed to finish a sentence——

Mrs. C. My very good friend, when you are talking with a lady, think yourself remarkably well off if you are allowed to *begin* a sentence.

Sir E. I am quite aware that ladies——

Mrs C. Are very unreasonable on that subject—generally speaking, they are—I am an exception. You wish to say something?

Sir E. I do—something very——

Mrs C. Stop a minute—you shall have every chance—sit down and warm yourself, while I work. *(he sits.)* when you feel inclined to speak—speak., and I won't interrupt me.

Sir E. (rises.) I cannot sit—I am too much agitated. *(paces the stage.)*

Mrs C. Well, whatever you do, don't walk about, for that is unbearable.

Sir E. I don't know what to do.

Mrs C. Poor man! then I'll tell you—fetch the scuttle, and put on some coals.

Sir E. Hadn't I better ring for your servant?

Mrs C. Certainly not! when I rung for him you answered the bell, and not only that, but you applied for the place.

Sir E. He is shaking the snow off my coat.

Mrs C. An additional reason for your doing his work,

and so let me see how well you can do it. *(he fetches the scuttle, which he carries with both hands.)* Very well, very well—upon my word I think you have been in service before ; there, don't spill them, or I shall have to send you about your business.

Sir E. (stopping.) Mrs. Chillingtone, listen to me, I am serious——

Mrs C. Not with the coal-scuttle in your hand, surely.

Sir E. It is very hard that you will turn every thing I say into ridicule : however, in the hope that artificial warmth may thaw the natural iciness of your disposition, I will make up the fire before I unburthen my mind.

Mrs C. Stop ! I have had hundreds of serious speeches made to me, but it just occurs to me that I never heard one from a man with a scuttle full of coals. Speak just as you are, scuttle and all.

Sir E. No ! indeed, I shall not.

Mrs C. Now, do, pray ; you can't think how well you look.

Sir E. You must excuse me. I certainly cannot see why a man who feels earnestly should not express himself earnestly at any moment ; neither do I see that the ebullition of a genuine feeling is rendered less worthy of attention by the accidental circumstance of his having a coal-scuttle in his hand ; but *(throwing some coals on.)* you have chosen to point attention to the fact, and possibly *(throwing more.)* there *may* be some degree of ridicule attached to it. Therefore, although I burn ro speak *(he looks at her, she is looking another way.)* I say, Mrs. Chillingtone, although I burn to speak *(throwing all that remains on.)*

Mrs. C. Don't smother the fire on any account.

Sir E. (putting down the scuttle, and pacing the stage—aside.) Her cool indifference is past belief. I'm not used to be treated in such a way by woman, and yet there *are* moments when I fancy that she is listening more than she pretends to be.

Mrs C. Are you speaking to me, Sir Edward ? because I don't hear one word you say.

Sir E. I was talking to myself.

Mrs C. And there is no better way of ensuring an attentive listener.

Sir E. Thank you, Madam.

Mrs C. (rising and coming forward.) You and I have known one another a long time; why say "Madam?" it sounds very formal.

Sir E. Does it, does it? *(aside.)* She thaws—by Jupiter, she thaws! *(aloud, and earnestly.)* Does it?

Mrs C. Does it, does it, does it? Why, yes, it does—and what then?

Sir E. (aside.) Down to the freezing point again. I'll pretend to go, and try what that will do.

Mrs C. I haven't had the speech yet; when are you going to begin?

Sir E. Some other time; I think I hear a carriage. *(going.)*

Mrs C. I hear none, but if any body should call, I can say "not at home."

Sir E. (aside.) Oh, ho, my lady! *(returning.)* Well, since you will say "not at home"——

Mrs. C. I didn't say I *would*—I only said I *could*.

Sir E. Mrs. Chillingtone, good morning. *(going.)*

Mrs C. Nonsense! stay where you are, you restless man.

Sir E. You're very kind, but I must go. *(goes to door, which he opens and holds in hand, standing half-in and half-out.)*

Mrs C. Where to?

Sir E. I don't know; but good bye.

Mrs C. Till when, then?

Sir E. (aside.) She says "till when?" It's my private opinion she wishes me to stay.

Mrs C. Till when?

Sir E. Till to-morrow. *(aside.)* One day's absence will bring her to her senses. *(going.)*

Mrs C. Not to-morrow, you cruel man.

Sir E. (shutting door and returning.) Ah! you wish me not to go to-day.

Mrs C. I don't wish you not to go to-day—I only wish you not to come to-morrow.

Sir E. Shall you be out?

Mrs C. No, I shall be at home; but I shan't want you.

Sir E. (aside.) It's nothing to me; but as sure as fate, there's a man in the case—it's nothing to me, I say, but I don't like it. *(aloud.)* "You shan't want me," Mrs. Chilling-

tone—"you shan't want me?" that is, don't misunderstand me, I don't mean to say it's likely you would want me, but when you say you don't want me, it seems as much as to say you don't wish for me; of course, I don't mean to say it's likely you would wish for me, but when you say, or *if* you say, you don't wish for me, it's *almost* as much as to say that you wish me away; I say *almost*, I don't say *quite*.

Mrs. C. But I do; you have been a long time arriving at a conclusion, but the curious part of the business is that you have arrived at the right one.

Sir E. After such a declaration, it would be folly in me to say another word.

Mrs. C. A declaration? good gracious! Who has made a declaration? I heard none.

Sir E. This is trifling; I say it would be folly in me to say another word.

Mrs. C. So it would, so it would; but you'll say it for all that.

Sir E. Well, I believe I shall, in fact, I must; I have a question to ask you—a question, my dear Mrs. Chillingtone, to which I must entreat your most serious attention. (*she walks gently off to her own room.*) I will not add to your embarrassment by even looking at you while you answer it, contenting myself with merely begging that your answer may be a candid one. (*listens.*) Yes, cost what it may, a candid one. (*listens again.*) I pause for your assurance that it shall be a candid one. (*aside.*) She hesitates—she's lost.

Mrs. C. (*calling from within.*) Are you gone, Sir Edward?

Sir E. Gone, Mrs. Chillingtone? gone? Why *you* are gone.

Mrs. C. (*re-entering.*) Only for the moment. I went for my thimble.

Sir. E. Went for your thimble! (*aside.*) Women have always an excuse at the tips of their fingers. (*aloud.*) Only for a moment! Don't you know what Mrs. Haller says? "There are moments in which we live years."

Mrs. C. I must beg, Sir Edward, that you won't quote Mrs. Haller to me. I never associate with ladies of that description.

Sir E. (*aside.*) This is put on—she must be shamming, *for she couldn't know that* I was—how deceitful women are!

but I *will* go now. *(going to door.)* I positively will go. *(opens door, then stops—aloud.)* Surely you heard my question.

Mrs. C. Well, I fancied I heard you mumbling something.

Sir E. Mumbling! *(aside.)* Well, well, I'll bear it all—my turn *must* come. *(aloud.)* I asked you why you wished me away?

Mrs. C. What! to-morrow?

Sir E. Yes.

Mrs. C. Oh! because I expect somebody else.

Sir E. A man?

Mrs. C. Ah, that's the worst of it!

Sir E. A husband, perhaps?

Mrs. C. No, a simple man.

Sir E, The more simple, the more likely to become a husband.

Mrs C. That is the most natural thing you have said yet.

Sir E. Why so.

Mrs. C. It's so rude.

Sir E. I didn't mean to be rude; make allowance for my feelings—I *feared* it was a husband.

Mrs. C You needed not have feared it. When you asked if it was a man that I expected, I said "that's the worst of it." I could not have said that, if it had been a husband.

Sir E. Now, who is rude? but I care nothing for the rudeness—I derive warmth and comfort from the openness of that assurance.

Mrs. C. (imitating his tone.) And I derive neither warmth nor comfort from the openness of that door! so I wish you would shut it.

Sir E. Oh, Mrs. Chillingtone, you are *too* cold.

Mrs. C. I told you so.

Sir E. (going towards door.) Be content; I am about to shut it once and for ever.

Mrs C. And when you have shut it, on which side of it do you propose to remain?

Sir E. Has the lovely Mrs. Chillingtone a choice upon the subject?

Mrs. C. The lovely Mrs. Chillingtone has no choice upon

the subject—but the lovely Mrs. Chillingtone, like the rest of her too fascinating sex, has considerable curiosity.

Sir E. Your wish shall be gratified—I remain on *this* side. (*comes in, having shut the door.*)

Mrs. C. I excuse the impertinence of that speech for the sake of its amusing vanity.

Sir E. (*aside.*) I'll let her go on—I'll let her go on—there *will* come a day of reckoning.

Mrs. C. Well, Sir?

Sir E. Well, Ma'am!

Mrs. C. Oh, nonsense! you mustn't repeat my words—you must say something; suppose this were a play, you couldn't come into a room where a lady was, shut the door, and not speak.

Sir E. Perhaps you will be good enough to furnish the plot of the play.

Mrs. C. I fancy it would be more in my way to act it; however, I'll try my hand. I must begin, I believe, with the stage directions.

Sir E. If you please.

Mrs C. Well—"The stage represents a drawing-room in Mrs. Chillingtone's country house—a large party are assembled at another country house, a few miles off."

Sir E. What, on the stage?

Mrs C. No, no! that is only for *your* information, to help you what to say; now, don't interrupt me, and don't speak till I tell you. "Mrs. C. has been strongly pressed to join the party at her neighbor's house; but, knowing herself to be rather an attractive person, and knowing that men, always more or less silly about women, think it behoves them to make especfal donkies of themselves when on a visit it a country house, she has declined. "One of the gentlemen———"

Sir E. Donkies!

Mrs C. "Sir Edward Ardent, by name"—(I told you not to interrupt me, and you see what you have got by it) —"thinks proper to ride over to Mrs. Chillingtone's under pretence of a "morning call," although it is very evident to her, that he has some other object lurking behind.

Sir E. How does she know that?

Mrs C. *I'm writing* a play, and I'm not bound to tell *more than I like.*

Sir E. But I have to speak presently, and I want information.

Mrs C. You shall have more than you want. "Sir Edward, like hundreds of other moderately good-looking men, has been humoured by sundry weak women until he fancies himself irresistible."

Sir E. *(aside)* He may prove so yet.

Mrs C. "And, taking advantage of a previous acquaintance with Mrs. C. to deprive her of her privilege of saying "not at home," he breaks through the ordinary rules of society—enters—her room without being announced—and"—

Sir E. Stay! I can explain all.

Mrs C. Can you? that is just what I want; but don't be in a hurry—pull that couch this way. *(he pulls a couch to the centre of the stage.)* "Mrs. Chillingtone, though astonished at his coolness, takes her seat on one side of the couch *(she sits)* and motions Sir Edward to occupy the other" *(he prepares to do so—when he is nearly seated, Mrs. C. puts her hand under his arm and causes him to rise again)* "He has *almost* done so when he suddenly recollects that he has omitted to bow on accepting the invitation." *(he bows to her)* "Having supplied the omission, he takes his seat, and Mrs. Chillingtone waits patiently for the promised explanation of his extraordinary conduct."

Sir E. I can give it in five words.

Mrs C. Not less?

Sir E. Yes, in three—"I love you!"

Mrs C. Stay a minute—let me clearly understand. Are you carrying on the little drama I began, or are you, Sir Edward Ardent, *Bart.*, in your own proper person, addressing yourself to me—Fanny Chillingtone, widow?

Sir E. I hope you don't take me for an actor.

Mrs C. Well, in love affairs, there is not much difference between a man on and a man off the stage—one is a professional actor, and the other an actor of professions.

Sir E. You think, then, that truth has no part in love affairs?

Mrs C. Oh, yes it has, I wish it hadn't.

Sir E. Why so?

Mrs C. Because it always comes to late.

Sir E. Always?

Mrs C. I speak from my own experience.

Sir E. You have never tried but once.

Mrs C. And have no inclination to try again.

Sir E. You think all men alike, then?

Mrs C. Yes, in their disposition to deceive women.

Sir E. May there not be *one* exception?

Mrs C There may; but it must be a golden one.

Sir E. Come, I have gained a step at last—you admit there may be one exception—I trust before the week is out to prove myself that one.

Mrs C. A week? that is a very short time.

Sir E. If I fail to convince you of my sincerity in a week—

Mrs C. You'll own yourself beaten—and pay——

Sir E. *(rising)* Mrs. Chillingtone!

Mrs C. Sit down, Sir Edward—and pay your court to some one else.

Sir E. *(aside)* What a fool I am, I had nearly betrayed myself! *(aloud)* Where failure would be death, I will think of nothing but success.

Mrs C. What a charming speech! many men have offered to live for me, and I have refused them—you propose to die for me—now if I thought I could depend upon you——

Sir E. *(aside.)* Confound your impudence! but I'll be even with you yet. *(Aloud.)* You may—indeed, you may.

Mrs C. As you have allowed yourself so short time for your conquest—hadn't you better begin?

Sir E. If you please. I confess, and indeed, I think you must feel, that I start under some disadvantage. I have proclaimed that I love you—I have played out, as it were, my thirteenth trump, and am now dependent upon you to bring in my strong suit.

Mrs C. Your position is even more awkward than you think—if I play your cards as well as my own, you must be "dumby."

Sir E. Play them on *any* terms, I am content—it makes us partners.

Mrs. C. Was ever knave more civil to a queen? But look you, Sir Knave, a husband who must not open his mouth——

Sir E. Can never contradict his wife.

Mrs C. True! but a wife who is compelled to talk for two——

Sir E. Is confirmed, without a struggle, in her sex's dearest privilege.

Mrs C. *(aside)* I could almost like him for his impertinence.

Sir E. *(after a pause)* I'd give the world to know your thoughts.

Mrs C. You shall know them for nothing ; I was thinking which I should prefer—a deaf husband or a dumb one.

Sir E. If you allude to me——

Mrs C But I do not.

Sir E. I only said "if." If you allude to me, I will be dumb, *not* deaf.

Mrs C Why not deaf?

Sir E. I could not bear to *see* you speak, and thirst to hear the liquid music of your voice.

Mrs. C. It's very kind of you to think me so charming and I dare say you're quite right ; but if you were dumb you could not tell me so.

Sir E. What matter? I could find other means to make you know it—I could lie at your feet the live-long day, like a pet dog, with happy eyes to see you, with greedy ears to hear you, and express, by mute devotion, that deep affection which, at last, no tongue, however eloquent, could tell.

Mrs C. *(aside)* Hang the fellow, how pleasant he talks!

Sir E. *(aside)* She's touched.

Mrs C. There is only one thing, I fear, Sir Edward.

Sir E. *(earnestly)* Say what it is? It ceases with the utterance.

Mrs C. If you were to become my pet dog——

Sir E. Yes?

Mrs C. I'm afraid you would expect me to wash and comb you every day. *(laughs at him, rises, and walks about.)*

Sir E. *(rising, and paces the stage)* Really, Mrs. Chillingtone—this indifference—I wish you wouldn't laugh—this indifference—now, pray don't laugh—this indifference to one who—oh, well, if you are determined to laugh, it's useless to attempt opening one's mouth.

Mrs C. There, there, I won't laugh any more *(sits down)* I'm dumb, and will only express by mute devotion, that (what is it? oh!) that deep affection which no tongue, however eloquent, can tell.

Sir E. I should be sorry, Mrs. Chillingtone, to charge

you with affectation, but this indifference is unnatural, it is unworthy of your sex, and, allow me to add, *unlike* your sex. *(aside.)* I'll try if I can make her jealous ; *(aloud.)* for I don't hesitate to tell you that it has been my fate to make an impression upon the fairer portion of the creation, which, in point of numbers, I believe to be quite unusual ; it is not one, two, ten, or twenty only, that I might have married, had I but held my little finger up. I havn't a particle of vanity in my composition ; but common sense tells us there must be something about me to account for the very marked preference shewn me by the ladies.

Mrs C. Don't mistake me ! I always listen with pleasure when my own praises are sounded, though I seldom take the trouble to enquire to what regiment the trumpeter belongs ; you may go on.

Sir E. It is now some three years since first I met you ; on that occasion it was my good fortune to dance with you —shall I ever forget that dance ? no ! to my dying day the very tune will haunt me —it was a polka !

Mrs. C. No such thing ; it was a quadrille.

Sir E. You're right, it was. I said it but to try you.

Mrs C. (aside) I wish I had held my tongue.

Sir E. (aside) I didn't remember a bit about it ; but that's nothing. *(aloud)* You are quite aware that I never even hinted to you the passion with which you then inspired me.

Mrs C. (aside) Now, *is* he going to have the effrontery to pretend that he has been in love with me all this time ?

Sir E. No, like the gentle Viola, I "let concealment feed on my damask cheek."

Mrs C. While you yourself fed, I suppose, on your damask table-cloth.

Sir E. Is this a moment for levity ? I ask you, *is* this a moment for levity ? but I am rightly served—women have adored me by dozens, and I have sported with their feelings, I have slighted them, poor dears ! but, at length, to avenge their sufferings, you step forward as their appointed champion, and, I, in turn, am doomed to the bitter pangs of unrequited affection. Oh, Mrs. Chillingtone, may you be saved from such a fate ! You have many admirers (not so many, I dare say, as I have) but a great many—you snub them

all, but beware! the time and the man may come, and you may meet in our sex, the avenger I have found in yours.

Mrs C. There's no great danger.

Sir E. I don't know that; love delights in tormenting —women are weak creatures, men are full of deceit.

Mrs C. You must be going to publish a copy-book.

Sir E. Extremes frequently meet; she who begins by hating, often ends by loving; some day you may be addressed by one whom, like myself for instance, at first slight—he may be very good-looking, although you may think him plain —his figure may be nearly faultless, and you see nothing in it—his conversation, winning to all other ears, may fall unheeded upon yours—nay, even his voice, to many soft and sweet, may sound to you harsh and discordant. And yet this man shall bend your stubborn spirit—and how? I grieve to say by flattery; he shall tell you you've a pretty foot.

Mrs C. Oh, Sir Edward!

Sir E. And praise, as indeed he may with truth, your dancing; he shall talk of the beauty of your figure——

Mrs C. Oh, Sir Edward!

Sir E. And compare it, to its advantage, with the classic forms of old; he shall discourse of your brilliant wit——

Mrs C. Oh, Sir Edward! you'll prevent me from speaking at all.

Sir E. And, having thus fixed your attention, and secured your silence, he shall tell you that your voice is "linked sweetness, long drawn out," that your face [*Mrs C. leans back, and throws a white handkerchief over her head*]—but here description fails me—not because, as a proof of your unequalled modesty, you have concealed it—but because language offers not the means to do it justice. He no doubt will feel the same difficulty, and passing to your hand, which perhaps he may perceive, as I do now, for once without a glove, he shall, transported by his feelings, venture to take it within his, and finding no resistance, even to press it to his lips —then will you be convinced of the depth of his devotion, then, on a sudden, will the change take place—then will his figure in an instant become good, his face handsome, his conversation brilliant, and his voice musical—then: but possibly I offend you—I will release your hand [*he lets it go, it falls by her side.*] How is this? Is she ill? No; slightly over-

come—it's only another victory, gained a little sooner than I expected. Edward Ardent, what the devil *is* there in you, that no woman on earth can resist you? I *must* look at her [*pulls the handkerchief from her face*] Fast asleep, by all that's horrible! [*walks up and down, much excited*] It's enough to drive one mad—downright, stark, staring, raving mad—but she wakes.

Mrs C. [*who has only pretended to be asleep, pretending to awake*] What's o'clock? Oh, what a dreadful noise you make. I was having such a nice nap.

Sir E. And charming dreams, no doubt?

Mrs C. Yes, till just this minute. I dreamt that a nice, gentlemany man was saying all sorts of captivating things to me.

Sir E. *(aside)* Indeed! *(aloud)* You *do* care about the creatures then?

Mrs C. Not a bit; but you know how absurd dreams are.

Sir E. Very likely. "A nice, gentlemany man was saying all sorts of captivating things to you."

Mrs C. When suddenly he turned into a monkey, and grinned and chattered most repulsively. At length the monster darted at my hand; I fancied he was going to bite it, and———I suppose that awoke me.

Sir E. Others can awake from dreams as well as you. Madam, good morning. *(going.)*

Mrs C. Where is the man going to?

Sir E. "The man!" the monster, you mean.

Mrs C. Well, the monster.

Sir E. To the Zoological gardens.

[*Exit.*

Mrs C. He is actually gone; and some women would say "I have lost him for ever." I knowing a little more of the world—allow him five minutes, at the outside, to return.

Re-enter SIR EDWARD.

I have been too liberal. [*to* Sir Edward.] What! won't the Zoologicals have you? have they too many specimens already?

Sir E. No, but they won't receive me without a certificate from you.

Mrs C. Of what, pray?

Sir E. That I have been your pet monkey.

Mrs C. You grow insulting, Sir: and I shall leave the room. [*going.*]

Sir E. Nay, that is more my duty.

Mrs C. So I think; but until you do, I shall.

[*Exit, slamming the door.*

Sir E. Oh! very well, Ma'am. (*he watches her out.*) Go? I should think so. Go? I should like to know who would stay (*sits down.*)

Re-enter Mrs. CHILLINGTONE.

Mrs. C. Not gone yet, Sir Edward?

Sir E. Returned so soon, Mrs. Chillingtone?

Mrs. C. Having a right to suppose the house clear, it surely was not very wonderful that I should return to my own drawing-room.

Sir E. Oh, I'm gone. I merely came back to look for my little dog. [*whistles.*] Trim, Trim, Trim. (*whistles again.*) Where on earth has the dog got to? Trim, Trim, Trim.

Mrs. C. That was not your real excuse, Sir, so don't condescend to deceit.

Sir E. You are right, it was not. I returned to prove that I was not quite a monster, and to take my leave somewhat less abruptly

Mrs. C. Why go at all?

Sir E. Do you wish me to remain on your account?

Mrs. C. Oh dear, no; on your own. After being so excessively warm, it might be dangerous to rush into this frosty air. (*laughs at him.*) Sudden changes sometimes produce astonishing effects.

Sir E. (*aside.*) Sudden changes! "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word." I'll try a sudden change. (*aloud.*) I've no objection to staying an hour or two, as you seem to wish it. (*goes to fire place—draws chair, and seats himself with his back to her.*) Have you got such a thing as a newspaper?

Mrs. C. A newspaper, Sir Edward? A newspaper, in my company!

Sir E. Why not? You went to sleep in mine.

Mrs. C. I was not asleep, Sir.

Sir E. Oh! you were only pretending?

Mrs. C. That was all. I heard every word of the nonsense you talked.

Sir E. Ah! you may well call it nonsense. What rubbish one does talk to women—doesn't one? And the best of it is, they believe it—poor things!

Mrs. C. "Poor things," Sir Edward! "poor things!" You don't flatter yourself that I believed what you were saying; although it was easy to see that you meant every word.

Sir E. Have you seen the poker anywhere?

Mrs. C. The poker!

Sir E. What *can* there be in women that, although quick to detect us when we flatter others, they invariably gorge the bait themselves?

Mrs. C. *I* gorge the bait, Sir Edward!—I!

Sir E. How can my remarks apply to you? You are a professed man-hater.

Mrs. C. I have never said anything of the sort.

Sir E. Well, you have given out that you mean never to marry again!

Mrs. C. I don't know that I have gone so far as *that*; but that has nothing to do with it. You have been for the last twenty minutes making me professions of admiration and attachment. I need hardly to tell you that they were perfectly indifferent to me; but the extraordinary alteration in your tone and manner gives me a right to have this question answered—did you mean them?

Sir E. (*laughing.*) No.

Mrs. C. Were you attempting to make a fool of me?

Sir E. (*laughing.*) Yes.

Mrs. C. (*aside.*) This is a little too much.—(*aloud.*) Look you, Sir Edward Ardent, your assumed coldness——

Sir E. And your assumed excitement——

Mrs. C. I don't say that it *is* altogether assumed.

Sir E. You're annoyed, then?

Mrs. C. Not the least annoyed; but I'm excessively provoked at the deception you have practised. But it was *not* a deception—I won't admit that it was a deception. You were quite sincere.

Sir E. Not I.

Mrs. C. You admire me beyond any woman you ever saw.

Sir E. Now, pray don't talk nonsense.

Mrs. C. You do—and you love me to distraction

Sir E. Don't I look as if I did ?

Mrs. C. I don't care for that. You love me to distraction—and if you don't, you ought. And whether you do or not, after what you have said, you are bound to marry me if I insist upon it ; and rather than you should go away and have the impertinence to brag to your male friends that you have had the best of it, I *do* insist upon it. So now, Sir, marry me, and then we shall *see* who has the best of it.

Sir E. (altering his tone.) Are you serious ?

Mrs C. Perfectly.

Sir E. (rising, and coming forward.) Then for once, Mrs. Chillingtone, *I* am serious. You had a perfect right to determine not to marry again ; but the pains you took to make that determination public, looked like a studied insult to us bachelors. At all events, it was so considered ; and, at a special meeting duly convened, it was voted that you should be made to break your resolution. I have succeeded in conquering your boasted aversion to mankind—but there, I regret to say, the task assigned me ends. In taking my leave, I will not affect to deny that I admire you ; or that I felt much—perhaps, too much—of what I said ; but all personal considerations must bend before a sense of public duty. It became necessary to read you a great moral lesson ; and—with a the sternness of a judge who carries out the wholesome rigours of the law, but with the feelings of a gentleman who grieves to pain a lady—I have read it. *(bows, and is going.)*

Mrs. C Stay, Sir Edward—*(he stops and turns—(aside)* Flesh and bood can't bear this. *(aloud)* Stay for a moment, and ask yourself your true position. Victor as you think yourself, it's not a proud one. A set of men combine to form a plan against one poor weak woman : you are selected as their scape-goat : if you fail, they're ready with their jeers,—if you succeed, the victory is theirs—the odium yours.

Sir E. (aside) I'm dreadfully afraid that's true

Mrs. C. (aside.) Now for it *(aloud.)* And you have succeeded but too well : my pride is humbled,—the advantages which you possess of face and figure——

Sir E. [*aside.*] Oho !

Mrs. C. Those brilliant powers of conversation which Nature has given you, and which you so fatally can use, have brought me to your feet—and now you propose to leave me.

Sir E. How is this? Can it be that you really love me.

Mrs. C. Can it be that you know yourself, and doubt it? Oh, Sir Edward, would that the choice of my appointed conqueror had fallen on one less fascinating—or that your pride had been content to feed on victories past, nor claimed another female slave to chain to your triumphant chariot-wheels! [*much moved.*] But thus to conquer, and thus cruelly to leave, is but a wanton exercise of power, and may be likened to that of the fowler, who shoots the bird he cares not to preserve, for the mere pleasure of seeing the hapless creature die! [*Weeps.*

Sir E. (*aside.*) Die? D——n it, she musn't die! I've gone too far. (*aloud, and with a patronising air.*) No, no, my dear Mrs. Chillingtone—I have no pleasure in anything of the sort, I assure you. Calm yourself, I entreat you. I'm sure you won't attribute it to anything in the shape of vanity, when I say that it is evident I have been a little more fascinating than I intended. I meant to win your consent, certainly—and I have won it; but thinking—pardon me—that you were *rather* heartless (at least, so I understood you understand,) I never dreamt—(don't you see?)—that I should touch your *heart*. It only shows that one never knows one's own powers: however, though thoughtless, and perhaps wild, I trust that I am still a gentleman; (*aside.*) how deuced well she looks through her tears! (*aloud.*) and rather than see a lady suffer on my account—(*aside, having looked at her again.*) oh, by George! a man might do a great deal worse—(*aloud.*) I offer you, this time in all sincerity, my hand and fortune.

Mrs. C. Sir Edward Ardent knows but little of the woman whom he honours with his pity, if he supposes she would wed a king upon such terms. It is my duty, however, to thank you for your generous offer—the more generous because affection has no share in it.

Sir E. Now, Mrs. Chillingtone, upon my word, you must not say that. I assure you, I'm extremely fond of you—*I was afraid* I was—I mean, thought I was: but this last *half hour has* convinced me.

Mrs. C. It will take longer to convince me.

Sir E. Time is nothing—sincerity, everything. I am the most devoted of your slaves.

Mrs. C. I'm sorry to hear it: the best slaves make the worst masters.

Sir E. I'll promise anything.

Mrs. C. So will a servant seeking a situation—so will a candidate for a seat in Parliament—and so, no doubt, would a king, were the office elective.

Sir E. How can *you* hope to escape a risk which is common to all? Any man may break his word.

Mrs. C. And where women are concerned, most men do.

Sir E. Men, not gentlemen.

Mrs. C. Am I to understand that you are a gentleman, and not a man?

Sir E. At present, think of me only as a lover.

Mrs. C. Which I presume, means neither.

Sir E. It means either, both, or neither—at your bidding; I am the slave of the lamp.

Mrs. C. Say rather of the ring.

Sir E. Good; I am the slave of the ring, ready to obey you in all things. I entreat you make trial of your power.

Mrs C. You shall be indulged. Fetch my bonnet and shawl; *(he goes for them)* and while you are about it, bring your own hat. *(he returns with them.)* Now put that on. *(he is about to put on his hat.)* No, no, put on my bonnet.

Sir E. Not your bonnet!

Mrs C. Yes, and shawl. *(he puts on the bonnet and shawl.)* Good, now give me your hat. *(he gives it to her.)*

Sir E. What next, I wonder?

Mrs C. Now, Sir, according to your own modest account, ladies have been making love to you all your life. I am curious to see how a lady looks when she so demeans herself; *(putting on his hat.)* fancy me the fascinating man, which you evidently fancy yourself. Down on your knees, and——I leave the rest to you.

Sir E. Well, if I must—there. *(kneels.)* Hear me, then you captivating tyrant, while I own that I love you, and ask, in all humility, for a return.

Mrs C. (aside.) I have him down at last, and there I'll keep him. I fear I care too much about him, and love is sweet; but to an insulted woman revenge is sweeter.

Sir E. I entreat you to relieve me from a position which is not only painful, but extremely inconvenient. Do you love me?

Mrs C. What if I do? You are aware that all personal considetations must bend before a sense of public duty. It is necessary to read you a great moral lesson.

Sir E. You do not love me, then?

Mrs C. (*taking of the hat, and throwing it away.*) No; I was shamming.

Sir E. (*rising, and throwing away the bonnet and shawl.*) So was I.

Mrs C. Your assertion comes a little too late, Sir. What would you have me infer from your having been on your knees to me?

Sir E. That I have dusted them, and want a clothes-brush.

Srs C. Indeed!—my servant will furnish you with one as you go out.

Sir E. Very well, Madam—I understand your hint: but remember, I go to bear witness to my friends that you accepted me, and I declined,—I'm bound to speak the truth.

Mrs C. Ay, and the whole truth; you will therefore be pleased to add, that subsequently *I* declined the honour *you* proposed.

Sir E. I'm afraid that will make me look ridiculous.

Mrs C. Not more than you do now, I think.

Sir E. There is one way to make it bearable.

Mrs C. And that is——

Sir E. Union is strength; let us be married and share the ridicule between us.

Mrs C. A very handsome offer; half your ridicule is to be my marriage settlement.

Sir E. Half all I possess on earth—nay the whole. I get the better half again if I get you.

Mrs C. But will a general, so celebrated in the field of love, be content to renounce all future conquests?

Sir E. Let him but win this final battle, and he will. You shall be his Waterloo—in conquering you he masters all the world—for you, henceforth, are all the world to him.

Mrs C. It seems that, like schoolboys, we have played till we have become in earnest. Well, (*giving him her hand.*) be it so; and let us hope that our friends—though *they may laugh at* us, and welcome—will enjoy, each evening, *some pleasing* reminiscence of "A Morning Call."

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
No. LVIII.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT,

BY JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

Author of Presumptive Evidence, John Street, Adelphi, Happiest Day of my Life, Mischief Making, Open House, A Husband at Sight, New Don Juan, Billy Taylor, Snakes in the Grass, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business, as performed at

THE NEW-YORK THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET. (UP STAIRS.)

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at Wallack's Theatre, Broadway.

Mr. Primrose - - - - - - -	Mr. Blake.
Henry Thornton - - - - - - -	Mr. Reynolds.
Miss Biffin - - - - - - -	Mrs. Blake.
Miss Winterblossom - - - - - -	Mrs. Cramer.
Bobbin - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Brougham
Ellen Murray - - - - - - -	Mrs. Conover.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations during the most recent performances.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*, C. D. *Centre Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre* L. C. *Left of Centre.*

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience*

Costume.

MR. PRIMROSE.—Old-fashioned dove-colored coat—white waistcoat—nankeen breeches—light brown and white striped silk-stockings—shoes and buckles—white hat—nosegay—umbrella—George wig.—(*The clothes of the cut of* 1789.)

HENRY THORNTON.—Blue coat, with brass buttons—corderoy smalls—top-boots—buff waistcoat—colored silk kerchief—drab hat.

ELLEN MURRAY.—*First dress:* White muslin fashionable dress, flowered flounce, &c.—*Second dress:* White scarf and bonnet.

MISS BIFFIN.—*Dressed in the fashion of the year* 1789.—Dove-colored silk-gown—white satin petticoat, with large leno flounces—white muslin ruffles—apron—cap, with satin ribbon—stomacher of the same—a neck-lace of large white beads—very large gold ear-rings—high powdered tête—high shoes—black mittens, and fan.

MISS WINTERBLOSSOM.—*Dressed in the fashion of the year* 1789.—Crimson gown—white satin quilted petticoat, and white flowers—black lace apron—lace ruffles—white satin mantle, with lace edging—cap and stomacher, trimmed with white satin ribbon—fan—high shoes—black tête.

BOBBIN.—*First dress:* Flowered muslin sprig short-sleeved gown—white cap, with blue ribbon—*Second dress*, Red scarf—white bonnet, with blue ribbon.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A neat Apartment, carpeted, with folding doors,* C. F.—*A window,* L. S. E.—*doors,* R. *and* L.

ELLEN *discovered, working embroidery at a table,* R.—*and* BOBBIN, *seated at a table,* L., *trimming a cap and singing.*

Bob. I must confess, I give the preference to London, above any place in England.

Ellen. Oh, Bobbin! you have been brought up there, and may, perhaps, feel the dulness of a country town more than I, who have seldom left one.

Bob. All the young men are such boobies: if a pretty girl but favors one of them with a glance, the oaf reddens up, ogles his top-boots, smooths down his hair, and continues as dumb as Mrs. Salmon's wax-work. I would set my cap at the apothecary, but I understand Miss Biffin has teased his life out, and confirmed him in his resolution of remaining in single blessedness. At all events, I propose trying my fortune with an elderly gentleman—such a nice, prime, clean old darling as Mr. Primrose.

Ellen. Have you observed, Bobbin, how changed he is lately? He used to laugh and gossip, and tell long stories of Dean Swift, and sing his favorite song of "Lovely Phillis, charming fair," and be so lively, that his company was quite pleasant.

Bob. And now he puts on his cravat with twice the precision he used to do—breathes sighs deep enough to inflate one of Mr. Thingumy's balloons—has voted snuff-taking a disease—and absolutely cultivates a peach-blossom complexion. It strikes me, Miss, that he is in love.

Ellen. Love, at his time of life!

Bob He's not so very old, madam. Oh, these quiet, elderly gentlemen, are sometimes worth half-a-dozen of your noisy, rakish young ones. I wonder who is the object of his affections?

Ellen. Surely, neither of the old maids.

Bob. What, Miss Biffin and Miss Winterblossom? I don't know. He's played at cribbage with both of 'em, and that's a very mis-

chievous game. I've known many an elderly heart captivated over a flush of Diamonds; and a forty-year-old toe tenderly trod on at a fifteen-two. [*Jumping up hastily, and looking out of the window,* L. S. E.] As I live, there's Henry Thornton looking up at our window. How do! how do! [*Nodding.*

Ellen. [*Rising.*] What are you about, Bobbin!

Bob. Come, here, come here. [*Beckoning.*] Nobody's at home. Here he comes—I know he wishes to see you very sadly; I'll run and open the door to him, for he's the tidiest young man I've seen between this and the Green Park. [*Exit,* L. D.

Ellen. I hope Mr. Primrose will not return while he's here—it will look so suspicious; and lately he has disapproved of visitors.

Re-enter BOBBIN, L. D.

Bob. Come in, young man.

Enter HENRY THORNTON, L. D.

Hen. [*Crossing to Ellen.*] Ah, my dear Ellen! I've been anxiously waiting to see you, since daybreak. I'm in despair—I'm wretched.

Bob. (L. C.) What, in the presence of two such little loves as missus and I!

Hen (R. C.) My friends wish to settle me in some permanent employ—their wishes have extended as far as India—an appointment has been obtained for me there—I have no excuse for refusing it—I must depart immediately, and may, perhaps, never see you more.

Bob. Without Miss Ellen runs away with you——

Hen. Or, I am instantly married: that event might occasion a delay, and then I might fortunately lose the situation. Dear Ellen, pronounce my fate. [*Kneeling.*] That I adore you, you are well aware: let us, then, fly to the church this instant—my friends will see the impropriety of hurrying a young bride from her native country—we shall remain in England together for ever, and be the happiest pair in the universe.

Bob. Bravo! bravo! [*Patting his back.*] In all my experience, I never heard the question so capitally popped.

Ellen. But my guardian——

Bob. Ask his consent at once—explain the urgent circumstances, and he'll not object.

Ellen. I'll give him a hint of my wishes, however.

Bob. A hint—no, no—speak out boldly: say, "Sir, I want to be married." If you merely give hints, they make so many little loopholes for a consent to creep out of. Hark! what's that! I heard the house-door shut. It's Mr. P.

Ellen. [*Confused.*] Gracious, Henry! he must not see you here

Bob. Put yourself out of sight for an instant—I'll soon get him away again: I'll tell him Miss Biffin's broke her arm. or in a fit, and he'll fly to her in a moment. He's on the stairs—in with you. [*Opening the folding-doors*, C., *and pushing Henry, who is kissing his hand to Ellen.*] Now, don't stand kissing your fingers there, or I'll throw you out of window. In, in, and be quiet.

[*She hurries Henry into the room at the folding-doors*, C. F., *and closes them—Ellen sits down at the table to work*, R.—*Bobbin snatches up her cap, sits down at the table*, L., *and begins working, and singing again*, "Meet me by moonlight alone."

Enter PRIMROSE, *thoughtfully*, L. D.

Prim. (L. C.) What a lovely morning! not a particle of dust flying—quite a pleasure to walk. I've been strolling alone for the last half hour in the sunshine and have come to a conclusion that I must marry—yes, Henry Primrose, you ought to marry—you were not formed to lie alone. Dear, there's a speck of black upon my white kid gloves! how provoking! I'll be married, I'm resolved, and will immediately consult with Miss Biffin and Miss Winterblossom upon the subject. If they see no impropriety in the act, I shall instantly put myself into conjugal order, and prepare for the momentous epoch. Eh! bless me! there's the dear object of my affections—I thought I was alone. Well, Ellen, my dear, at your work, eh?

Ellen. [*Rising and advancing*, R. C.] Yes, Mr. Primrose.

Prim. (C.) Bobbin.

Bob. [*Rising and advancing*, L. C.] Yes, sir.

Prim. Take my hat [*She attempts to go, each time, and he calls her back.*] and umbrella—you know where to put my umbrella—and hang the hat on the third peg from the door. [*Bobbin crosses to* R.] Have you brushed my spencer?

Bob. Yes, sir.

Prim. And put it carefully away in my wardrobe?

Bob. Yes, sir.

Prim. That's a good girl—I like every thing tidy

Bob. That's the reason you are so partial to me.

Prim. And Bobbin——

Bob. Sir. [*Curtsying.*]

Prim. You may go.

Bob. Yes, sir. [*Exit Bobbin*, R.

Prim. Miss Ellen Murray, I wish to speak with you.

Ellen. [*Aside*, R. C.] I hope he did not see Henry come in.

Prim. [*Handing a chair.*] Allow me to place your chair near mine. Sit down, Ellen—stop, there's a thread of silk in the chair. [*He takes it and blows it away.*] Miss Ellen, I wish to touch upon a very serious subject.

Ellen. [*Aside.*] Bless me! he must have seen Henry come in, and thinks me sly.

Prim. Hem! You have, doubtless, observed a change in my disposition lately?

Ellen. Not for the worse, I'm sure, sir.

Prim. [*Smiling.*] You think not. Whatever change you may have observed, has been caused by anxiety for you, my dear. In short, it is my wish that you should be married.

Ellen. Well, that's singular: I was endeavoring to gain courage to speak upon the same subject myself.

Prim. How delightful! what a collision of sentiment! Now we shall be able to discuss the matter unrestrained—without any of your sentimental and whalebone preliminaries. I'm convinced you would make any man a good wife. Now I would wish to put the question as delicately as possible: do you love me?

Ellen. I always respected you, sir,

Prim. And you have no objection to matrimony?

Ellen. What single young lady has, sir?

Prim. Amiable truism! You are perfectly acquainted with my disposition?

Ellen. You have ever been kind and attentive.

Prim. To speak candidly—would you wish for a husband better tempered than myself?

Ellen. That I should not, indeed, sir!

Prim. And you would not decidedly object to a man like myself? a youth with the world before him—eh?

Ellen. [*Aside.*] I can't say I should prefer one a little younger—it might offend.

Prim. You would not object to a man like myself?

Ellen. [*Hesitating.*] No—no—no, sir.

Prim. Her hesitation convinces me that I am not indifferent to her. Ellen, you shall immediately be married.

Ellen. Shall I, indeed, sir?

Prim. And to the man of your choice, too.

Ellen. Now I do love you Oh! my dear Henry! how happy you will be.

Prim That he will, indeed! [*Aside.*] Dear Henry! she never expressed herself so tenderly before. [*Aloud.*] I'm delighted to find you are so ready to comply with my wish. Yes, Ellen, your dear Henry is the man that can make you truly happy—that can make this terrestrial globe a celestial paradise. Dear Ellen, allow me to—[*Is about to kiss her, but stops.*] Stop, you've a little speck upon your nose—permit me—[*Takes out a folded white handkerchief—a crash is heard in the chamber,* C. D. F.—*Jumping up.*] Illess..ne! what's that!

Ellen. [*Rising hastily—aside.*] How unlucky!

Re-enter BOBBIN, R. D.—*she checks Primrose, as he is about to open the folding-doors.*

Bob. Old Carlo has knocked down the globe of gold fish.

Prim. And the Turkey carpet will be ruined—let me see.

Bob. No, no, I'll look at it. Carlo, Carlo—come here, sir.

Prim. [*Struggling with Bobbin.*] Stand aside, and let me see the mischief.

[*Ellen goes up to the table,* R., *pushes off the embroidery frame, and screams out.*]

Ellen. Oh!

Prim. [*Tenderly.*] What's the matter, dear?

Ellen. The large needle has pricked my finger.

Prim. Let me bind it—which is the finger?

Ellen. I don't know—it's one of them.

Prim. It must be this. [*Runs to the table,* L. H., *and gets a piece of ribbon and binds her finger.*] There, there—don't disturb it.

Re-enter BOBBIN, C. D. F., *locking the door after her.*

Bob. It was the screen that had fallen down, sir; that was all. However, I've locked the door, in case the naughty old dog should get in, and find out the fish.

Prim. This little fright has quite discomposed me.

Bob. Sir, Miss Winterblossom has sent her servant, sir, to know if you were out—I—I think she's taken seriously ill, sir.

Prim. Indeed! poor lamb, I must fly to her assistance; my hat, Bobbin. [*Exit Bobbin,* R. D.] Then I can ask her advice, and obtain her consent to my union at the same time. [*Aside.*

Re-enter BOBBIN, R. D., *with a hat and umbrella.*

Bob. Here's your hat, sir, and your umbrella.

Prim. [*To Ellen.*] I hope, love, that we perfectly understand each other.

Bob. Suppose Miss Winterblossom should have met with an accident, sir.

Prim. I'll step to her instantly, Bobbin, leave the room—I—I'm busy.

Bob. [*Aside—going.*] I shall never get him out of the house.

[*Exit,* R. D.

Prim. (R.) All my desire is, to see you happy.

Ellen. (L.) And you will see me happy, sir,

Prim. [*Aside.*] Bless her, how frank and free she is. [*Aloud.*] As to your fortune, that shall be left entirely at your own disposal: I shall return soon, love; therefore, do not neglect in my absence any little arrangement that may be necessary to the forthcoming change in your situation; when a couple perfectly understand each

other, delay is ever a damper. *Mr.* Pilbury, of Aldermanbury, courted Miss Spoonbill nine years, and the young lady died of a consumption at the commencement of the tenth—therefore, take advantage even of my temporary absence, to complete any little affair that may expedite your views. I never felt so happy in all my days. [*Crossing to* L.] When one's happy, one buttons one's coat up with such gusto!—All that is now required, is the consent of Miss Biffin and Miss Winterblossom.

Ellen. Their consent!

Prim. Since I have resided here, we have ever consulted each other upon our little intentions—I'll put the question as delicately as possible—they are ladies that are well acquainted with the world.

Ellen. If an existence of some forty or fifty years can give them the knowledge, I admit that they are.

Prim. Sweet satirist! An Aristophanes in French curls and muslin;—at all events, I think it necessary to mention it.

Ellen. Perhaps he wishes, at the same time, to marry with one of them. [*Aside.*] Ah, sir! there's something very suspicious in your frequent visits to these ladies.

Prim. [*Laying his hand upon his heart and bowing.*] Upon my honor, perfectly platonic. [*Aside.*] A little jealous already—oh, I shall be a happy man.

Ellen. You will make a match there shortly, I dare say.

Prim. I think not—I did endeavor to bring the lame attorney and Miss Biffin together, but she made the attorney dance after her so much, that he sent in his bill, charging her with letters and attendances, and so the affair ended; she's a sensible woman for all that. Now, remember my injunctions—farewell, for the present, love. I'm merely going to Miss Winterblossom's—gad! I wish the happy event could take place immediately—but we must not be too impatient—bless those flushing, beautiful eyes! if I had time, I could say something very gallant—a kiss, however, will assure you of my sincerity. [*Kisses her very gently.*] Adieu! for the present Gad! I can't be more than five-and-twenty! I feel such elasticity in every limb—and such a feeling jauntiness all over me—adieu, love! you see how happy I am—if Miss Biffin and Miss Winterblossom will but consent, odds, buds! we'll have a day of it. [*Sings.*] "Lovely Phillis, charming fair!" [*Exit,* L. D.

Enter BOBBIN, R. D.

Bob. Who would have thought of this, madam! I put my ear to the key-hole, and heard almost every word

Ellen. It is delightfully strange, indeed.

Bob. Hark! there goes the door he's gone—come out, you clumsy dog. [*Unlocks the folding-door,* C. F

Re-enter HENRY THORNTON, C. D. F.

Bob. Come out, sir; how could you be tumbling over the chairs at such a moment! You frightened us out of our wits.

Ellen. You heard the conversation!

Henry. Yes, my soul! and I don't think we can furnish the old gentleman a pleasanter surprise, than by flying to the church instantly.

Bob. That would be charming! Besides, he told you to-day; I have a license ready—I dared to hope that you would not see me leave you for ever, and therefore made every provision.

[*Showing a license.*

Bob. You do deserve to win your fair lady! I'd give a month's wages for such a determined lover! Oh, Miss! put on your bonnet—don't let the opportunity slip, for the world—it will be so funny—such a thing to talk of, when you are old folks, you know—so, just step out and get married immediately.

Ellen. I'm afraid.

Bob. Afraid, nonsense! it's nothing more than a dip in the sea, all over after the first souse: besides, think of the old maids—they may alter Mr. P.'s mind.

Henry. Ay! should they make any objection, it might be fatal.

Bob. [*Leading her to a looking-glass on the table,* R. H.] Here, madam; here are our bonnets and scarfs—how lucky I happened to trim a cap, this morning. [*Puts it on at the glass.*] I declare, I look quite nice! Come, Miss, put on your bonnet. Henry, have you a ring!

Henry. No; what's to be done!

Bob. Never mind; don't be agitated: I've my grandmother's in my purse—it fits Miss Ellen exactly: she has often tried it on.

Ellen. But this is too hurried—too sudden.

Bob. But it's your guardian's wish.

Henry. Think of separation for ever—think of India.

Bob. Shipwrecks and wild beasts.

Henry. The value of the time present.

Bob. The wishes of Mr. P.

Henry. The agreeable surprise it will occasion.

Bob. The license ready.

Henry. My love for you.

Bob. My wish to be a bridesmaid, that I may be married before the year's out.

Henry. Come, love, come.

Bob. [*Going,* L.] Ah! there's Miss Biffin at the foot of the stairs

Henry. What shall we do!

Bob. Objection in her looks.

Henry. We must avoid her.

Bob. As you would a bailiff—we'll go out at the back door

Henry. Lead the way, Bobbin.
Bob. To the church——
Henry. And happiness. [*Exeunt*, R. D.

Enter Miss Biffin, L. D.

Miss B. Anybody here? I certainly heard a most extraordinary noise. Though they said that Mr. P. was not within, I thought I'd just step up to be convinced. There seems to have been a confusion of some sort in the room; surely, Mr. Primrose has not been romping with his ward,—very singular! Where can he be? —Gone to Miss Winterblossom's, perhaps. I wonder what his intentions are in that quarter,—nothing serious, I hope. I can't read Mr. P. at all—can't make him out. If he speaks tenderly to me one moment, he repeats the little endearment to Miss Winterblossom, the next. It is now time I should know which of us he really intends to decide upon, because I may thoughtlessly allow my heart to go too far. Hush! I hear some one on the stairs,—it is his step; glad I waited. How do I look? [*Looking in the glass.*] My hat becomes me amazingly!

Enter Primrose, L. D.

Prim. What, Miss Biffin! Good morning. You are the very person I was thinking of, and wishing to see.

Miss B. That my thoughts and wishes coincide with yours, is evident from my presence here. You'll join our pam-loo party, this evening, I hope. The curate will be one of us. You, of course, will beau Miss Winterblossom?

Prim. We'll arrange that affair, presently. Pray be seated. [*Miss Biffin sits, c.*] Miss Winterblossom has fully consented to my marriage with Ellen, and, if Miss Biffin be equally kind, then there is nothing to retard my happiness. Bless me, what a litter the room is in! the tambour-frame prostrate, chairs out of their places, —a dressing-glass here!—Bobbin! Ellen! [*Goes to the door*, R. H.] Ellen, poor child! she has retired to meditate upon her approaching condition.—Very natural! Now for Miss B: I'll just turn the snap of the door, then we shall not be interrupted.

Miss B. He's fastened the door!—Mr. P.!

Prim. [*Crossing to* L.] Sit down, my dear Miss B. Now for the other. [*Secures the other door*, L. H.

Miss B. (R.) What can this mean? I'm a little uneasy!

Prim. (L.) Now, Miss B. [*Draws his chair close to her—she retreats.*] Eh! why do you retreat? I merely wish to put a question as delicately as possible, respecting an affair very essential to my happiness.

Miss B. Oh, indeed! [*Drawing nearer*] I should not wonder but he's going to make a proposal. [*Aside.*

Prim. [*Taking her hand.*] My dear Miss B.——

Miss B. [*Simpering.*] Sir!

Prim. Lap-dog quite well?

Miss B. Not very well. Poor dear tsung! ate too many stewed ysters last night.

Prim. Indeed! Hem! The subject upon which I am about to venture to speak, is of so peculiar a nature, that my dear Miss Biffin must excuse any want of connection in the detail.

Miss B. [*Simpering.*] I believe—I think—I imagine I understand your meaning, sir. Pray compose yourself.

Prim. You understand me? Then, madam, this—this attachment, of which I would speak, you are acquainted with?

Miss B. [*Sighing.*] I own, I have suspected it.

Prim. Have you, indeed? I imagined no one could have perceived it. But, love, my dear Miss Biffin, is like the hunted ostrich, that hides his head only, and fancies his whole body is concealed.

Miss B. [*Aside.*] Something always whispered that I was his choice.

Prim. May I, then, dare to hope that this too, too tender affection for one of the most deserving of her sex, merits Miss Biffin's approbation.

Miss B. Sir, I protest I was not fully prepared—that is, my agitation is such, that I can scarcely reply.

Prim. How sweetly sympathetic! Yet, pardon, if I say I cannot allow you to leave this place, without knowing the sentiments of one whose judgment is so paramount.

Miss B. Well, Mr. P., to be candid, [*Sighing.*] if I must answer —[*Sidling*]—if you will take advantage of my agitation, [*Smiling.*] I do own your merit commands my approbation; your proposal has my concurrence.

Prim. Then I'm the happiest of men! Your approbation, only, was wanting to perfect my felicity; without that, I could not have ventured to complete the union, dear as it is to my heart.

Miss B. [*Rather amazed.*] Of course not.

Prim. I have mentioned the affair to Miss Winterblossom; and, so far from throwing any obstacle in the way, the dear lady seemed quite delighted.

Miss B. [*Sneeringly.*] Any obstacle she might have offered could have made no difference.

Prim. No, no; but I thought it right to name it: it is fit one should learn the opinions of one's friends upon such an occasion. But don't stir yet, my dear Miss B., [*Rising.*] I must now hasten to expedite matters. I saw a parcel of delicate white kid gloves to be disposed of, in the next street—I'll run and secure the bargain; so, don't stir,—I'll return again immediately,—make yourself quite at

home while I'm gone. You must not wonder at any little discrepancies in my conduct, for I shall now be in such a bustle for a week or two, that I may commit the strangest vagaries and be quite unconscious. I knew you would offer no objection.—Now for licenses, true lover's knots, wedding-rings, bride-cakes, cradles, and caudles —eh, Miss Biffin! I feel myself a married man already. A bachelor! of what use is he! what end does he answer! None, but to act the part of a walking-stick in the street, or a screen at a tea-party; to run errands for ladies, and fetch and carry, like a Dutch pug. I'll be a married man, Miss Biffin, the head of a house, the father of a family; children and grand-children shall crowd about me, and my path shall be strewed with primroses. There's a picture, eh, my dear? Oh, I shall be a happy fellow!

[*Unfastens the door*, L., *and exit.*

Miss B. [*Rising.*] How elated he seems. At length, I am about to be a bride. Mr. P. has popp'd the question. What new and singular emotions fill my heart! Very strange he should talk about a license, before he has named the day; but excess of joy makes one heedless of formalities. [*Looking around.*] This house will be mine; what alterations I'll make; I'll have handsome pink curtains for that window, throw these two apartments into an elegant dancing-room, and have a lovely loo-table in the centre. I'll show Mr. P. a little of my taste; and, that we may pass the honey-moon more pleasantly, I'll commence learning the piano As for Miss Ellen, I shall not allow her and Mr. P. to be too much together—she shall keep more to her own room. I'll make a thorough reform in all Mr. P.'s habits. Some one is coming up-stairs.—Dear, dear! strange, to be sure! The very person I was thinking of, to be my bridesmaid. My dear Miss Winterblossom!

Enter Miss WINTERBLOSSOM, L. D.

Miss W. My love! Good morning, dear! [*They kiss each other.*] So pleased to see you. I've been to your house, was told you were not at home, guessed you were here, and find I'm right in my conjecture. P. at home, dear?

Miss B. He will be here instantly—he has just stepp'd out for a moment, love. Sit down.

Miss W. (L. C.) [*Aside.*] How astonished she will be to hear that Mr. Primrose has offered me his hand—has popp'd the question at last.

Miss B. (C.) You complained of rheumatism last night,—better, love?

Miss W. Did I complain?—Oh, yes, I recollect, I did cry out: it was only a little ruse, dear. The fact was, as Mr. P. passed me, to hand Miss Pocock her chocolate, he pinched my arm to such a degree, that I was glad to make that an excuse.

Miss B. Did Mr. P. pinch your arm?

Miss W Yes, dear.

Miss B. How very incorrect! What could he be thinking of! I'll mention the subject severely. [*Aside*

Miss W. But sit down, dear. You have seen Mr. Primrose this morning, I suppose. [*They sit.*

Miss B. Oh, yes.

Miss W. Did he touch upon a delightful subject?

Miss B. I must confess he did, love.

Miss W. Then he has opened all to you, has he? He told me, when he left my house, that he should do so.

Miss B. He has perfectly explained his sentiments.

Miss W. Well, then, love, you and I have been acquainted many years——

Miss B Not so very many years.

Miss W. No, no, dear; but a long time, you know.

Miss B. Yes, my love.

Miss W. And we have ever been the best of friends.

Miss B. Yes, dear.

Miss W. Therefore, I've a little favor to beg, which I am sure you will not refuse.

Miss B. I think I can guess what it is, my dear.

Miss W. I dare say you do, love.—You know there must be a bridesmaid on the occasion.

Miss B. Precisely what I was thinking of.

Miss W. Now, I should be very happy, my dear Miss Biffin——

Miss B. I understand, my dear friend. Undoubtedly, I wish it to be so.

Miss W. For I'm sure that you, in preference to any other in the world, I should be delighted to have as my bridesmaid.

Miss B. Your bridesmaid, Miss Winterblossom!—Oh, yes, yes, certainly; I promise, when you are married.

Miss W. When I'm married, dear Biffin! You're bewildered!

Miss B. No, love; 'tis you that are bewildered. Did you not just ask to accompany me as my bridesmaid!

Miss W. When! Where! What do you mean! You are jesting.

Miss B. Indeed, I am not, Miss Winterblossom; this is no jesting matter.

Miss W. You don't comprehend me, Miss Biffin.—In a word, do you wish to appear as my friend, on my approaching union with Mr. Primrose!

Miss B. Your union, ma'am!

Miss W. Yes, ma'am: Mr. P. has, as you know, this very morning, made proposals.

Miss B. Yes, to me.

Miss W. To you! Mr. P. propose to marry you! Impossible! He came to me, not an hour since, and implored me to favor his attachment, and mentioned marriage Did you not, this moment, say he had told you of it!

Miss B. Of his affection for me; and he certainly said that he had informed you of it; which, though I considered a liberty, without consulting me, I overlooked in him at the time. Had he known that I was thus to be insulted, he would have placed his confidence elsewhere. [*They rise.*

Miss W. I tell you, ma'am, that I am the object of Mr. P.'s choice!

Miss B. Woman, 'tis false!

Miss W. If he's in the house, I'll call him. Mr. P.! Mr. P.! [*Goes to the door,* L., *and calls.*

Miss B. Don't make that disturbance here! Mr. P. is not in the house, ma'am.

Miss W. When he returns, he shall convince you himself of his intention to marry me.

Miss B. You! marry you, you old ugly wretch!

Miss W. What do you say, madam?—Ugly! there, look there, madam! [*Fetching the glass from the table,* R., *and presenting it to her.*] Look at yourself in that glass, and then be convinced of the utter untruth of your assertion; of the total impossibility of any body ever marrying you.

Miss B. How dare you insult me in this manner, miss?—I'll ring the bell for the servant to turn you out.

Miss W. Turn me out! out of my own house that is to be!

Miss B. Your house!—Oh, I shall faint!

Miss W Turn me out, indeed! who will dare to attempt it?—Don't imagine I'm to be frightened, madam; I can show a proper spirit, madam! [*Throwing the furniture about the room.*] There, there!

Miss B. Desist, madam—desist!

Miss W. [*Crossing to* L., *and throwing up the window,* L. S. E.] Help! murder! Mr. P.! Mr. P.!

Miss B. Come away from the window, madam, and don't disgrace this house. Come, madam, come.

Miss W. [*Calling louder.*] Help! help!

Re-enter PRIMROSE, *with the gloves,* L. D.—*He stands astonished—Miss Biffin and Miss Winterblossom sink into the chairs.*

Prim. What, in the name of patience, is the matter?—I thought there were boxers in the house: here's litter, here's confusion. [*Crosses to* C.] My mahogany pembroke is almost shattered, and my cheffonier maimed for ever! Dear, dear, dear Miss W., what is the matter!

Miss B. (R.) Don't go near her, I beg, sir; you'll give her

another attack of the rheumatism; you'll pinch her arm again, I suppose.

Prim. (c.) Oho! that is the cause of dispute, eh?—Egad! I begin to think myself of some consequence among the petticoats, at last!—Well, Miss B., where was the crime?—Bless you! you can't expect us young bucks always to be circumspect; 'tis the fault of youth, Miss B.; we are not stone or ice—we must have our little joke, if we die for it—eh, Miss B., eh?

Miss W. (L.) Come away from the insulting creature: she would have stabbed me if she could have found her scissors.

Prim. Come, come, we must have no quarrelling at this moment; all must be smiles and harmony now: let me put the room a little to rights, and then I insist upon understanding the cause of this dispute, that I may make peace between you.

[*Puts the room in order, and draws a chair between them.*

Miss W. (L.) Mr. Primrose, you did me the honor of a visit this morning.

Prim. (c.) Yes, madame; and never did a visit at your dwelling confer more pleasure.

Miss B. (R.) Sir!

Miss W. You hear, madam, you hear, you spoke of an intended —of a desired—on your part, a desired union.

Prim. I trust, desired on both sides; the effect of reciprocity of feeling and mutual affection.

Miss B. But, to satisfy Miss Winterblossom, may I inquire the name of the future Mrs. Primrose?

Prim. The name! I thought you were acquainted with it; I thought that was perfectly known when I gained your approval to the intended event—that is, to my marriage with my beloved—my beautiful—my charming—

Both. [*Anxiously*] Well! well!

Prim. Ellen Murray!

Miss B. [*Starting up.*] Ellen Murray!

Miss W. Ellen Murray!

Miss B. You vile man!

Miss W. You base deceiver!

Miss B. To trifle with one's feelings.

Miss W. To touch a tender string, and then rudely snap it asunder.

Prim. Ladies, hear me—'tis your own mistake.

Miss B. The lame attorney shall commence an action for breach of promise.

Miss W. Betrayer of innocence!

Miss B. I never could have thought it—deluder!

Miss W. Deceiver!

Miss B. Villain!

Miss W. Wretch!

Prim. Bobbin! Bobbin! [*Taking a hand-bell, and ringing violently, and retreating.*] Will you be silent, ladies!

Miss W. Oh! that I were a man!

Miss B. That my brother Peter was alive!

Prim. Upon my honor, I'll send for a constable! [*Snatching a chair to defend himself.*] My life's in danger: I'll not be frightened out of my wits in my own house. Will you let me explain?

Miss B. Well, defend yourself! defend yourself!

[*Rushing at him.*

Prim. I think it's time. [*Raising the chair.*] Stand back, madam, or dread the consequences. Remember, ma'am, that self-preservation is the first law of nature. I've scarcely breath to utter a word. I asked each of you if you were acquainted with the circumstances of my attachment.

Miss B. You did, sir.

Miss W. Well, sir; well.

Prim. I was told by each of you, that you were already acquainted with it.

Both. Go on, sir.

Prim. And the question of approbation you have construed into an acceptance of your hands—when I never dreamed of you—never thought of you—would as soon marry my great aunt Charity as either of you. You have roused my passion, and, if the truth will pop out, the fault is yours, not mine.

[*A loud knocking heard at the door,* R.

Bob. [*Without,* R. D.] Open the door, please.

Prim. There's somebody come to my assistance at last. Dear me, I had fastened her out. Come in. [*Opening the door,* R.] Come in.

Re-enter BOBBIN, R. D. *Miss Winterblossom and Miss Biffin shake hands and embrace.*

Prim. Come in, before you behold my bleeding corpse. [*Falls into a chair,* R. C.] I've run upon Scylla, and bumped against Charybdis; Etna and Vesuvius have been in a state of eruption at the same moment, and I've been between the two fires. It's a mercy I'm alive.

Bob. [*Curtseying.*] Sir, your wishes are fulfilled.

Prim. Are they? But you have made very little haste. Didn't you hear me? You should have broken open the door.

Bob. La, sir! we have made as much haste as possible. I'm sure my dear young missus has obeyed your injunctions to the very letter.

Prim. Making every haste to forward our union! That's right let me get married, I shall then have a protector.

Bob. Your union! No, sir; her union.

Prim. Well, well; it's all the same

Bob. Oh, dear, no! there's a vast difference between you and Mr. Henry Thornton.

Prim. [*Staring.*] Eh! Henry Thornton!

Bob. You told Miss Murray, as was, that she should have the man of her choice.

Prim. Right.

Bob. And desired her to lose no time.

Prim. Exactly!

Bob. Then, when you stepped out the man of her choice stepped in—the question was popped—the answer was acceptation—the ring and license were ready; and now allow me to introduce Mr and Mrs. Henry Thornton.

Enter HENRY THORNTON *and* ELLEN MURRAY, R. D.

Bob. And there's the certificate.

[*Giving a marriage certificate to Primrose, who looks at it and the parties with astonishment.*

Prim. I'll never pop the question again as long as I live.

Miss B. Don't say so, my dear Mr. Primrose; you don't know what may happen.

Miss W. There's a fate in marriage, my dear Mr. P.; your's may take place yet.

Ellen. I hope you are agreeably surprised, Mr. Primrose.

Prim. Very! Ah! I see the mistake. Henry! the same name. Give me your hand, Ellen; take care of this hymeneal billet. [*Returning certificate.*] Yours, Mr. Thornton—be kind to her, you rogue. As for me, I've this consolation—My Lord North observed once, it was easier to get a wife than to get rid of one—no offence, I hope. However, the white gloves will yet be of service. There, ladies. [*Presenting gloves to each.*] Of course, we shall have a dance, and a rubber in the evening; and perhaps, after all, it may not be—indeed. I hope it may not be, the last time that I shall—POP THE QUESTION.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

HENRY ELLEN. BOB. PRIM. MISS B MISS W
[R. [L.

THE END

FRENCH'S

AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. LIX

DEAF AS A POST.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY

T. POOLE, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business, as performed at

THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the New York Theatres.

Mr. Walton - - - - - -	Mr. Moore.
Tristram Sappy - - - - - -	" Burton.
Captain Templeton - - - - -	" E. Jordan.
Crupper - - - - - -	" Russell.
Gallop - - - - - - -	" Gourley
Recruits { - - - - - -	" Lawson.
{ - - - - - -	" Paul.
Miss Sophy Walton - - - - -	Miss Miller.
Miss Amy Templeton - - - - -	Miss Florence.
Mrs. Plumply - - - -	Miss Annie Wakem
Sally Mags - - - - -	Mrs. Burton.

Scene lies at Winchester—at the Bell Inn.

Time of Representation, one hour.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*: S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre.*

R.	RC.	C.	LC.	L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

DEAF AS A POST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Two doors in* F.—*A public room of the Bell Inn—Bar on* R.—*In centre a table, at which* OLD WALTON *and* SAPPY *are playing whist. Waiters crossing stage in front in great bustle. Bells ringing* R. *and* L.

Enter MRS. PLUMPLY, L.

Mrs. P. Why John—William—Gregory—every waiter in attendance, and nobody to come near me, but Sally Mags the chambermaid. *Exit into Bar*, R.

Wal. (L.) The noise has put me out.—We'll have done with cards.

Sap. (R.) And I was nine—That's the way you always serve me, when I'm near winning, and I don't like it.

Wal. [*Rising.*] Tristram, the merest trifle puts you out of temper. You are soon to marry my daughter Sophy, and it's my duty to tell you.

Sap. It isn't your duty to tease a young man who is his own master, and I've no notion of being teased. I wish she and t'other young lady would come, tho'—It's getting late, and I don't like it.

Wal. They can't arrive before the coach comes in. Your impatience is natural enough though, you rogue!

Sap. Natural! to be sure it is natural—supper is ordered for ten o'clock; and if they don't come in time, it will be done to rags.

Wal. Why, you are a wag, Mr. Sappy.

Sap. Ay, to be sure I am. Why I pass for the cleverest fellow in all Winchester.

Wal. Winchester, I take it, cannot be a very populous town.

Sap. Now, that's meant as a joke against me, and I don't like it. I tell you, they call me now, the wit of Winchester. It's only since my journey to Lunnun tho', for before that I was no better than a numskull.

Wal. Ha! ha! ha!

Sap. You may laugh, if you like, but I was looked on as the greatest ass in our town. But, one way or t'other, it cost me a mint of money to get one's self made sensible.—I spent no less than fifty pounds in three months. That set me a thinking, and thinks I, I've sense enough; so I'm off, says I, ha! ha!—Old Walton, meaning you, has promised me his daughter Sophy for a wife. I'll back to Winchester, and get ready to marry—ha! ha! Old Walton shall come down, and see my property, before we sign and seal: and—here you are—ha! ha! ha!

Wal. Well, really, your wit overflows. I begin to perceive that my intended son-in-law is an idiot. [*Aside.*

Enter MRS. PLUMPLY, *from Bar*, R.

Wal. Mrs. Plumply, we shall saunter before your door, in expectation of the London coach; and I'll be obliged if you'll have the room ready for my daughter and the other young lady, on their arrival.

Mrs. P. It shall be taken care of, sir. Here, Sally, Sally Mags!

Enter SALLY, *from Bar*, R.

Sally. Here I am, ma'am; I was just coming when I heard you call; and says I—I dare say, says I, now misses calls Sally Mags, says I.

Mrs. P. Never mind what you said. Here's the key of No. 19 and be sure you have it ready for the two young ladies, who will arrive presently by the Defiance.

Sap. And, Mrs. Plumply, you'll come the genteel thing in the supper. Seven shillings a-head for four is a long price, you know. You won't take any advantage, because I've agreed beforehand!

Mrs. P. An advantage, sir—Sir, since I have been mistress of the Bell.——

Sap. No, no—only I mean—I say, father-in-law, I've ordered supper at seven shillings per head. You insisted on my standing treat, and as I like to do things in style—only I mean, that for 7s a head—one ought to have summut, you know [*Addressed to* MRS P.—*then to himself.*]—Four times seven are twenty-eight; and four glasses of Negus, at—Sally, you'll lay the cloth in the parlor next to my bed-room, because when I give a supper to a private party, I like to be private, and because I like—that is, because I don't like—twenty-eight, and four shilling glasses of Negus, at a shilling each—twenty-eight and four.

Sally. And is that all you've got to say, sir!

Sap. Oh! oh, no—and mind you warm my bed—[*Counting his fingers.*]—Don't forget, Sally—warm it well with a brass warming pan.

Sally. I'll not forget any thing while you stay here, sir: and when you go away, I hope your memory will prove as good as mine.

Sap. Come, that is well said, ha! ha! Hang me now, but that deserves—[*Puts his hand in his pocket, and crosses to* L.] Come, father-in-law, let's go down for the coach. [*Exit*, L.

Wal. Most decidedly, my intended son-in-law is an ass—an ill-tempered, supercilious, conceited block-head. But I fear I've engaged too far with him to retract.

Sap. [*Without*, R.] Come, father-in-law.

Wal. Coming, fool. [*Exit*. L.

Sally. Dear me, ma'am. Mr. Sappy seems a very stupid gentleman—I pity the young lady that is to be his wife; for if I was a-going to be married myself, I know that——

Mrs. P. You know nothing about the matter, child—he's a fool, to be sure, but a rich fool; and a husband like Mr. Sappy is—[*Bell rings*, SALLY *going*, L.] Now, where are you running! Be sure not to let in another soul to-night for love or money, except those two young ladies. "The house is full," is the answer to all comers.

Sally. And well may I say so, for from the parlors to the garret, there isn't a corner in the house big enough to——

Mrs. P. Well, chatter, chatter, chatter. [*Bell.*] Go see who rings. [*Exit* SALLY, L.] That girl does nothing but click, clack, click, clack, from morning to night.

Re-enter SALLY, *ushering in* SOPHY *and* AMY, L.

Mrs. P. This way, ladies, if you please.

Sally. This way, if you please, ladies—take care of the little step at the door. Will you please to sit down, ladies? you've had a long journey—and——

Mrs. P. [*Puts* SALLY *aside.*] Sally, will you please to hold your tongue? Would you please the trunks to be taken up to your chamber, ladies?

Sophy. If you please, ma'am, as we have left my father, Mr. Walton, below, seeing them safe out of the coach.

Mrs. P. I'm glad you are arrived, ladies, that you may take possession of your apartment. I've sent away at least twenty travelers to-day, and——

Sally. Twenty, ma'am! dear me, ma'am, you might say forty, and never tell a bit of a fib. I'm certain sure, that up to dinner time alone——

Mrs. P. Sally Mags, will you be quiet! And just now, as you arrived, I was obliged to turn away a young gentleman, who appeared so vexed.

Amy. [*Aside.*] 'Twas he, perhaps—

Mrs P. Ladies I'll step and see that your room is in order for

your reception: [*Crosses to* R.] come, Sally—I've a great mind to fasten the door, and not let another soul in or out this blessed night. [*Exeunt* SALLY *and* MRS. P., R.

Sophy. "'Twas he, perhaps." Ha! ha! ha! so then a young gentleman cannot apply for lodging at an inn in Winchester, but it needs be your swain, Forester, whom we left in London.

Amy. Why not? or why may it not have been yours, my brother, Templeton? I am persuaded, that one of them has preceded us on the road—perhaps both.

Sophy. So you have said before—and for no better reason, than, that the people of the inns where we stopt, treated us with more attention than the other travellers.

Amy. And *what* attention! Refreshments prepared and set apart for us—a reluctance to receive even the ordinary remuneration which—it must be so, and I am convinced, that they are not far from us at this moment.

Bell rings, L. *Enter* SALLY, R., *crosses, and exit,* L.

Sophy. Ay, my dear Amy, you have a shrewd head at guessing. Come, now, guess if you can, my father's motive for sending me from London. Here is his letter; and though I've read it twenty times, I am unable to understand it. [*Reads.*] "My dear Sophy, I have seen the estate you told me of: it pleases me, and has induced me to conclude an affair, which deeply concerns you."—Deeply concerns me—that it is that puzzles me.—"Set off instantly for the Bell inn, Winchester, where you will find me. Perhaps, your friend, Miss Templeton, will accompany you."

Amy. Nothing can be clearer—the affair which concerns you, must be marriage—the husband—O, my brother, Charles Templeton, of course; and the estate in question, he intends to settle on you, as a marriage portion.

Sophy. Very clear, indeed, except that my father never saw your brother in his life, and never heard him mentioned, I believe, but by my aunt, at whose house, at Bath, I first met him.

Amy. True—I was thinking——

Sophy. More of Forester, than of your brother, or me, or the letter I have been reading to you.

Enter SALLY, *followed by* GALLOP, L.

Sally. Now, ladies, when you please, your room is ready. I've set every thing in order—it's a double bedded room, ladies—the best in the house. No. 19—No. 22 is the next best—but I said to misses, "ma'am," says I, "I'm sure the young ladies who are coming"——

Gal. Well, Miss Mags, when you've said your say, I'll say mine.

Sally. Dear me, I forgot—here's Gallop—Gallop, ladies, trots on errands for all Winchester; and he came to me, and said, says he"——

Gal. Will you let me do my own work, Sally? If you be the young ladies, as came by the coach from London, I've a letter for one of you. [*Gives the letter to* AMY.

Amy. A letter without an address. Who gave it to you?

Gal. Told not to tell, miss—couldn't if I would—not knowing.

Amy. [*To* SOPHY.] But, ought we to receive it?

Sophy. Why, it is but a letter—there can be no harm in a letter.

Gal. Never fear, miss; no harm ever com'd of a letter of my delivering. If I ever carry a challenge, it's sure never to come to a fight.

Sally. Yes, and Gallop gets all the jobs in that way, ladies.

Amy. Are you paid, my good man?

Gal. Why, miss, I can't say no; but, in this world, there are letter readers as well as letter writers, you know, ladies.

Amy. There, [*Giving money.*] will that content ye?

Gal. Bless your handsome faces; I hope you'll be as well pleased with the letter as I am with the postage. [*Exit* GALLOP, L.

Amy. Let's see the contents, "Fair travellers,"—'tis meant for both of us. "Whatever may happen, hear, see, and say nothing. Beware of betraying surprise. You'll know why, hereafter." No signature.

Sophy. "Hear, see, and say nothing." Do you know the writing?

Amy. No, 'tis evidently a counterfeit hand. But, come, I'm disposed to follow its advice, and wait the solution of the enigma.

Sophy. Well, let's arrange our dress a little, after the journey. [*To* SALLY.] You'll inform my father, Mr. Walton, that we shall be with him presently.

Sally. I will, ladies.—Misses says I'm an eternal chatterer—that may be, or may not be, but she can't say that I'm wanting in attention to the guests, for since here I have been, and, come Easter, it will be"——

Sophy. Well, my dear, show us our room; and here's for your pains. [*Gives money.*

Sally. Thank'ee, miss, thank'ee—it isn't for what one gets, but when any thing is given to one—that way, ladies, you will be waited on like princesses. You have only to touch the bell, or, go to the stair head, and call "Sally, Sally Mags," and you'll find me at your elbow, like magic. [*Exeunt,* SOPHY *and* AMY, L.] Bless 'em, if either of 'em *is* to be Mrs. Sappy, I shall break my heart, as if it was my own case,—[*Calls.*]—coming, ladies. [*Exit* SALLY, R.

Enter MRS. PLUMPLY, *from Bar,* R.

Mrs. P. Well, Mr. Sappy may be as rich as Cræsus, but, if I ever met with so complete a fool—ah, if either of these young ladies is doomed to be his wife, I pity her from the bottom of my soul.

During this speech, TEMPLETON *enters* L. D. *in flat, and seats himself,* L. *of table, with newspaper.*

Mrs. P. Bless me, who is that gentleman? Did he drop from the clouds? What is it you desire?

Temp. No, thank'ee, ma'am; don't light a fire on my account. I beg you won't put yourself in the least out of the way.

Mrs. P. I suppose, sir, you wish to put up here for the night?

Temp. Oh no, he can hardly be here to-night; but, I dare say, he'll arrive in time to breakfast with me, to-morrow morning.

[*Continues reading.*

Mrs. P. What the deuce does he mean? Why, Crupper—Ostler!

Enter CRUPPER, L. D., *in* F.

Who is this gentleman? Where does he come from? Is he mad?

Crup. No, ma'am—not mad—only, uncommonly thick of hearing.

Mrs. P. But how came he here?

Crup. Why, he rode into the yard, and got off his horse, which was a bay mare, and handed her to me—"Sir," says I, "we have no room, to-night, neither for man nor beast."

Mrs. P. That was right. Well——

Crup. So his answer to that was—ha! ha! "Half a peck of oats, and I'll find my way to the house without you." Then I told him, I'd speak to my mistress.

Mrs. P. Ay, speak to mistress. What did he say to that?

Crup. He said—"Rub her down well, my lad," tipt me half a crown, and was off. So I'm come to know what I'm to do.

Mrs. P. Well, if there is a stall for the horse, you may let it remain.

Crup. There's room for the mare, ma'am; she's as fine a roadster as ever was cross'd—and, the half crown's a new one.

[*Exit* CRUPPER, L. D. *in* F.

Mrs. P. So, there he is perfectly at home. 'Tis a pity he should be so deaf, for he seems quite the gentleman. Ay, and a handsome one too. However, I must make him understand he must go. [*Very loud.*] Sir, I'm very sorry, but, my house is full on account of the assizes.

Temp. I'm sorry, too, madam, for, I fear it will go hard with him. His trial stands second on the list, I find.

Mrs. P. I have no accommodation for you, and request you'll go away.

Temp. Thank'ee, thank'ee; you are the prettiest landlady in all Winchester; and while I stay in the town, I'll make this house my home. [*Reads on.*

Mrs. P. [*Clearing her throat.*] Ahem! He'll never hear me, though I bawl myself hoarse. Well, he's a civil spoken gentleman, at any rate, so he'll not be in any one's way here for the present, and——

Enter SAPPY, L.

Sap. Mrs. Plumply, are we to wait all night for supper? I don't understand this treatment. I pay my money, and I expect attention; do you understand that, Mrs. Plumply!

Mrs. P. Pray, have a little patience, sir; I'm so hurried, I hardly know which way to turn.

Sap. A great misfortune, to be sure. It doesn't bring grist to the mill. I suppose you'll be money in your pocket by me, won't you!

Mrs. P. 'Tis money hardly earned, [*Aside*] to be at the orders of such vulgar fools as this. Sally! Sally!—

Sap. So it is, he! he! she's making a fortune, and she is to be pitied, poor thing.

Enter SALLY, R.

Mrs. P. Let Mr. Sappy's supper be served immediately.

Sap. Come, miss, stir your stumps, and do as you are bid.

Sally. Lord, sir, I can't be in two places at once, unless I was a bird. There isn't half so much fuss when one has the corporation dinner to serve.

Sap. That's right, answer.—I can't bear to be answered by servants; it's impertinent, damn'd impertinent. I advise you not to answer when a gentleman speaks to you; I don't like it.

Sally. I never do answer when a gentleman speaks to me.

[*Crosses* L.

Sap. Very well, very well. To-morrow it will be, "please to remember the chamber-maid." You understand. Come, go and hurry the cook.

Sally. Oh, the idiot! if it wasn't that misses would be angry, I'd put as pretty a bunch of stinging nettles into his bed as ever grew by a wall side. [*Exit* SALLY, L.

Sap. That girl is what I call—by the by, Mrs. Plumply, I don't mean to give wine at supper; so, if the old gentleman should call for it, you must send negus, by mistake—you understand, he! he!

Mrs. P. I always send what is called for, sir.

Sap. O you do, then what he calls for, over seven shillings ahead, he may pay for; I don't stand et ceteras

Enter SALLY, L. D., *in* F

Sally. Now, sir, supper is ready, and you may go to your friends, and show 'em the way to No. 11, on the first floor.

Temp. [*Rising.*] "No. 11, on the first floor," [*Aside.*] and——

[*Exit*, R. D. *in* F

Sap. That's right. Now, Mrs. Plumply, recollect seven shillings a-head; but, I can't stand your whips and et ceteras.

Mrs. P. Ha! ha! ha!

Sap. You may laugh. By the by, do you know, Mrs. Plumply, you're a devilish pretty woman! I must have a kiss.

Mrs. P. Pray, keep your distance, sir.

Sap. Oh, the vixen! I can tell you, though, I love all the pretty women I see, ha! ha! and they all love me, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. P. Very likely; but I don't love all the pretty *men* I see.

Sap. Oh! a widow, and you don't fancy the human species;—come, that's very good. Well, I must join my party, and lead them to the supper room, No. 11, on the first floor. Remember, Mrs. Plumply, no et ceteras.

[*Exeunt*, SAPPY, L., MRS PLUMPLY, R.

SCENE II.—*A Room, with a Table laid for supper in front.—At the* R., *a table covered with green baize, and at the* L., *a table with writing materials.—At the back of the stage is a flight of six steps, leading to a bed-room, the window of which is seen.—Under the window stands a large, old-fashioned elbow chair*—TEMPLETON *discovered*, L., *sitting at the supper table, looking over the memorandum book*—SALLY *a few paces behind him.*

Temp. My property, in Leicestershire—five thousand annuity, two thousand pounds in my banker's hands; fourteen hundred which my agent owes me—but, he is an honest debtor, and I can afford to wait; I see no reason why I should oppress him.

Sally. There's a man! he's as good as he is rich. I suppose he's an acquaintance of Mr. Sappy's who has invited him to supper.

Enter MRS. PLUMPLY, R.

Mrs. P. Now, Sally, I hope every thing is right, or we shall have that goose, Mr. Sappy, tormenting us to death. But, how comes that gentleman here!

Sally. Hush, ma'am! don't speak to him, listen.

Mrs. P. Speak to him, indeed! not I; he's as deaf as a post.

Sally. Deaf! poor gentleman! young, and rich, and as deaf as a post.

Mrs. P. And how do you know that he is rich?

Sally. Why, ma'am, he has been reading loud out of that little book, and he talks of millions, and thousands of millions, as I'd talk of sixpence.

Mrs. P. But, he musn't remain here. Mr. Sappy has engaged this room, and when he finds——

Temp. [*Shutting his book.*] Waiter!

Sally. Dear me! he bawls, for all the world like a deaf body.

[*Placing herself near him.*

Temp. Wai—so, so, my pretty maid, you are the waiter. At what time do we sup, my dear!

Sally. At any time you please to order your supper, sir. You may have it in the bar, sir.

Temp. Ha! ha! ha! No, my dear, it wasn't that I said, for I see you are a pretty girl, but, I asked you when supper will be ready. [*To* MRS. P.] Your little maid appears rather hard of hearing, ma'am.

Mrs. P. Well, Sally, the gentleman finds you pretty, and that's all you care he should understand.

Sally. His eyes are better than his ears, at any rate.

Enter SAPPY *and* SOPHY, AMY *and* WALTON, L.

Sap. This way, this way. We've a private room, all to ourselves, that we may be private. That is to say, the room we are to sup in, he! he! he!

Sophy. [*To* AMY.] Good heavens! } *Apart.*
Amy. 'Tis Templeton, hush! }

Wal. But who is that gentleman turning over his pocket book at our table! he does not perceive we are here.

[*Throughout the supper scene,* SALLY *must be employed in placing and removing dishes, and in running in and out—she may testify by her by-play that she is pleased and amused by* SAPPY'S *sufferings.*

Sap. Ay, mistress, what's your name, who is that strange man at my table, in my room!

Mrs. P. A very extraordinary person; that's all I know of the matter, so I'll leave you to manage him, if you can. [*Exit,* R.

[WALTON, SOPHY *and* AMY, *take their seats at table.—The table is completely occupied, when* SAPPY *commences his speech to* TEMPLETON.

Sap. That's soon done, when, I say—[*Going behind* TEMPLETON, *and tapping him on the shoulder.*] I say, mister, this isn't a public ordinary, but a private room I've engaged for my private party.

Temp. You are very good, and I thank you, sir: but travellers must take things as they find them; besides, I cannot think of taking the head of the table.

Sap. Don't be alarmed about that, for you'll find neither heads nor tails for you here. You can't stay in my private room, so be off. This table is mine. [*Striking it.*

Temp. What, sit there! indeed, I am very well where I am.

Sap. Very well! ay, and the devil thank you. Father-in-law, I wish you'd talk to him, for I can do nothing with him.

Wal. Why, don't you perceive the poor young gentleman is deaf!

Sap. Then why couldn't he say so at once! But I'll soon make him listen to reason. [*Bawling.*] Sir! this is my room; this is my table;—this is my party; my father-in-law, and these two young ladies—— [*Pointing to them.*

Temp. You are really too polite, but since you insist, I'll place myself between the ladies

[*Rises—takes his own chair with him. Pushes* SAPPY *on one side to* R., *and places himself between ladies, at top of table.*

Sap. [*Getting round in front to* R. *corner of table.*] That's it exactly; this cover was laid for me, mister, and——

[*Holding out his napkin.*

Temp. [*Taking it from him.*] Thank'ee, sir; thank'ee.

Sap. You'd better take all—there—plate, knife and fork, and all; that will be the shortest way.

[*Thrusting them pettishly across the table to* TEMPLETON.

Temp. Sir, you overwhelm me with your civility. I cannot think of allowing you to wait on me.

Sap. Don't flatter yourself. And where am I to sit! where am I to sit! I don't like it, and you may sup without me.

[*Walks about sulkily.*

Amy. Sir, the young man is deaf, and he appears to be a gentleman; you had better let him sup quietly, and take a seat yourself.

Wal. Ay, ay; come, take a place, and eat your supper.

Sap. [*Seating himself* R. *corner of table.*] But, Mr. Walton, I don't like it; you'll allow it's disagreeable, very disagreeable—Sally! I may say damned disagreeable, and especially when one stands treat, to have the corner of a table sticking in one's stomach. Sally!

Sophy. [*Rising.*] Will you take my place, sir!

Sap. No, it isn't for that, only——

Temp. Really, to compel me, who am a stranger, to accept the most agreeable place at table, is an instance of politeness, that—and the manner of doing it—the delicacy, the—believe me, sir, I shall not easily forget it.

Sap. Poh! humbug! you've nothing to thank me for, if you could hear all. Sally, a plate; but you might wait for me at least—he gobbles like an ostrich;—am I to have a plate, while there's any thing to eat!

Sally. Lord, sir, you bawl as if the house was on fire. What is it you want!

Sap. What do I want! why, since deafy has taken my plate, lay me another. [SALLY *goes for one,* L. *tab.e.*

Temp. This certainly is one of the best inns I ever put up at

Sap. And not dear, as you think; but you shall see that, my boy.

Sally. Ha! ha! ha! there's a plate, sir.

Sap. What are you laughing at! I've no notion of servants laughing.

Sally. I am laughing to think, what haste you must make to overtake the rest of the company; and as you are to pay——

Sap. Pay! yes, I know I'm to pay. I pay for myself, and three; but I'm not going to pay for a fellow I never saw before, mind that.

Wal. Shame, shame! do you imagine a gentleman, as he evidently is, will allow you to pay for his supper!

Temp. Here is an excellent capon; allow me to help you, ladies.

Amy. Well, Mr. Sappy, though the gentleman be deaf, he does the honor with infinite grace.

Sap. That's right, praise him into the bargain.

Temp. I beg pardon, madam, I believe you spoke.

Sap. She said your conversation is very agreeable, he! he! he!

Temp. Very, very! but it cannot last. It would have been more seasonable a month later.

[SAPPY *looks at a piece of capon, and as he is about to stick his fork in it,* TEMPLETON *takes it.*

Sap. There! there, again! the very bit I had set my heart on, and the best bit in the dish. Though he's deaf, hang me if he's blind.

Sophy. Ha! ha! ha! all this ill humor about the wing of a capon!

Sap. It's the only part of the creature I'm fond of.

Amy. Let me give you a leg, sir.

Sap. Keep your legs to yourself, Miss Drumsticks—[*Walks away from table.*]—and I stand treat too—he'll put me in a passion—I'm in a fever!—

Wal. Come, come, sit down.

Sap. [*Sits, and bawls in* TEMPLETON'S *ear.*] I say, my man, I'd advise you to punch it.

Temp. Punch, or any thing else you please; you, perhaps, are acquainted with the taste of the ladies.

Sap. He! he! he! that's capital! at any rate, you make us a little sport.

Temp. Port be it, then—a bottle of Port—good old Port—[*Exit* SALLY, R.] To be placed to this gentleman's account, and mine.

Sap. [*Starting bolt upright.*] Oh! stop, I've nothing to do with wine—I'm in for seven shillings a-head already—Port's too dear

Enter SALLY, *with a bottle of Port, which she puts on table,* R.

Temp. [*Rising.*] Sir, I stand corrected—a bottle of Madeira. [*Exit* SALLY, R.] As a stranger. I waited for you to propose it, as you have done, and thank you: We have here united beauty, [*Bowing to the ladies.*] urbanity, [*To* WALTON.] good humor and wit; [*To* SAPPY.] and a glass of generous wine will not destroy our relish of it.

Enter SALLY, *with another bottle,* R.

Sap. Mind now, Sally; mind, deafy called for it, and deafy may pay for it; I'll not drink a drop.

Sally. It's put down to your bill, sir, and you may settle with the gentleman about that.

Temp. [*Fills for the ladies,* WALTON, *and himself, and says to* SAPPY.] You'll join us, sir.

Sap. [*Fills a bumper, swallows it in a passion, shaking his head at* TEMPLETON.] I wish the devil had taken you, before ever you came here.

Temp. Thank you, sir; the same to you.

Wal. May I inquire, sir, whether your loss of hearing was occasioned by an accident!

Temp. No, sir; purposely, and on an affair of importance.

Sap. He! he! he! that's it—there he is again.

Temp. Indeed, I may say that the affair which has brought me down here, is one of very deep and serious importance.

Wal. O, sir, I beg pardon—I inquire no farther.

Temp. My father! no, sir, no, it is my uncle. The fact is, he would marry his daughter, my charming cousin, contrary to her inclinations—but my uncle is a good man, and I hope, by my interference, to prevent this match.

Sap. I may as well eat my supper, though. [*Runs to the table.*

Temp. My cousin is an angel! But the man my uncle intends for her husband is a blockhead; and if on my arrival, the said blockhead should dispute the field, it is my very fixed intention to snip off both his ears.

Sap. [*About to drink.*] You seem to make nothing of snipping a man's ears off.

Temp. [*Filling a glass.*] Yours, sir, with all my heart.

Sap. Mine!

Temp. [*Filling again.*] With the greatest pleasure; I'm no flincher!

Sap. [*Beginning in a very low tone, and gradually lowering it, almost to a whisper.*] If I thought you meant to be rude—Dam'me sir—I'd knock you down, Dam'me—There you see, ladies, I'm not to be put upon.

Amy. Sophy, shall we retire? it's late. [*All rise except* TEMPLETON.] [*Exeunt* SOPHY *and* AMY, L. 2 E.

Temp. Is supper ended?

Sap. Oh! you had better begin again. But, I've scarcely eaten a morsel. [*After a little reflection.*] Sally! Sally! come quick.

Sally. Well, sir.

Sap. Fetch the bill, Sally—run: now, you deaf dog, we shall see how you'll like paying. [*Exit* SALLY, R.

Temp. [*Comes forward.*] Before we separate, I suppose, we must draw our purse strings. The wine, sir, is understood to be our affair.

Sap. Our affair! your affair if you please. You called for it, and you must pay for it.

Temp. Certainly not—certainly not—it was so understood. This gentleman [*Pointing to* WALTON] has nothing to do with it.

Sap. [*Tapping his pocket, and shaking his head.*] I pay for the supper I ordered, but hang me if I have any thing to do with the wine.

Temp. Well, sir, since you are so kind as to insist, even be it so. The next time we meet, it will be my turn to furnish the wine.

Sap. What!

Temp. Let me see, that's it. [*Taking out money.*] The traveller's supper, at half a crown a-head, and sixpence for the maid. There's my three shillings.

Sap. The supper is ordered, at seven shillings a-head.

Temp. Formerly it was so, but every thing is much dearer at present, and 'tis the price all along the road.

Sap. [*Taking seven shillings from his pocket, and holding them to* TEMPLETON.] Seven shillings! You can see, though you can't hear. —You are to pay seven shillings.

Temp. [*With an air of astonishment.*] Sir!

Sap. It is seven shillings you are to pay.

Temp. How, sir, after all your attentions, insist on paying for my supper too!

Sap. I pay for your supper! I ask! I appeal!—Oh, here's the landlady——

Enter MRS. PLUMPLY *and* SALLY, *with the bill*, R.

Show him the bill, Mrs. Plumply. The supper is ordered, at seven shillings a-head; tell him that.

Mrs. P. The bill, sir.

Temp. [*To* MRS. P.] Madam, this gentleman, after overwhelming me with civilities, insists on paying my share of the reckoning.

Sap. I! if I pay for your supper, I wish my supper may choke me—and I hope that's plain enough.

Temp. Ay, ay, if ever we meet again, I'm to—I see what you mean. [*Retires to table*

Sap. Confound you, I wish you'd *hear* what I mean.

Wal. There's paper on the table, the best way will be to write to to him

Sap. Deaf as he is, who knows whether he's able to read!

Wal. Well, Mr. Sappy, begin, by showing him you are able to write.

Sap. Write: that's a good one! I suppose old Wak'em didn't teach me running hand to flourish a fish. O, Sally, talking of writing, be sure you put a sheet of paper, and a good pen, and a lighted candle, on the table in my bed-room, yonder, for, before I go to bed, I mean to write word to my relations, that my better half is arrived, he! he! he! my better half, he! he! he!

[*During this speech, he writes at table,* L. H.

Temp. Well, since the gentleman will not receive my share of the charge, there, young woman, take it for yourself,

[*Gives the money to* SALLY.

Sap. Stop there a minute, stop, if you please; you can read, perhaps: here, read this, mister. [*Gives him a paper.*

Temp. [*Reads.*] "To the Deaf Traveller"—whom do you mean, sir, by the Deaf Traveller!—Sir, I put you to your feelings, whether it be delicate to direct thus:—"To the Deaf Traveller!" Suppose, now, you were the greatest fool in this town, would it be civil in me, to address a letter "To the most notorious blockhead in the city of Winchester!" meaning you!

Sap. That's neither here nor there—read, sir, read.

[*Pointing to the paper*

Temp. Well, "To the Deaf Traveller," if it must be so.

Sap. If it is the same thing to you.

Temp. [*Reads.*] "It is proper to tell you, you are not at the traveller's table"—I ask a thousand pardons! had I known that [*Looking at his dress*] "But, with a private party in my private room." [*To* SAPPY.] My dear sir, had you explained that to me, I wouldn't have offended you by offering to pay; to be invited to supper with a private party is a piece of civility that——

Sap. Will you go on with the letter!

[*Lifts* TEMPLETON'S *hand*

Temp. [*Reads.*] "I ordered supper for four, at seven shillings a-head, and, because you make five, and because I never pay for folks I don't know, and, because I don't know you, you must pay seven shillings for yourself. Your servant, Tristram Sappy." Then, after all, I am to pay. I'd rather it should be so!

Sap. I'm glad you think so—so hand over the stumpy.

Temp. [*Counting the money into* MRS. P.'s *hand.*] Seven, the supper, and seven for my half share of the wine. [*Here* SAPPY *makes a grimace.*] There, ma'am, fourteen shillings. The half crown I have given you, you may keep, my dear. [*Retires to table*

Sally. Thank'ee, sir, thank'ee.

Sap There, Sally, you may thank me for getting you that—for if I hadn't given you a supper here——

Sally. Come, sir, mistress is waiting for you, to settle the bill.

Sap. [*Gaping.*] Father-in-law, it's time for us to go to bed.

Wal. [*In* L. *corner.*] You had better pay your bill first.

Sap. Pay! Why, Mrs. Plumply knows me, and——

Wal. You've obliged the gentleman to put down his share at once, and you ought to pay your own.

Mrs. P. Yes, sir, so we ought to settle the bill now, sir.

Sap. Oh! we had, eh! [*Crosses* SALLY *to* MRS. P.] Well, this is the last time you see the color of my money, mind that. If ever I spend another sixpence at the Bell—twenty-eight shillings, isn't it?

Mrs. P. [*Holding her hand, in which is* TEMPLETON'S *money.*] And seven for wine, sir.

Sap. Twenty-eight, and seven for wine—I wish he had been a —seven for wine. Another time, Mrs. Plumply, what folks call for folks may pay for—Thirty-three. [SALLY *stands holding out her hand, as if expecting something.*] Sally, my dear, go warm my bed; up yonder—thirty-four—go and warm my bed, I tell you, because I like my bed warm'd with a brass warming-pan.

Sally. The stingy hound! [*Exit* SALLY, R.

Sap. Thirty-five—there. [*Walks away with a stupid stare, and counts on his fingers.*] This won't do often. [*Exit* MRS. P., R.

Wal. Mr. Sappy, will you come and have half an hour's chat with me in my room! [TEMPLETON *rises, and comes forward.*

Sap. No, thank'ee, I hav'n't supped yet, and I'll amuse myself here for half an hour, he! he! he! I shan't want a chambermaid to show me the way to my room, he! he! he!

[*Points to the room up the steps.*

[TEMPLETON *bows to* WALTON, *and, while* SAPPY *is placing himself at the table, takes a candle from* R. *side table, and walks up leisurely and unperceived into* SAPPY'S *bedroom.*

Sap. Good night, father-in-law.

Wal. Good night, son-in-law. [*Crosses to* L.] Son-in-law! if I could but contrive to get rid of that plaguy fine, I'd bid the idiot good night in earnest. He marry my girl! Deafy's worth a thousand of him, for a man had better want ears than brains.

[*Exit,* L. 1 E.

Sap. What a goose my father-in-law is, talking to himself there, he's astonished at my cleverness, I dare say.

Enter SALLY, *with warming-pan,* R.

Temp. [*Shuts the door.*] Ha! [*Gapes.*] Now for a quiet night's rest.

* * *

SAPPY *takes a leg of a fowl, and a glass of wine—rises from the table, and dances about ridiculously, humming a tune.* SALLY, *after observing him for a short time, and laughing, taps him on the shoulder as he reseats himself.*

Sally. The deaf gentleman is just going to bed in your room.

Sap. [*Starts up, and comes forward, his mouth being so full as to prevent his speaking; he makes several violent and threathening gestures. After many attempts, he exclaims.*] The confounded—infernal—eternal—[*He runs up the steps, threatening with his fist knocks at the door—receiving no answer, he knocks louder, and louder.*] You are in my room, sir; come out of my room.

Temp. This seems to be one of the quietest houses I ever was in in my life—that's a perfect luxury, when one is inclined to sleep, ha! [*Gapes.*

Sap. [*Knocks.*] Hallo! it's my bed—if you turn in, you must turn out. [*Knocks.*

Sally. Sir, you'll wake all the house.

Sap. What do I care whether other people sleep or not, when I have no bed to go to—I'll break the door down. [*Knocks and kicks.*] 'Tisn't wind, Mr.——'tis I, Mr. Sappy, kicking up a breeze; give me my room, and be hanged to you.

Enter MRS. PLUMPLY, R.

Mrs. P. What's the matter here?

Sap. The matter is, that this everlasting deaf dog has block'd me out of my bed-room, and I don't like it.

Mrs. P. But, you mustn't disturb all the house.

Sap. That's all one to me.

Mrs. P. But, it isn't all one to me, sir. Sally, go send for a constable.

Temp. After all, I'm an unfortunate being.

Sap. There, he's talking again.

Temp. By day, my deafness doesn't much signify, but, at night, and in a strange house, too! I have three hundred pounds in my pocket-book, and the doors in these inns may be blown open with a breath. I might be easily robbed in my sleep, for a thunderbolt falling at my side wouldn't wake me. I'll place my table against the door, and with this brace of double-barrelled pistols, [SAPPY *retires from the steps,*] loaded with slugs,—the first person that enters, shall have them clean through his head, were it as thick as the walls of Winchester jail.

[SAPPY *advances to the front of the stage.*

Mrs. P. As to a bed for you, that is out of the question; but, you may take the run of the house—you may lie in a good arm-chair.

Sap. I can't sleep in a chair; it gives me the cramp.

Mrs. P. There's nothing else, sir, so, while you are making up your mind, I shall go to bed.

Sap. Well, then, I'll try the arm-chair, Mrs. Plumply.—[*To* SALLY, *who is about to remove the dishes.*]—Stop, Sally, don't take them away to-night. If I wake, I shall be glad of a mouthful; and besides, I've paid for it.

Mrs. P. Poh! poh! I can't have my servants kept up all night Sally, clear the things.

Sap. I shall never sleep so—[*Turns the chair*]—nor so. [*He rises, appears lost in thought; then suddenly throws off his coat, and bursts out singing*]—I have it, I have it—tol de rol!—I have it—[*He removes the dishes, &c., and places the back of the large chair against the head of the table—the cushion of the chair he arranges as a pillow—then blows out one candle. All this time he is singing and hopping about.—He is going to extinguish the other candle, when he suddenly stops.*]—As deafy said, there's no knowing what sort of people may be in the house; and I've heard of robbers who sometimes hide.—Oh! what's that?

Enter CRUPPER, R., *with boot-jack*

Who are you?—Oh! Mr. Crupper—what's the matter?

Crup. Your honor will take off your boots?

Sap. No. my honor won't—I never do, when I wear shoes. That's not so bad, he! he! I say, Master Crupper—lord, what a thought! he! he! I say.

Crup. Yes, sir.

Sap. If it wasn't for his pistols.

Crup. Sir?

Sap. Could you—could you, (speak softly,) he! he! he! Could you, if it was made worth your while, put a troublesome fellow into a horse-pond?

Crup. Not if he was very troublesome, sir; but I could get a couple of stout fellows to do it for me.

Sap. What an idea! [*Chuckling.*] Then, I tell you what: have 'em ready, and if you hear me call out fire! murder! thieves! do you only take the troublesome chap that's up in that room, and give him a good ducking; and I'll give you—damn'd expensive too.

Crup. What, sir?

Sap. A guinea, I don't mind. Four times seven is twenty-eight. Seven, the wine, and, one pound one for a horse-pond. I don't like it.

Crup. And dang me if I do it without.

Sap. He took my place,—eat my supper,—stole my bed; yes, on the word of a 'squire, I'll give it, when the job's done. Let me see. [*Considering.*

Crup. I'll not be seen in this myself; I may be made to pay for

it, so I'll give two of the young recruits in the kitchen a crown a piece. They may be off when the job's done, and I shall pocket eleven good shillings—money down.

Sap. Well; revenge is sweet. But, you mustn't blab.

Crup. No, I never tell tales of myself. He shan't know who did it.

Sap. I shall be a-bed, you know. Pretend to know nothing. [*Gives a guinea.*] Oh! good, isn't it?

Crup. [*Taking guinea.*] It looks as if it wur—mum, your honor. [*Exit* CRUPPER, R.

Sap. Mum! your honor! I like to be called your honor! Dear me—I shall now be even with that deaf rascal. But I must pretend to go to bed here; and, when he pops into the horse-pond, I'll pop into my room. [*Begins to arrange bed.*] What a rage Deafy will be in—a horse-pond! Suppose he should call me out. Ergo, he must get out himself first, he! he! he! that's not bad! I shall be quits with you—you'll snip off my ear!—couldn't stick a fork in a capon wing, but, off it flew to Deafy—wing, flew, that's not bad. Good night, you old poacher. I'll wait till I think he's asleep before I give the signal; and then, while I snore, they'll think me quite innocent. I look like an innocent, with this napkin for a nightcap. Good night, Deafy, I'm afraid you'll have a wet night, when you're in the horse-pond—that's not bad. And if the worst comes to the worst, I can but go to law, and prove I did it in my own defence. [*Lies down. During the above,* TEMPLETON *comes down stairs softly, takes* SAPPY'S *candle, and goes off,* L.] There, I shut my eyes; Good night.—Eh! why the candle's gone out all of itself. I don't like that. This is the room they brought the dead man into, that was hung for—what's that! I don't like being in the dark; I may see something. [*Feels about—pushes the hair from his head—nearly falls, rises and comes forward.*] O Lord! It's nothing but myself. I can see Deafy's light through the window-curtains—and the door's open. Gad, I'll peep—but, the pistols. Well, if he stirs, I'll give the signal directly. [*Goes up, and looks in.*] Nobody here! he's off!—he's robbed the house. I said he was a thief at first—horse-pond; dam'me, he'll be hanged. It's time to alarm the family, indeed—murder! fire! thieves! [*Goes in, bawling, room door,* C.

Enter CRUPPER, *and two men.*

Crup. There, up there. Don't mind what he says—take him out—chuck him in, and be off as fast as your legs can carry you [*They go up into the room*

Sap. Why, is the house dead? murder! fire! thieves!

Crup. Oh, they be coming, never fear. [*Exit,* R.

Sap. Why, what dy'e mean! It isn't me.

1st Man. Yes, we be to take a troublesome fellow.

Sap. Thieves! fire! murder! [*As they carry him off,* L.

Enter MR. WALTON, L., MRS. PLUMPLY *and* SALLY MAGS, *with candles*, R.

Mrs. P. Why, what is the matter?

Wal. To run off with my daughter—a villain. I was so sick of his thick-headed rival, that, if your friend had asked me fairly for her, I don't think but I might have consented; but, such conduct as this deserves a horse-pond.

Enter CRUPPER, R.

Crup. He's got it by this time. Will you stand blame? [*Aside to* WALTON.

Wal. No! has he? That I will. [*Exit* CRUPPER, R

SAPPY, *without*, L.

Sap. I don't like it. It's not proper——

TEMPLETON, *entering with* SAPPY, L. 1 E.

Temp. Hark'ye, sir, I've generously saved you from the horse-pond you meant for me; and now, you must either give up the lady, or answer in the field, for what I overheard of your very kind intentions.

Sap. I don't like the fields.

Wal. Where's my daughter?

Sap. What, arn't you deaf?

Temp. No, sir; but ready to answer any questions you may choose to put.—Your daughter, sir, is here;

Enter SOPHY *and* AMY, L. 1 E.

and, though she agreed to meet me, with her friend, refused her hand until you give consent. Yours, sir, [*To* SAPPY,] I cannot doubt of, as you know the alternative.

Sap. To tell you the truth, the lady quizzes me, and I don't like to be quizz'd; and, if it wasn't for the fine of five hundred pounds, which I must pay if I refuse——

Wal. O, no! I'll forgive the five hundred pounds, sooner than she shall wed a fool; and, when Captain Templeton proves himself worthy——

Temp. Sir, I'll endeavor. The permission to do so makes me so happy, that, since your folly, Mr. Sappy, has done so much more for me than any of my own, I'll pay your supper bill.

Sap. Wine, and all!

Temp. And invite you to my wedding-dinner.

Sap. Will you, indeed? Then, to show you I bear no malice, I'll sup and dine with you as often as you please; and besides that —Oh! what was I going to say?—oh!—if certain people have

perceived any little fault in certain people's conduct, which have served 'em to laugh at, this evening—why—why, as we've made our follies as short as possible, I hope they'll come before long, and laugh at them again.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SALLY L. H. TEMP. SOPHY. SAP. MRS. P. OLD WALL L. H.

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
The Acting Edition.
No. LX.

THE NEW FOOTMAN.

A BURLETTA, IN ONE ACT.

BY

CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN.
AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN STEVENS," "CATCHING AN HEIRESS," "ROBERT MACAIRE," "UNFINISHED GENTLEMAN," "MARRIED RAKE," &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.
AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER
122 NASSAU STREET. (UP STAIRS.)

Cast of the Characters.

As Performed at the New York Theatres.

	Broadway, '55.	*Wallack's, '55.*
Mr. Capsicum, a peppery gentleman, in powder	Mr. Henry.	Mr. Chippendale.
Henry Gordon, a walking gentleman, in ducks and Berlins	Mr. Ringold.	Mr. Trevor.
Mr. Sourcrout, a mild and pleasant gentleman, in gray and nankeen	Mr. Hodges.	Mr. Stoddart.
Bobby Breakwindow, an unfortunate young gentleman, —first in a jacket and corduroys,—afterwards "The New Footman," *in a family Taglioni and plushes*	Mr. W. A. Chapman.	Mr. F. A. Vincent
Polly Picnic, a literary housemaid, in print	Miss Manners.	Mrs. Stephens.
Miss Sourcrout, an acidulated old maid, in flaxen ringlets	Mrs. Henry.	Mrs. Cramer.

Time of Representation,—50 minutes.

Costume.

MR. CAPSICUM.—Large modern black dress-coat and trowsers—white waistcoat and cravat.

HENRY GORDON,—Blue frock-coat—white trowsers.

MR. SOURCROUT.—Pepper-and-salt modern coat—nankeen breeches and gaiters—tail wig—white hat.

BOBBY BREAKWINDOW.—Fustian jacket—striped waistcoat—colored cravat—corduroy short trowsers—high-lows—fur cap. *Second Dress:* Very large modern livery-coat and waistcoat—red plush breeches—large white cravat.

POLLY PICNIC.—Light print dress—black silk apron—fashionable cap.

MISS SOURCROUT.—Short-waisted modern large pattern morning-dress—small shawl—flaxen ringlets—very small bonnet.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE NEW FOOTMAN.

SCENE.—(*Which remains during the Piece.*) *A Chamber, handsomely furnished. A door,* 2 R. 1 H. *A practicable fire-place, with a hearth-broom, &c.,* 2 R. 3 H. *An open window,* 3 R. 2 H. *Near it a small table, with a parrot in a handsome cage,* C. *A stand of flowers,* R. 3 C. *Near the fire-place, a pedestal with a large antique vase. A coat-horse with coat on it,* C. *Hanging on* C. F. *a fishing-rod, basket, and landing-net—near them an umbrella. In front,* R. H., *a round table, with a portfolio of engravings, writing-materials, books, &c. A small work-table, with essence bottles, flowers, &c.,* L. H. *A sofa,* 1 E. L. H.

At the rising of the curtain, MR. CAPSICUM *and* HENRY GORDON *are discovered walking about, disputing.*

Cap. (L.) Very well, sir—very well! then you know the alternative.

Henry. (R.) But, my dear sir——

Cap. I won't hear a word, sir! Leave the room—leave the room! [*Exit* HENRY, R. H. D.] A wilful, headstrong, passionate puppy! to presume to think for himself, and object to my plan for securing him an independence. I'll—I'll turn him out of my house—scratch him out of my will! [*Single knock without.*] There's that confounded knocker again! I shall never have a moment's peace. Well—what is it?

Enter POLLY PICNIC, 1 E. L. H.

Polly. Another candidate for the livery, sir.

"A bashful youth of talents rare,
With gooseberry eyes and carroty hair."
Lallah Rookh, page 35.

Cap. Send him up.

Polly. Yes, sir.

"Quick as the lightning's flash—
Flip—flap—boom—dash"!
Murphy's Weather Almanack, page 20.

[*Exit* L. H.

Cap. I'll never advertise for a servant again. This is about the thirtieth footman I've seen this morning. [*Knock at street door.*] There's another! I shall be tormented with five hundred before night.

[*Enter* POLLY, *introducing* BOBBY BREAKWINDOW, L. H.

Polly. Come in, and don't be afraid. There's master. Speak up, and make the most of yourself.

Bobby. Thank ye, I will. [*Arranges his dress, takes off cap, advances to* CAPSICUM, *and speaks loudly.*] Please, sir, I've come to offer for the footman's place, you want in "The Times" newspaper this morning!

Cap. [*Starting back, astonished.*] Eh—eh! what—what!

Polly. [*Aside.*] Poor fellow! his little account will soon be settled.

"Footmen, like bidders at the Auction Mart,
Come like shadows, so depart."

Thompson's Seasons, page 8.

[*Exit*, L.

Bobby. Well, what are you staring at? Why don't you answer? Do you think I shall suit you?

Cap. Why, judging from your loutish appearance, and free and easy manner, I should say, decidedly not.

Bobby. Oh, very well—there's no harm done. [*Puts on cap.*] I'm sorry I've taken so much trouble to oblige you. Good bye! You may advertise your head off before I'll come to you again. [*Going*, L

Cap. Stay—come back!

Bobby. I don't know that I will. What do you want?

Cap. Have you got a character?

Bobby. No. How *should* I have one? I've never been out at service yet. I've always lived at home with father; but if so be that you are curious, and wish to know *his* character, inquire at No. 3, Earl Street, Seven Dials, and you'll find that he's a hard-working, honest old man, and I'm the same; and if that won't satisfy you—[*taking letter out of his cap,*]—here's a certificate of my respectability from a chap who knows you—Mr. Camomile, the 'poticary who doctors you when you've got the gout and *screwmatics.* [*Gives letter.*

Cap. [*After reading letter. Aside.*] Ah—very satisfactory—odd, but honest. I've a great mind to try him.

Bobby. Well, what do you think of old Pill-box's *discription*—isn't it the *stilton*?

Cap. What can you do?

Bobby. Nuffin.

Cap. Nothing!

Bobby. No. You don't want me to tell you a pack of lies, do you?

Cap. No.

Bobby. Very well, then. This is my first start out from home. I've never been put out to do anything yet, and as we none of us know what we can do till we try, of course as I haven't had an opportunity of trying, if I tell the truth in answer to your question, I must say nuffin.

Cap. Well, well—are you willing to learn?

Bobby. Try me. There's nothing I won't attempt, except going without wittles—for I *have* tried that a precious long time, and can't make any head at it.

Cap. Well, well—I promise you, you shall never be called upon to attempt so hard a task.

Bobby. That's enough. Say no more—I'm quite satisfied. I'll engage with you.

Cap. Stop—stop, my good friend. Do me the favor to wait till I make you an offer.

Bobby. Oh, it's all the same. You mean to have me, so what's the use of standing on ceremony. We sha'n't quarrel for wages—give me as much or as little as you please; and whatever you tell me to do, I'll do, let what will be the consequence: so if you don't make me a good servant, it will be *your* fault, not mine, for I shall keep on continually doing nuffin but trying to give you satisfaction.

Cap. If I should engage you, when could you come?

Bobby. Whenever you please. I'm a single man, without any incumbrance of a wife, or anything, and am ready to begin directly minute.

Cap. Well, I've no objection to take you on trial, and as I am making preparation for my nephew's wedding, and want a footman, you can enter on your duty at once. [*He rings bell.*

Bobby. [*With great joy.*] Oh, thank you, sir—I'm very much obliged to you—I am indeed. I hope—I hope you may—what do you call it—have many happy returns of your wedding—no, no—I mean your birthday, for [*crying and wiping his eyes,*] you are a good old chap, and are kind to the poor.

Enter POLLY, L. H.

Polly. Show this young gentleman the door, I suppose, sir?

"Footman thin, or footman stout—
Short or tall, you must turn out."

[*Burns' Justice*, page 11.

Cap. No, no—I've engaged him. Take him down stairs; show him where to find the livery; and tell cook to give him something to eat.

[*Going to* D. 2 E. L. H.

Polly. [*Astonished.*] Ye—e—s, sir.

Cap. [*To* BOBBY.] And as soon as you are dressed, come to me for orders. [*Exit*, 2 E. L. H.

Polly. [*Looking at* BOBBY.] Well, if ever! Wonders will never cease. To think of his engaging this hop o' my thumb queer-looking booby, when he has turned away so many handsome "six foots."

"The time is out of joint.
Oh, *cussed* spite! that the right should be wrong,
And the wrong be the right!"

Paradise Lost, page 40.

Bobby. Now, my dear, let us be off to the kitchen, for I am nation peckish.

Polly. [*With dignity.*] *Your* dear! Where did you learn manners, young man? Keep a respectful distance, if you please, and know that I'm nobody's dear. [*Crosses to* R.

"Monster away!"

Beauty and the Beast, page 19.

Bobby. Oh, don't be snappish and call names. I meant no offence. The college I went to didn't teach manners. Excuse my foolishness—I'm a simple lad, and have never kept company with ladies—[*bowing,*]—'specially such pretty ones as you.

Polly. [*Smiling.*] Well, well, never mind, I forgive you. [*Aside.*] Really, for so uncouth an individual, he expresses himself remarkably well.

"If to his share some human errors fall,
Look in his face, and you'll forget them all."
Ovid's Art of Love, page 15.

Enter HENRY GORDON, R. H.

Henry. Oh, Polly, I'm in such a—[*seeing* BOBBY, *who stares at him,*]—who is that fellow?

Polly. The new footman your uncle has just engaged.

"Give him a livery more guarded than his fellows."
Police Reports, letter L.

Henry. [*Aside.*] Get rid of him—I want to consult you on an affair of importance.

Polly. Mr. —— I beg your pardon, what's your name?

'Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?"
Joe Miller, page 1.

Bobby. No. My name's Bobby—Bobby Breakwindow, No. 3, Earl Street, Seven Dials.

Polly. Thank you. If you'll take the trouble to go down stairs, Mr. Breakwindow, you will find yourself in the hall; cross it at a right angle and descend again, then go straight forward until you are stopped by a green baize door, push against it, it will revolve, and you will find yourself in the kitchen; before the range (or in its immediate vicinity), you will see an elderly lady of ruddy complexion and comfortable proportions; address her by the title of "Cook," state your name and quality, and request her to introduce you to the pantry, and the family uniform.

Bobby. [*Bowing.*] I will. Much obliged to you for your information, though, I don't quite understand it. Never mind—I'll go down stairs, and follow my nose—that'll be sure to take me to the kitchen, and when I'm there I'm all right. [*Bowing to* HENRY.] Servant, sir, though I don't know you. [*Aside to* POLLY.] You sha'n't have to speak to me again about keeping my distance. I'll be as polite and respectful as a parliament gentleman when he's begging for a vote. [*Bowing awkwardly.*] Good morning!

[*Exit*, L. H.

Polly. Bravo, Bobby! you'll improve. Now, sir, what have you to tell me?

"Leave off your ugly faces, and begin!"
Rowland's Kalydor puff, page 3.

Henry. I'm distracted! my uncle is determined that I shall marry Miss Sourcrout, and insists on the settlement being signed this morning. He has given me half an hour to decide whether I'll obey him and become his heir, or refuse, and be cut off with a shilling! What shall I do? Can you advise me?

Polly. Be prudent, sir, and take the lady.

"Money has charms, to smooth the ugliest face,
To swallow humps, and give the limping grace."
Domestic Economy, page 50.

Henry. No, Polly, the sacrifice is too great. Were Miss Sourcrout but moderately old and ugly, I might perhaps be induced by my interest and swallow the pill; but she's hideous—absolutely hideous, and old enough to be my grandmother.

Polly. No, no, sir—speak within bounds; your mother, perhaps, but no further. Old maids always look——

"Much more elder than their years."

Roderick Random, page 30.

And as for beauty—why, if her nose be a little red, her eyes a little sunk, her teeth a little black, and her flaxen ringlets false, she *was* a beauty *once*, and as novelty is the order of the day, be you the first to prove to the world, that the absurd prejudice in favor of *youthful* beauty is a vulgar error. As prose is plain fact, and poetry ethereal imagination—so with beauty: in youth, 'tis palpable, in age, 'tis ideal: which is the most delightful! the poetry of loveliness, of course. You'll have all the philosophers and savans on your side, and the triumph of mind over matter will be so decisive, that all the old women will be bought up, and government will be obliged to import them from all quarters of the world, to meet the extraordinary consumption.

Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno.

Latin Grammar, page 80.

Henry. Nay, nay—a truce to folly. I am resolved to disobey my uncle, yet dread the consequences of an abrupt refusal. Can you think of anything to extricate me from my difficulty?

Polly. Why, if you are determined to be obstinate and despise——

"Paltry gold——

Victoria Melo Drama, Act III.—Scene I.

I'll try what can be done to postpone the dreadful deed. Let me see—suppose you were to be taken suddenly ill! No—that would look too like an *occasional* indisposition. Rub up your hair, break the looking-glass, and pretend to be insane? No—that's too common. Get a friend to kill you in a duel! No, no—that would make the matter worse. Let me see—I have it! I'll—I'll——

Henry. Well, well——

Polly. No—I shall keep my intentions entirely to myself. Do you get out of the way. Leave all to me, and I'll bring you off with flying colors. Here comes the new footman. Not a word more.

"Fly! begone! vanish! *abscotulate!*"

[*Exit* HENRY, R. H.

Wizard of the North—Illusion th bird.

"Tis here—but yet confused——
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used."

Jack Shepherd ge 9.

Enter BOBBY, L. H.; *he is dressed in a very large livery-coat and* tistcoat *and red plush breeches.*

Bobby. Well! what do you think of me! Ayn't I a swell

Polly. [*Laughing.*] I never saw your equal—ha, ha, ha!

"Remember, remember.
The fifth of November."

Guy Fawkes, page 1.

Bobby. Don't laugh I wasn't by when I was measured, and can't help their fitting me too much. Licensed to carry *two* inside, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Well, never mind—"it's my misfortune, not my fault," that I'm a little 'un, and t'other chap was a big 'un. [*Showing breeches.*] There's a pair of plushes!—[*turning round and showing coat.*]—and here's a Taglioni! When *I* keep footmen, I'll have my liveries made of India rubber, and then they'll stretch or draw in to the awkwardest variety of figures. [*Goes up and looks round.*] Why, what a fine place this is! Oh, crickey!

Polly. Comfortable—nothing more. *We*, who have been accustomed to the recherche elegancies of fashionable squares, can scarcely condescend to exist in such a dreary desert.

"Where is Russell Square?"

Pelham, page 30.

Bobby. [*Sitting at table*, R. H.] You don't say so! Well, I shouldn't have thought it. Here's a prime picture book!—[*Turns over engravings.*] I suppose you have lived with lots of great people?

Polly. [*Seating herself at* L. H. *table, and scenting her handkerchief from a large flacon.*] Yes, I've been own maid to three duchesses, five marchionesses, four countesses, and six ladies.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,
For wardrobe, board, and fifty pounds a year."

Tom Jones, page 80.

Bobby. What, do you get fifty pounds a year? [*Turning over a print.*] What a pretty girl! Oh, crimini! Is this your picture? It's very like you. [*Turning* L. H., *and showing her a print.*

Polly. [*Simpering.*] Pshaw, no! that's Venus. It's not a bit like me.

Bobby. Oh, ayn't it though? Don't tell me—I know it's you: and if it isn't, it ought to be, for you're quite as pretty, and a great deal better dressed.

Polly. [*Rising, and making an extravagant curtsy.*] Oh, you flatter!

Bobby. [*Jumping up, and bowing in imitation.*] Oh, not at all—not at all!

As he bows his back being to R. H., *table, he sweeps off the engravings with the tails of his coat on to the floor.*

Polly. See, see—you've knocked down the engravings!

Bobby. [*Turning.*] Eh! Oh, never mind—it's only an accident. Sit down again—I'll pick them up. [*Picks them up awkwardly, then sits at* L. H. *table, and helps himself to scent from flacon.*] So you've lived with a great many great families! That accounts for your being so very genteel. And such a scholar.

Polly. [*Affectedly.*] Partly. The refinement of my manners certainly results from my intercourse with the polite world, but my literary accomplishments are derived from the "Universal Self-instructing Pictorial Emporium of Useful and Useless Knowledge. I take it in in twopenny

numbers, and hope by the time the work is completed, to be a perfect mistress of everything.

"Amalgamate the tongue and brains in a mortar, and serve hot, with *Read*ing Sauce."

Dr. Kitchener's Homeopathy, page 50.

Bobby. Oh, you're a regular genius! [*Bell rings.*] What's that?

Polly. Master's bell.

Bobby. [*Coolly.*] Is it? oh! Well, as I was going to say, as you understand everything. I wish—[*Bell again.*] Drat that bell! I wish it would keep quiet! Well, you see—[*Bell again.*] There's a nuisance!

Polly. It's for you—why don't you go!

Bobby. For me? You don't say so! [*Bell again.*] Coming, sir. If he wanted me to answer to bells, why didn't he tell me. [*Bell again.*] Don't be in such a hurry—I'm coming!

Cap. [*Without.*] Bring me my coat!

Bobby. Yes, sir! Directly, sir! [*Running about searching.*] Where is it?

Polly. [*Pointing to clothes-horse,* R. H.] There—there! [*Bell again.*

Bobby. Thank you. Coming, sir. [*In making a hasty snatch at the coat, he pulls down the horse, which falls upon and upsets a stand of flowers, and in his endeavors to extricate the coat, he splits it up the back.*] Eh? oh, dear! [*In great alarm.*] I've torn it! Here's a go! [*Bell again.*]—Coming, sir! What shall I do? I couldn't help it—it was an accident. The geraniums are all ruined! I'm so unfortunate! [*Picking up flowers and looking at coat.*] Coming, sir! What *shall* I do?

Polly. Here, here—give it me, I'll mend it

[Bobby *gives flower-pot*—Polly *takes coat, and sits* R. H. *and sews.*

Bobby. Oh, thank you—I'm so much obliged! You'll save my life. You're a regular darling!

Cap. [*Without,* L. H.] Are you coming with that coat?

Bobby. Yes, sir—no, sir—I—I can't find it—yes, sir—oh, make haste, or I shall be *cotched!* Coming, sir—coming! Is it done—is it done? Take long stitches—pray, make haste! Here he is—it's all over with me! Coming, coming!

Enter Capsicum, L. H.

Cap. [*Coming.*] Didn't you hear the bell—what is the reason you keep me waiting so long? So—you've got on the livery, and a precious object you look in it! Where's my coat?

Bobby. Why, sir—you see—it has met with an accident. I—I——

[*Confused.*

Polly. [*Boldly.*] A button has come off, sir, and I'm sewing it, that's all. You shall have it in half a minute.

Bobby. [*Aside.*] That girl's an angel! [*Aside to* Polly.] Oh, you—oh! oh! [*Striking his heart.*

Polly. There it is—— [*Giving it to* Bobby

"Better as new."

Guide to Holywell Street, page 100.

Cap. Well, sir! Help me to put it on.

Bobby. Certainly, sir. You didn't tell me I was to be your valet.
Polly. [*Aside to* BOBBY.] Be gentle—it's only basted!

"A stitch in time,
Saves nine"
Lord Chesterfield's Advice to his Son, page 90.

BOBBY, *in assisting* CAPSICUM *to put on coat, gives him the wrong sleeve.*

Cap. Eh! eh! Hollo! hollo!
Bobby. Why you've got it topsy turvy! Well, that is foolish! to live to all your years, and not know the right sleeve from the wrong! Ha, ha, ha!
Cap. Don't be impertinent, sir. How dare you laugh?
Bobby. Beg pardon, sir—I meant no offence. [*Puts on coat properly.*] There—there was no occasion for being crusty. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families—[*aside to* POLLY.]—won't they—miss—I haven't the pleasure of knowing your name. Oh, you darling!
[*A knock.*
Cap Well, sir?
Bobby. Eh! What's the matter? Anything else wrong?
Cap. Why don't you answer the door?
Bobby. What, is that my business? Recollect, you never told me—so don't be cranky, and break squares about it. I'm not a conjuror, and can't be expected to know things by heart, unless I am taught 'em. [*Aside.*] I'm like a young bear—all my sorrows are to come! [*Exit* L. H.
Cap. He won't do, Polly—he's too awkward and disrespectful.
Polly. Rather free and easy, I must own, sir: but he's young, and willing to learn, and may in time be licked into propriety.

"Play o'er his lessons on the German flute,
And teach the young idea how to shoot."
William Tell, page 20.

Enter BOBBY, L. H., *with a Milliner's band-box.*

Bobby. A young woman brought this from Madame—Madame—eh?—Madame Jacky something—a French jawtwister, that I can't recollect.
Polly. Madame Jacquillard, Marchande des Modes de Paris

"Ici on parle Français."
De Porkaway's Treasure, page 9.

Bobby. Yes, that's "the identical horse and chaise." Madame Jacky—eh?—yes, that's it. [*Gives box to* CAPSICUM, *who opens it. Aside to* POLLY.] Thank you—thank you! Oh, you're a regular angel, and worth your weight in gold! [*Knock.*] There's my child crying again! All right this time—eh, sir? I'm perfect in that lesson! [*Exit*, L. H.
Cap. [*Looking at box.*] 'Tis the weeding-dress for my nephew's bride.
Polly. It's very pretty—but it makes me melancholy. Poor Mr. Henry! It's a dreadful thing to be forced to marry against one's inclination. You are quite determined upon the match, I suppose, sir?
Cap. Fixed as the rock of Gibraltar—nothing shall move me.
Polly. Indeed! [*Aside.*] Don't be too sure of that, old gentleman!

"The field against the favorite!"

Vatcs on the Derby, 1842.

[*Exit* R. H

Enter BOBBY, L. H. *mysteriously.*

Cap. Well, who was it?

Bobby. [*In a mysterious whisper.*] A young chap, from Mr. Thompson, the lawyer.

Cap. Well, send him up.

Bobby. [*Astonished.*] Send him up! Oh, you're joking. He sadly wanted me to let him come in, but it wouldn't do. I knew a trick worth two of that. No, no—you sha'n't have any Johnny Doe skins served on you while *I* wear your livery. "No, no!" said I, "Mr. William Brown, it won't do. Master's not at home—and he ayn't likely to be until St. Tibbs's Eve, or the 31st of September." I'm not such a fool as I look.

Cap. Why, you blundering booby! He brought me my nephew's marriage-settlement, which is to be signed to-day, and you have had the stupidity to mistake him for a bailiff, and send him away! Oh, you numskull!

Bobby. Well, keep your temper. It's of no use being *rumbunctious* about nothing. There's no harm done. Here is the thing you want—[*Takes paper from his pocket.*]—the chap chucked it at my head as I was shutting him out.

Cap. Ough! [*Takes paper, and throws it on table.*] If you go on blundering in this way, I shall go distracted. I can't bear a fool!

Bobby. No more can I—so try and keep your senses, for I want to like you.

Cap. [*Impatiently.*] I must go out. Give me my hat and stick, sir——

Bobby. Come, come, I say—that's not the proper way to speak to a servant. Ask for what you want mildly and pleasantly, and like a gentleman, and I'll jump over the moon to get it for you; but if you hector, and bullock, and drive me about like a pig, I shall give you a month's notice—so look out, and be civil.

Cap. Ough! [*Aside.*] This fellow's simplicity disarms me—I must bear with him. [*Aloud.*] Well, well—I didn't mean to be harsh; give me the things.

Bobby. To be sure I will. [*Brushing hat.*] Now you speak like a gentleman. [*Looking at hat.*] Eh! [*Aside.*] I've brushed it the wrong way! [*Holding it aside, and brushing it again.*] We should soon understand each other, if you wouldn't be so confoundedly peppery. There's the hat—and there are the gloves—and there's the stick. [*He gives stick.*] Stop, stop—I've made a mistake, and given you the wrong end. You see I'm not blind to my faults. [*He turns the stick, and presents it with a bow.*] I beg pardon, sir—there—wasn't that well done, eh? Ayn't I improving in my manners?

Cap. Wonderfully. I'm going to call on my intended niece and her brother, to invite them to come here and sign the settlement. If my nephew should arrive in my absence, ask him to sit down and wait for me! [*Exit* L. H.

Bobby. Yes, sir. He's a queer fidgety old chap that, yet, somehow or

other, I've taken a liking to him. When I've taught him a little manners and polished him up a bit, I dare say his place will suit me. [*Sits on sofa.*] Oh, that girl—that darling little devil, who gets me out of all my scrapes, and makes them pleasant! Oh, she's an angel! I wonder if she have any followers.

Enter POLLY, R. H.

Polly. What, all alone, Mr. Breakwindow?

Bobby. [*Starting.*] Eh! [*Advancing—confused.*] No—yes—no. I was thinking of you.

Polly. Indeed! Highly flattered by the compliment.

"Nymph, in thy orisons, be all my sins remembered."

Pickwick Club, page 3.

Bobby. What's your name?

Polly. Polly Picnic.

Bobby. Ah, I know something about you, Polly.

Polly. Indeed! What!

Bobby. Why, that you are a nation nice girl. [*Sighing.*] Oh!

Polly. La, Bobby! don't be silly.

Bobby. Don't be shamefaced. I mean honorable. I'm not one of those fly-away chaps that keep on continually doing nothing but trying to kiss you, and making believe that you are an angel. No—I'm a teetotaller, and invulnerable to such nonsense. I like you because you've been kind to me; and when a young man's in trouble, and a young woman pities him, and assists him, he somehow or other feels his heart beat, and his eyes fill with tears, and he says to himself, "Oh, that dearl girl! I love the very ground she walks on!" Shake hands with me, Polly, if you are not too proud.

Polly. Too proud! Oh, how can you think of such a thing! [*Giving both hands.*]

"The good man always meets with his desert,
I'll hold you rich an' had you not a—coat."

Lady Wortley Montague, page 20.

Now let us be serious, and attend to business.

Bobby. With all my heart. Cut away! [*Places chairs—they sit.*

Polly. As you seem to be totally ignorant of the duties of your situation, I will point them out to you.

Bobby. Oh, thank you—that will be prime. I've got the "Servant's Guide," written by a Mr. Swift; but I'm afraid what he advises ayn't always right—for he says, in his instructions to footmen—[*Takes out book, and reads.*] "Snuff the candles with your fingers, and throw the snuff on the carpet—this will save the snuffers from wearing out. When you spread bread and butter, for tea, be sure to let the mark of your thumb be seen on every slice, to show your cleanliness. Always lock a cat in the closet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice should steal in and break them. That the salt may be smooth in the salt-cellars, press it down with your moist palm. Clean your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirt off your boots and shoes with the table-cloths, the window-curtains, or the housemaids' aprons—this will save the expense of coarse rubbers, and prevent extravagance in washing. When you are going to be hanged——

Polly. Pshaw! all that is meant ironically. Now attend to me. In the first place, you are expected to rise early.

Bobby. Ah, that's what I was afraid of. What time must I show a leg?

Polly. Six in summer, and seven in winter.

Bobby. How many rings?

Polly. Rings!

Bobby. Yes: how often will they ring for me before I am expected to turn out?

Polly. Pshaw! you must wake of yourself.

Bobby. Must I? then I'm afraid they'll have to wait breakfast for me—for if there is one thing I like to have my whack of more than another, it is sleep. Well, suppose I am up—what's next?

Polly. You must clean the cutlery and plate, and the boots and shoes—carry up the coals—brush master's clothes—answer the door—feed the parrot—(you'll find his bottle of wine and cake in that closet)—and be ready to run of errands for the cook, and carry letters and messages, and attend on master whenever you are called.

Bobby. Well, I think I can manage to get through all that without being over fatigued. Sundays out, and vales, of course?

Polly. Oh, yes.

Bobby. Any followers?

Polly. Followers! Ha, ha, ha! Why, you ninny, that little interesting privilege is confined to us ladies. What do you want with brothers in the army, or cousins in the police?

Bobby. Well, never mind. I'll try and be satisfied with you and the cook.

Polly. Much obliged by your condescension. Now, having given you a sketch of your duty, I may as well attend to my own, and light this fire. The bride and bridegroom will be here presently to sign their marriage settlement, and they'll want something to warm 'em. [*She arranges grate.*] Take a bit of paper, and fetch me a light from the fire in master's dressing-room.

Bobby. I will, my darling. Shave you directly, sir. [*He takes contract from table, crumples it up, goes off* L. H. D., *and returns with it in a blaze.*] Here you are, my dicky-bird—[*gives paper to* POLLY]—take care of your precious fingers!

Polly. Thank you. [*About to put it into the grate—she starts.*] Eh! what's this! Why, if it isn't the marriage-settlement! Oh, you foolish fellow! what have you done? You'll catch it! [*Puts contract on the floor, and tries to stamp out the fire*—BOBBY *assists her in great alarm.*] Oh, I have put my foot in it now! [*Crying.*] It was an accident. I couldn't help it! [*Takes hearth-broom from fire-place, and sweeps up the ashes.*] I meant no harm—I'm always doing wrong—I'm so unlucky! [*Sits in a chair by fire-place—flourishes the hearth-broom over his head, and knocks down the large vase.*] Eh! What's that? [*Starts up.*] Another smash! I've done it again? [*Reels round—catches at the chair, misses it and falls to the ground.*]

Polly. Oh, dear! oh, dear! This is worse and worse! Master'll never forgive you. This vase came from Pompeii, and was worth I don't know how many guineas! Oh, how could you be so stupid! There's no hope for you—you'll be sure to be turned out.

Bobby. [*Sitting on the floor.*] I know it! I know it! I was born on an unlucky day, in an unlucky month, in an unlucky year! Friday, the first of April, eighteen hundred and twenty-one, during the great eclipse, when the almanacs said, that the world would be broken all to bits. It seems I was sent to commence the business, for I've done nothing but break things all my life. [*Rising.*] Oh, dear! oh, dear! what *shall* I do? [*Crying.*] You can't imagine the extent of my internal grief.

[*Throws his arms round* POLLY'S *neck, and hides his face on her shoulder.*

Polly. Well, well—don't cry and take on so. I'll try if I can't find means to help you.

Bobby. Will you? Oh, you dear darling! [*Embraces her violently, and upsets work-table.*] Eh! Oh, crimini! I've done it again. [*Knock at street door.*] There's master! I'm settled!

Polly. No, no—let him in and trust to me. I'll make all right.

[*Takes up table and arranges it.*

Bobby. Oh, you are an angel! Help me out of this scrape, and I don't know what I won't do for you. I'll give you a new bonnet, a new cap, a new [*Knock again.*]—Coming, you old fool—coming—I'll make any sacrifice—I'll marry you! [*Exit hastily,* L. H.

Polly. Poor little fellow! I'm very sorry for him. Yet, I'm glad the settlement is destroyed—that will help Mr. Henry; and as for the vase—[*taking it up.*]—'tis only broken on one side—[*Puts it on pedestal, with the whole side to front.*]—I shall find means to arrange about it.

Enter CAPSICUM, L. H.

Cap. That fellow *must* go! I can't endure his stupidity and awkwardness. [BOBBY *enters, exchanges signals with* POLLY, *and exit* L. H.

Cap. Eh? eh? [*Turning.*] What's that—what's that?

Polly. Nothing, sir. The parrot, I think.

Cap. Mr. Sourcrout and his sister will be here directly to sign the settlement. Get ready some cake and wine.

Polly. [*Faintly.*] Yes, sir.

Cap. Well, why don't you go? What are you fidgeting about?

Polly. Nothing, sir. [*Aside.*] Now for fib the first.—[*Bursting into tears.*] Oh, sir!

Cap. Eh? eh? what's the matter? what are you blubbering about? Speak, speak—don't be a fool. What's the matter?

Polly. [*Sobbing.*] The—the—the—contract—if—if—you please, sir——

Cap. Well, well—what of it—what of it?

Polly. Oh, such a dreadful accident, sir! The great Tom cat, that belongs to the old lady next door, sir—came in at the window after our Poll parrot, sir—oh, dear, such a business! Poor Polly was wobbling about his cage, saying "What's o'clock?"—"Scratch a Poll," and Pretty Poll," like a dear that he is—the cat—(the horrid cannibal!)—in making a spring at him, jumps over the table, disturbs all the papers, and with a whisk of his long tail, knocks the settlement into the fire. "Whah!" screamed poor Polly. "Good heavens!" said I, "the poor bird will be murdered! Get out, you nasty beast!" So I scared the cat away and saved the bird, but while I was doing it, the settlement was burnt to ashes. There's its epitaph, sir

Cap. 'Tis most unfortunate! The bride will be here directly, and there is not time to prepare another. Nothing but annoyances! Yet I won't be turned from my purpose. I'll make my nephew pledge his word to sign to-morrow.

Polly. Poor Mr. Henry! Ah, sir, I didn't think you could be so hard-hearted. Consider what a dreadful thing it is for a young man to marry an old woman. I am certain, when you were a youth, you wouldn't have done such a thing for the universal world, would you, sir?

Cap. Eh—eh? No, no—that is—yes, yes—certainly—certainly.

Polly. Ah, it's very well to say so now, but when you were one-and-twenty, I am sure you were too gay and handsome to sacrifice yourself to age and ugliness. I've heard of some of your adventures. You've been a very wild youth in your time—you know you have!

Cap. [*Chuckling.*] Eh—eh?—Why, why—[*laughing.*]—ha, ha, ha! Damme, I was a little fast. I never could resist—that's the truth. Ha, ha, ha! Somehow or other I was always—ha. ha, ha!—but I'm steady now. Yes, yes—quite—quite steady.

Polly. I don't believe you.

Cap. I tell you I am—I am. Ha, ha, ha! I'm quite in spirits. Polly, you little devil, come here.

Polly. No, no—I'm afraid of you. Keep off, or I'll call murder.

Cap. Nonsense, you little fool! Don't be alarmed—I—I—I—come, come—I will have a kiss, you rogue, I will!

Chases her round the table, and as he catches her, she throws down vase.—Crash.

Polly. There—there! see what you've done! You've broke the Pompeian vase. There's a business.

Bobby. [*Without.*] Hollo! hollo! save the pieces! [*He enters,* L. H.] What's broke now? [*Aside.*] Oh, I see!

Polly. I'm so sorry, sir. It was such a beauty.

Cap. Never mind—never mind. It was an accident. Say no more about it—it couldn't be helped. [*Speaks aside to* POLLY.

Bobby. [*Aside.*] Oh, what an angel that girl is! She has taken the blame on herself to screen me. What won't I do for her! [*With force.*] She *sha'n't* suffer for me. No—I'll be a hero, and confess. [*Aloud.*] Call that an accident—and say it couldn't be helped? I know better: it was not Polly's fault.

Polly. [*Aside.*] Oh, you fool—hold your tongue!

Bobby. [*Aside.*] I won't! you sha'n't victimize yourself. [*Aloud.*] The fool who did that, deserves to be horse-whipped.

Cap. Eh—eh? what, what?

Polly. [*Aside to* BOBBY.] Be quiet—you'll ruin yourself!

Bobby. [*Aside.*] Never mind—I like it. [*Aloud.*] I'll put the whole business in the newspapers. Everybody shall know all the particulars.

Cap. No, no—I command you to be silent. I wouldn't have the silly affair known for the world. I'm perfectly satisfied—so hold your tongue. Here's half a crown—let the affair be forgotten.

Bobby. [*Astonished.*] Eh? Are you in earnest? Generous old gentleman! you are a pattern for masters. I bless you internally. [*Aside.*] I think this old chap is half an idiot!

Cap. I must now go and prepare for the approaching ceremony. [*Going to* L. H. D.] Let me know when my nephew arrives.

[*Makes signs to* POLLY, *and exit,* L. H. D.—BOBBY *observes.*

Bobby. [*Aside.*] He's cracked, as sure as a gun! Oh, Polly—I'm so much obliged. I thought it was all over with me. You are a——Well, never mind—I'll find a way to pay you.

Polly. Suppose I put you to the proof at once?

Bobby. Eh? What, do you want me to marry you? Well, I've no objection. Speak out—don't be bashful. Pop the question. I'm quite willing.

Polly. Pshaw! you don't understand me. I merely want you to assist me in serving a friend.

Bobby. Oh, is that all? I thought you wanted to be connubial. Never mind—we'll put that off a bit. Now what do you want me to do? I'm quite ready to have a try at anything.

Polly. I won't put your devotion to too severe a test. 'Tis only to break off a marriage.

Bobby. Break! Oh, I'm quite at home there—a mere sandwich—I'll smash it with pleasure.

Polly. Our master, Mr. Capsicum, wishes to force his nephew—the young gentleman you saw here just now——

Bobby. The young fellow in the white ducks, and straw kids? I know. Well——

Polly. To marry against his inclination. The intended bride and her brother are expected here in a few minutes to sign the marriage-settlement.

Bobby. That concern which I burnt. Well——

Polly. Don't interrupt. Now the service I want of you is, to throw yourself in the way of the old lady—get her into conversation about her intended husband, and persuade her that he's a rake, a gambler, and everything that is bad. You understand?

Bobby. Don't be afraid—I'll lay it on thick. You may depend upon me. I'll frighten the old tabby off the premises in double quick time.

Polly. Thank you. Get her to break off the marriage, and I don't know what I won't do for you. [*Going.*

Bobby. That's enough. I'll give you credit for everything. Good bye! Don't stay away long. [*Sighing.*] Oh!——

Polly. Good bye.

"Adieu! adieu! remember me!"

Humphrey Clinker, page 70.

[*Exit* L. H.

Bobby. [*Sighing deeply.*] It's all over with me! I'm a gone goose!

[*Sings.*

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Polly—
She's play'd old gooseberry with my heart,
And made me melancholy.

Yes, I've made up my mind—she shall be Mrs. Bobby Breakwindow. I'll pluck up a spirit, and offer her my hand and fortune.

Parrot calls from cage. Polly! Polly! pretty Polly!

Bobby. Eh? who's that? Oh, it's you, you ugly beast—What do you want?

Parrot calls. Polly! Polly! breakfast for Polly!

Bobby. Breakfast, eh? These creatures are always hungry, and always squarking. So, I'm to attend to you, am I? To be your cook, and housemaid and valet, eh? Pretty employment for a genteel footman! I hate parrots—they are such liars, and thieves, and drunkards. [*Goes to closet, and takes out a bottle, a wine glass, and a slice of cake.*] Here's his bottle, and his cake. What a shame to give such luxuries to a bird. [*Parrot screams.*] I'm coming, you fool. [*Pours wine into glass, and drinks.*] Madeira, or Sherry, at the very least! [*Steeps a bit of cake into the wine, and eats.*] 'Tis horrible to think of such shameful waste. It would be much better to give this to the poor. [*Drinks again. Parrot screams.*] Ah, you are a lucky bird! Suppose I have some fun with him? I will—I'll make him drunk. Polly—Polly! [*Puts his hand in the cage, the bird bites his finger*] Oh, there's a grip! Now I'll serve him out. [*Takes the bird off perch, and places it at door of cage.*] There—how do you like that, old fellow? [*He turns to steep the cake in the wine—the bird flies away.*] Eh? Oh, dear! he's gone! I have done it again! [*Crying.*] Oh, what *shall* I do? I'm always doing wrong! [*Drinks the remainder of the wine, and falls on a chair.*] I'm dead!

Parrot. [*Without.*] Polly! Polly! pretty Polly!

Bobby. Ah! [*Jumping up, and running to window.*] There he is, on the window next door. If I could only find something to—[*Looks round, and sees a landing-net, which is hanging up with a fishing-rod, &c.*] I'll catch him! [*Takes down net, and approaches the window cautiously.*] Here, Polly, Polly! pretty Poll! [*Puts out the net.*] Hurra! I've got him! [*Draws back net, with a black cat in it.*] Oh, scissors! I've got the wrong bird! Master will murder me! [*Crying.*] What will he say when he sees this mouser? [*Puts cat in the cage and covers it with an umbrella.*] There—a cat's better than nothing. Now what shall I do! I haven't courage to speak to master, and tell him the fatal truth—I'll write to him. [*Sits at* R. H. *table.*] How my hand shakes! [*Mends pen and writes.*] "Honored sir—honored sir"—I don't know what to say next. [*Thumps his head on the table violently, and upsets the inkstand over an engraving.*] Good gracious! I've done it again! I've made Venus a blackamoor. This must finish me!

Mr. Sourcrout. [*Without.*] Never mind—I know the way.

Bobby. Oh, here comes the wedding-company. I must hide this somewhere—[*Puts it hastily into box with wedding-dress.*]—there, it's all right.

Going hastily L. H., *runs against* MR. SOURCROUT *and* MISS SOURCROUT, *who are entering.*

Mr. S. Hollo! hollo! What do you mean, fellow—what do you mean?

Bobby. [*Turning to go* L. H., *runs into the arms of* MISS SOURCROUT.] Eh! Oh, crimini—I've done it again! Beg pardon, madam. Hope I didn't disturb your wig. [*He runs off,* L. H.

Miss S. My wig! Well, I'm sure—there's impudence!

[*Crosses furiously to* R. H

Mr. S. [*Mildly.*] Keep your temper, sister—keep your temper.

Enter BOBBY, L. H.

Bobby. Master will be with you in a brace of shakes. [*Aside.*] What a couple of old Guys. Now to obey Polly. [*Aloud.*] Ahem! you've come to marry my young master, haven't you, sir?

Mr. S. I! eh—what do you mean? No, no; my sister, fool—my sister. [*Aside to* MISS SOURCROUT.] Keep your temper, Becky—keep your temper.

Bobby. Well, it's all the same. [*Crossing to* C., *looking round mysteriously, and beckoning them to come close to him.*] Whisper. I say, what would you give me to tell you a secret or two about young master—your husband, that is to be?

Miss S. What—what—what? [*Shaking him.*] Speak directly—what do you mean?

Mr. S. Keep your temper, Becky—keep your temper. Explain, young man—explain.

Bobby. Well, then—in the first place—mind it's in strict confidence, and goes no further—he's—he's——

Miss S. Well, well—go on, go on!

Mr. S. Keep your temper, Becky—keep your temper. Your young master is what?

Bobby. Not at home—[*in a whisper.*]—out all night——

Miss S. Ah!

Mr. S. Indeed!

Bobby. Yes—[*Imitating playing at billiards.*]—or—[*Imitating shaking a dice-box.*]—or—[*Imitating drinking, and stumbling against* MISS S.] Fact, I assure you.

Miss S. A gambler and a drunkard! [*Crossing to* MR. S., *and speaking violently.*] Oh, Jeremiah!

Mr. S. Keep your temper, my love—keep your temper.

Bobby. He keeps it up every night like one o'clock, and loses. Oh, he's a regular devil at all sorts of games.

Miss S. Shocking! Jeremiah, how could you presume to recommend this wretch?

Mr. S. I did it for the best. Keep your temper, my darling—keep your temper. Remember his uncle's fortune——

Bobby. Then he's always in love——

Miss S. In love? Oh, brother—brother!

Mr. S. Don't be hasty. Keep your temper, my darling—keep your temper.

Bobby. There's no end of letters and ladies coming after him.

Miss S. Oh, I shall faint—I know I shall! This is all your doing, Jeremiah. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to propose such a disgraceful alliance.

Mr. S. No, no—believe me, I was not aware—keep your temper, my angel—keep your temper.

Bobby. Then there's the nurse, and the two little 'uns——

Miss S. Oh! [BOBBY *gives her a chair.*] I shall expire!

Mr. S. No, no—don't be a fool, Becky. Keep your temper—keep your temper.

Bobby. That's all for the present. [*Going*, L.—*Aside*.] I think I've done that regularly brown. The old 'uns tolerably scared! Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit* L. H.

Miss S. Brother, this marriage must be broken off.

Mr. S. Prudence, Becky, prudence. We mustn't condemn the young man too hastily. Let us be sure before we break off. Recollect the fortune the old man will settle on you, and be pacified.

Enter MR. CAPSICUM, L. H.

Cap. A thousand apologies for keeping you waiting. I am delighted to see you.

Enter BOBBY, L. H.

Bobby. [*Announcing*.] Wine and cake on a tray.

Enter POLLY, *with tray*.

Cap. Fool! who told you to announce?

Bobby. I thought it was the—the—what do you call it—the ticket.

Cap. [*To* Miss S.] Will you permit me to offer you a glass of Madeira?

Miss S. Thank you. [*Gives bouquet to* BOBBY.] Put that in the vase, young man.

Bobby. Yes, ma'am—yes, miss.

Polly. Help me to bring forward the table.

Bobby. Yes, my—ahem—yes, sure.

[*Puts the bouquet on* R. H. *chair, and advances the table.*

Cap My nephew is a little late—pray be seated.

[Miss S. *sits* L. H. *and* MR. S. R. H., *on the bouquet.*

Mr. S. [*Jumping up*.] Oh! oh!

Bobby. Why, you old fool! if you haven't gone and *sot* down on the *bucket* of roses. Well, of all the awkward tricks—[*Shows bouquet*.]—it's as flat as a pancake.

Miss. S. Oh, my beautiful roses! they are ruined.

Mr. S. Confound them! they are all thorns! [*Dancing about in pain.*

Miss S. Keep your temper, brother—keep your temper.

Mr. S. [*In a fury*.] Temper! [*Shaking* BOBBY.] You insolent villain—you put them there on purpose.

Bobby. No, no—it was an accident. It was your own fault.

Cap. Come, come, my good friend, forgive the rascal's stupidity. I shall discharge him. Say no more about it. Pray resume your seat.

Mr. S. No, I thank you, sir—I would rather stand. Now, touching our business. Is the settlement ready for signing?

Cap. Yes—[*Perplexed*.]—but—[*Aside to* POLLY.] What shall I say?

[POLLY *whispers to* CAPSICUM, *and points to* BOBBY.

Bobby. [*Observing*.] Oh, I'm on the gridiron again! It must out now.

Cap. [*Aside to* BOBBY.] Say you burnt it.

Bobby. [*Trembling*.] Eh? What has Polly——

Cap. Yes, yes—take it on yourself, and I'll give you a sovereign.

Bobby. [*Astonished*.] Will you really? [*Aside*.] He's crazy, or——Oh, that angel, Polly! she's been screening me again! I *must* marry her. [*Aside to* CAPSICUM.] Money down!

Cap. Yes, yes

Bobby. [*Aside.*] Then here goes! [*Aloud to* MR. S.] You want to know if the settlement is ready for signing?

Mr. S. Yes.

Bobby. Well, I'm afraid if you wait for it, your patience will be tired. It has hopped the twig.

Mr. S. Hopped the twig!

Miss S. Hopped the twig!

Cap. Hopped the twig!

Polly. Hopped the twig!

Bobby. Yes, I burnt it—there are the ashes. [*Laughing. Aside to* CAPSICUM.] Is that right, sir?

Cap. Yes, yes—capital, capital!

Bobby. [*Aside.*] I'll thank you for the sovereign.

Cap. [*Giving it.*] There—there!

Miss S. Burnt the settlement! Why, sir—why?

[*Advancing to* BOBBY.

Mr. S. [*Advancing to* BOBBY.] Yes—why, sir—why?

Bobby. Because—because—[*Advancing—aside to* CAPSICUM.] Why, sir, why?

Cap. [*Aside—prompting.*] Because I didn't like the match.

Bobby. Because master didn't like the match!

Miss S. Oh, gracious!

Cap. [*Aside to* BOBBY.] No, no! *You*—you fool—you!

Bobby. [*To* MISS S.] No, no, you fool—you! [*Aside.*] I've put my foot in it again.

Cap. Mr. Sourcrout—Miss Sourcrout—[*following them up and down.*] —you musn't mind what that stupid fellow has said: he's half an idiot. To prove the sincerity of my wish for the alliance, I have ordered the wedding-dress, which I respectfully hope will meet Miss Sourcrout's approval. Polly, bring forward that band-box.

Bobby. I'm settled now—dead as mutton!

[POLLY *gives box to* CAPSICUM.

Cap. Here, my dear Miss Sourcrout, is the most beautiful—[*Takes out dress, covered with ink.*] Eh—eh? What's this—what's this?

Polly. Good heavens!

Bobby. [*Aside to* POLLY.] I did it! I—I—always unlucky.

Miss S. [*in a violent rage. To* CAPSICUM.]—I see, sir—I see! Don't you, Jeremiah? [*To* CAPSICUM.] I perceive the artifice. You horrid old wretch—this is a stratagem to break your engagement. I've a very great mind to beat you!

Bobby. [*Aside.*] Poor master! she thinks he's the culprit. Poor old chap! I won't let him suffer for me. [*Aloud.*] No, no—'twas I that did it. It was, indeed.

Cap. Good youth—good youth. I'll reward you.

[*He shakes his hand.*

Miss S. [*Beating* BOBBY.] You—you impertinent villain! I know better. 'Twas your master—your deceitful master. Where's my dear parrot, that I gave you, you old villain? I'll take him away, and never see you more. [*Takes off umbrella, and discovers the cat.*] Oh——

[MISS SOURCROUT *screams.*

Cap. Hollo—the parrot's in mourning!

Miss S. I shall die! This insult is too dreadful!

[*She falls into a chair, screams and kicks*—BOBBY *bites her finger*—*she jumps up*—*pushes him against table, which falls with a crash, and exits* L. H., *followed by her brother, as* HENRY GORDON *enters*, R. H.

Bobby. Good riddance! Ha, ha, ha!

Henry. Oh, sir, after what has passed, will you condemn me to misery by insisting on my marrying such a virago?

Cap. No, no, I can't be so cruel. Find a wife for yourself, and if you serve it, I'll give you a fortune.

Henry. Thanks, my dear uncle. 'Twill not be long ere I shall call on you to fulfil your promise.

Cap. Well, well—the sooner the better. But there are two points that remain to be explained. How came the dress destroyed, and what has become of the parrot?

Bobby. Oh, *I* can explain about them. I——

Polly. No, no—[*Aside.*] Hold your tongue and leave it to me!

Bobby. No, no, Polly, I won't allow it. You've done too much for me already. Don't believe a word she says, sir! 'Twas I who tore your coat—

Cap. Eh—eh? What—what?

Bobby. Yes, it's split up the back—look at it, you'll find me correct. 'Twas I who burnt the settlement—broke the vase—let go the parrot—inked the dress, and did all the mischief, which she—bless her dear little heart!—wants to take upon herself. She has screened me in all my scrapes, and done more for me than father and mother, and sister and brother, and all my relations. She's like Joan of Arc—a heroine of virtue and courage; and as I am particularly fond of heroines, and adore her good qualities, I'll ask her to reward herself by marrying me.

Polly. Yes, sir, like Julius Cæsar—

"He came—he saw—he conquered." [*Paradise Lost*, page 15.

Bobby. Yes, Polly, I'm like Julius Cæsar—a see, saw, and conquering chap. I must have you, so don't be foolish and stand shilly shally. Take me at my word—you'll never have such a chance again.

Polly. Well, it's of no use making a fuss when one's mind's made up.

"Young Juan lov'd the fair Haidee,
And she was very fond of he."
Miss Martineau's Pamela, page 18.

[*She gives her hand to* BOBBY.] There!

Bobby. [*Embracing her.*] Oh! We're person's about to marry, with a saving of half the usual trouble and expense.

Cap. Well, but don't you think I ought to be consulted?

Bobby. Eh? Oh, I'd forgot you, to be sure. You have no objection? Of course not. [*To* HENRY.] Nor you? I think not. [*To Audience.*] Nor you! I *hope* not. "THE NEW FOOTMAN" depends on you for his character—be kind, and help him to keep his place.

SITUATION.

R. H.			L. H.
HENRY.	CAPSICUM.	BOBBY.	POLLY.

THE END.

A Glorious Change.

Medical treatment has been revolutionized. The Drastic purgatives with which it was the fashion to scour the system for every ailment, twenty years ago, have been abandoned. At last the discovery has been made that RENOVATION, NOT PROSTRATION, IS THE TRUE MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY. The introduction of *PLANTATION BITTERS* opened the eyes of the world to this great fact. The life-sustaining principle embodied in this great Vegetable Restorative is manifested in the weak and desponding by an immediate and most encouraging change. A pleasant glow, the precursor of returning health, is diffused through the system, and every day the invalid is conscious of a new accession of vital power. If the appetite has failed, it is quickened; if digestion has been painful and imperfect, it becomes easy and thorough; if the liver is torpid, it is roused and regulated, if the nerves are relaxed, they are strengthened and restrung; if the brain has been haunted by morbid fancies, they are put to flight, and hope and cheerfulness return. The old practice was to convulse, and rack, and strain the feeble patient with powerful cathartics. It was like clubbing a man after he was down. Happily, this false and fatal mode of treatment no longer finds favor with the enlightened members of the faculty. In the face of the extraordinary cures of general debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation and mental despondency, wrought by Plantation Bitters, no practitioner, not in league with death and the undertaker, could persist in it. The terrible evacuents which were once prescribed as Spring and Summer Medicines, have utterly lost their *prestige*. The sick will not take them—and Plantation Bitters, in which are combined the elements of a stomachic, an invigorant, a mild laxative, a nervine, and an anti-bilious specific, reigns in *their stead*. Plantation Bitters are sold by all respectable Druggists in the United States.

THE NEW FOOD.

Office of the RAND SEA MOSS FARINE CO.,
No. 53 PARK PLACE.

In order that the public may be as fully informed as possible, in regard to the Sea Moss Farine, we submit as much information of its worth and merit as space will admit. It is exceedingly gratifying to the Company to know that their efforts to place a really good article of food in the market is so fully appreciated; and we trust that in the future, as well as in the past, we may continue to merit the appreciation of all.

[*From the Weekly Tribune of Dec.* 15, 1869.]

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB,

Session of December 7, 1869, held at Cooper Union. Alderman Nathan C. Ely in the chair, John W. Chambers, Secretary. The first subject introduced was—

"A NEW ARTICLE OF FOOD."

The "ex-Mayor of Boston," Hon. J. V. C. Smith, M. D., distributed some parcels of SEA MOSS FARINE. which he said is offered to the public as the most nutritive, delicious and cheap article of its class ever manufactured in this country or in Europe. The ex-Mayor gave a lengthened professional evidence in favor of the preparation, and detailed like opinions of medical gentlemen in Europe.

To ascertain if these claims are well founded, the following ladies—who are distinguished for their intelligence and social position, and as acting under the authority of the Institute—were appointed a Committee to examine it and report: Mrs. L. E. Lyman, Mrs. J. W. Chambers, Mrs. D. T. Conner, Mrs. D. B. Bruen and Mrs. M. J. Cushing, M. D.

[*From the Weekly Tribune, Dec.* 22, 1869.]

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB,

Session of Tuesday, Dec. 21, 1869, held at Cooper Union. Nathan C. Ely, Chairman; John W. Chambers, Secretary.

Report on the New Article of Food—Sea Moss Farine.

The Committee of Ladies, Mrs. Lyman, Mrs. Chambers and others, requested to report on Carrageen, or Irish Moss (from which SEA MOSS FARINE is manufactured), as a dish for the table, finds that the substance grows on rocks and stones on the sea-coasts of Europe, and in peculiar abundance on the Atlantic coast of Ireland, where it is chiefly gathered. It is said to be a native of the United States, and is found in limited quantities on the coast of Massachusetts. It is picked from the rocks at low tide. After being washed, it is dried in the sun. Chemists and doctors who have analyzed it, find it is nutritive and demulcent; and, being easy of digestion, it forms a useful article of diet as a substitute for grain foods, and is particularly recommended in chronic pectoral affections, scrofulous complaints, dysentery, diarrhea, &c. Carrageen is very gelatinous, and very valuable as food. It is recognized as superior to all orders of moss as demulcent, and in its nutritive qualities. It is said that Napoleon *Bonaparte said to Dr. O'Meara, at St Helena, that it was employed as an article of diet by physicians in Corsica, in the treatment of tumors and cancers, on account of the iodine it contains.* It is used in England and France as a light *and nourishing article of food.*

A NEW FOOD SOURCE.

The moss, as it comes from the sea, is filled with sand, pebbles, small shells, &c., and very saline in taste: and, prepared as food in its original state, is very troublesome to the housekeeper, while it is very easy to prepare when made from SEA MOSS FARINE. By this process, it is first thoroughly washed and deprived of its extreme saline taste. It is then picked over by hand and desiccated, after which it passes through several mills and machines, by which it is cleaned perfectly, and reduced to a powdered and concentrated condition without being deprived of its refreshing ocean flavor. A packet of Corn Starch, Maizena or Farina costs 15c. at retail, and makes, combined with milk, without eggs, only from four to six quarts of Blanc Mange Pudding, while SEA MOSS FARINE, costing 25c., will produce full sixteen quarts. The Committee are satisfied that as a cheap, simple and ready dessert, or a dish for young children and for invalids, it will be found, *as thus prepared*, a valuable addition to articles more generally known and widely used.

(Signed,)

MRS. L. E. LYMAN, (wife of the Agricultural Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.
MRS. J. W. CHAMBERS, (wife of the Secretary of the American Institute.)
MRS. D. T. CONNER, 5-Mile Run, N. J.
MRS. D. B. BRUEN, Newark, N. J.
MRS. MARIA J. CUSHING, M. D., 231 East 40th St., N. Y.

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, Jan., 1870.

RAND SEA MOSS FARINE CO.:

Gentlemen: We commenced the use of your Sea Moss Farine at your earnest solicitation, but very reluctantly, and without any faith in it, from the fact that so many new articles of food are daily offered, and prove, in almost every case, to be utterly worthless. We are very happy to say that yours has not only proved an exception, but is a *decided success*. It not only possesses *real merit*, but makes a *delicious dessert*. We shall continue to use it for two reasons: *first*, the guests of the Astor House like it; and *second*, *we* like it, because it is *by far the cheapest article in the market* for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Creams, &c.

Very respectfully yours,
C. A. STETSON'S SONS

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1869.

My Dear Rand: I have submitted your "Sea Moss Farine" to the "kitchen cabinet," and the decision is decidedly favorable. It quite surpassed my most sanguine expectations. There is a slight and yet positive sea flavor—just a hint of the ocean—in it, which is rare and delightful. My wife liked it, the children liked it—took to it naturally—and all at the table passed up their dishes twice. The peoples' proverb was verified, that "*the proof of a pudding is in eating it.*"

Your friend and brother,
J. HYATT SMITH,
Pastor of the Lee Ave. Baptist Church.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, Jan. 25, 1870.

RAND SEA MOSS FARINE CO., New York:

We are using "Sea Moss Farine," and find it just what you state it is—real, pure Irish Moss, so refined, desiccated and condensed that we can prepare dishes for dessert from it in a few minutes, instead of hours, when made from the crude moss.

We very cordially recommend it (as prepared by you) far superior and much cheaper than Corn Starch, Maizena, Farina, Gelatine, or any like article for Blanc Mange, Creams, Puddings, Charlotte Russe, &c., &c. We hope that its delicate and elegant appearance on the table—and more than all this, its well-known healthfulness and delicious flavor—will command for it millions of consumers.

Respectfully yours,
H. D. PARKER & CO.

A NEW FOOD SOURCE.

We have received the following characteristic note from the celebrated Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D., Principal of the Lexington Young Ladies' Seminary for Physical Education, author of "Weak Lungs, and How to Make Them Strong," of "The New Gymnastics for Men, Women and Children," and "Lecture on Physical Culture :"

17 Beacon Street, Boston, January 25, 1870.

RAND SEA MOSS FARINE CO.:

My wife says that your new preparation, "Sea Moss Farine," is *worth its weight in* GOLD ; *no trouble, so sure,* and so *delicious.*

Believe me, in addition to my "better half's" testimony, when I add that *my most toothsome tooth* is very thankfully yours. DIO LEWIS.

FROM THE PRESS.

No such sensation has been created in the food market during the present century, as that occasioned by the introduction of the *new staff of life,* known as Sea Moss Farine. It is difficult to tell the truth about this extraordinary article of diet without being suspected of exaggeration.—*Boston Post.*

A still greater number of distinguished physicians and scientific chemists indorse it as a nutritient of the very first class, while every housekeeper who uses it admits that it is fully fifty per cent. cheaper than Maizena, Farina, Corn Starch, or any other kindred preparation.—*Boston Times.*

Housekeepers declare that the quantity of exquisite Custards, Blanc Mange, Light Pudding, Creams, Jelly, &c., producible from the Farine, exceeds by one half that obtainable from any other glutinous agent used in cooking.—*St. Louis Republican.*

One experiment will convince the most skeptical that with Sea Moss Farine they can produce unequalled Custards, Puddings, Jellies, Charlotte Russe, Creams, Soups, &c., &c.—*Express.*

Here, then, we have an entirely new article of food of the most delicate and inviting character, adapted to the use of the table for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Charlotte de Russe, &c., and almost invaluable for use by the invalid. It is simple, delicate, nutritious, harmless, remedial and economical, as it can be furnished for one-third to one-half the cost of Corn Starch, Maizena, Farina, &c., for all of which it is more than a substitute. It is made up without trouble, and will always be good. Try it ; and our word for it, you will continue in its use.—*Independent.*

The Company state at least fifty delicious dishes can be made from the Sea Moss Farine, and give in their circular the recipes for many of them. We consider Mr. Rand's discovery a highly-important one for the millions, and indeed for all classes of society, in these stringent times.—*The Weekly.*

It has been placed, so to speak, in the front rank of our food staples, and all that has been said of it by the patentee (Mr. Rand), and the Company interested in its sale, appears to be approved and confirmed by public opinion.—*The Mail.*

As to its deliciousness, the "proof of the pudding is in eating it;" and we feel confident that no man or woman who has once eaten of a Blanc Mange, Pudding, Custard, Cream, Charlotte Russe, or any other delicacy prepared with this marine Godsend, will deny its claim to rank among the table luxuries of the period.—*Tribune.*

This apparently impossibility has been overcome—experimental science overcomes almost every obstacle, now-a-days—and Irish Moss, purified, concentrated, and rendered an absolute luxury, as SEA MOSS FARINE, will hereafter be quoted as a food staple in the markets of the world.—*The World.*

Hence it will be cheap as long as the sea and rocks last—which will be long *enough for* all practicable purposes. Our main object in this article has been *to place what we believe to* be a subject of great importance, in its true light ; *nothing more, nothing less.*—*Home Journal.*

RENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
The Acting Edition
No. LXI.

A

PLEASANT NEIGHBOR.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY

MRS. ELIZA PLANCHÉ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business,
AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
NASSAU STREET.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Broadway Theatre, N. Y.

Sir George - - - - - - - -	Mr. Sandford.
Christopher Strap - - - - - - -	Mr. W. A. Chapman
Thomas - - - - - - - - - -	Mr. Cutter.
Lady Elizabeth - - - - - - -	Mrs. Warren.
Nancy Strap - - - - - - - -	Miss Manners.

Costume.

SIR GEORGE HOWARD.—A blue dress-coat—white vest and pantaloons—white kid gloves.

CHRISTOPHER STRAP.—Yellow breeches—gray stockings—red vest—check shirt—leather apron—brown coat.

THOMAS.—Footman's livery—powdered hair.

LADY ELIZABETH.—A morning walking-dress.

NANCY STRAP.—Calico skirt, open in front—red petticoat—blue and white neckerchief.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

A PLEASANT NEIGHBOR.

SCENE I.

CRISTOPHER STRAP'S *room at the back, a half door, as seen at cobbler's stalls, from which are two or three steps, supposed to lead into the road—to the right of the door a lattice window,* R.,*—under the window a bench, upon which are the cobbler's tools, a table, two chairs, a corner cup-board with glass door, in which are a few cups and saucers, plates, &c.*—L. H., *a door—the door leading into the road is open, window-shutters up.*

Enter CHRISTOPHER STRAP *from door,* L. H, 2 E. *yawning and rubbing his eyes.*

Strap. Come, Christy, my boy, this won't do—wake up, wake up, let's have none of your laziness—shake your feathers, and open your eyes and your shutters—the door *is* open [*opens shutter and window*]; there, now get ready for work—[*looks out at window*]—the deuce of any mortal soul is there stirring at Sir George Howard's yet; [*during the following puts on his apron, arranges his tools, and goes to work.*] I'll undertake to say now, that not a cretur in that house, from Sir George or Lady Lisbeth, down to the kitchen maid, ever saw the sun rise, poor devils! I pity 'um. —These great folks eat and drink, and sleep, and, what they call, amuse themselves, till they are sick and tired: then down they come into the country to get a bit of rest, and so begin all over again—well, much good may't do 'um. I am not worth a shilling in the world, and I work hard from morning till night; but for all that I don't envy none of 'um. Your rich people have always something to bother them, and fancy that every poor little mouse that plays about the house is a thief;—now, *I'm* never afraid of thieves [*looking about*], they may come if they like, there's nothing like being poor,—it saves a world of trouble.—[*Sings.*] "Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy?"—How that song does haunt me to be sure. Joe, the ostler, sang it capital last night. Talking of last night, reminds me, that it has made Mrs. Strap rather lazy this morning—bless her heart—how she did foot it: I must have her up, though, for all that—[*calls*] Nance! Nance! I say?—[*sings*]—she don't come. I'll just see if she's awake—[*goes to door,* L. H.]—Oh, she is getting up, if she is not looking at herself from top to toe, in that bit of a broken looking-glass I made her a present of yesterday;—now she's kissing the child. Come,

ncy, my girl, come—[*Enter* NANCY, L. H. 2 E., *humming Swiss boy*]—.! ha! ha! what, you've got it too, have you.—[*Sings with her*]—Oh! s a monstrous pretty song.

Nan. You put it in my head this morning—you woke me, singing it.

Strap. Ah, I dare say I did;—but I say, Mrs. Strap, don't you think ou're precious lazy this morning, laying in bed till this time a day?

Nan. Oh! Christy, dear—one doesn't often go to a party you know—a edding-day, too!

Strap. That's true—it was a very agreeable evening, wasn't it? and that gin punch was 'nation good. [*Smacks his lips*

Nan. So it was, Christy; I should like some more to-day. La! I believe I did enjoy myself—it's my belief that they hadn't half the fun over the way there, at Lady Lisbeth's grand to-do. But I say, Christy dear, there's one thing I must tell you,—we havn't got one single farden in the house.

Strap. [*Snapping his fingers.*] Poh!

Nan. 'Pon my life it's true. I thought we should have done pretty well, for we had five shillings t'other day, you know; but that's the worst of going into company. I was obliged, you see, Christy, to spend a matter of—let me see—how much was it—six and two is eight, and three is nine.

Strap. Is it?

Nan. Well, it's most as bad—so you see I spent best part of a shilling on my dress, and I've been a rummaging in all the drawers, and I can't find one farden.

Strap. Ha! ha! ha!

Nan. La, Christy, what are you laughing at?

Strap. [*Still laughing.*]—It's capital—why look there—[*pointing to door*]—the door has been open all night, and I was just then thinking, that if the thieves had come in expecting a booty, how nicely they would ha' been caught.—Ha! ha! ha!

Nan. Ha! ha! ha! so they would.

Strap. But come, now come—do you really mean to say, that we havn't any money at all—not any?

Nan. I told you not a farden!

Strap. All the better, wife—we can't lose it, and that shan't prevent my singing, "Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy."

Nan. [*Singing.*]—"Take thy pail, and to labor away."

[*Turns him round and shows him his work.*

Strap. Well, well, I'll go to work, and do you, girl, go to market.

Nan. "Go to market," I think you said, *for* what, I can guess; but *with* what, I should like to know?

Strap. Ah! ah! I forgot the money.

Nan. 'Pon my life, though, we must find something to eat.

Strap. Here—here's a pair of shoes——

Nan. What! to eat?

Strap. To eat!—no! you silly thing, but to take to Mother Jones at the "Red Cow," and charge her eighteen pence for doing 'em.

Nan. Eighteen pence! La! Christy, that seems a great deal!

Strap. A great deal, indeed; why, I've given her a famous pair of new heels, one new ear you see, and bound her all over.

Nan. Well, dear, I don't know that it's too much for you to charge for your work; but I really *do* think, that it is too much for her to pay. She has had little or no custom since her husband died, poor thing, and can't pay her rent; and her eldest boy, who used to give her a helping hand, is ill in a fever.

Strap. Ah! that's very true, wife—I didn't think of that—well, well, charge her a shilling, we shall never be the poorer for it.

Nan. [*Taking up her basket.*]—No—that we shan't—now then, give 'um to me, and let me be off.—[*Puts them in a basket.*]—I'll be back as soon as I can,—[*Going, returns.*]—I say, Christy, if the boy should cry before I come back—I don't think he will, for I left him fast asleep, bless him—but, *if* he should, just give him one of them nice little cakes I popped in my pocket last night.

Strap. Very well, very well, Mrs. Thief!—[*Exit* NANCY, D. F., *singing.*]—There she goes as merry as a grig, and so am I—I'm as merry as a grig.—I'm sure we are a famous merry couple, nothing puts us out. La—it's only to *fancy* one's got all the comforts in the world, and it's just as good as if one had 'um. Now then to work.

Sits down to work—sings second verse of Swiss boy—getting louder and louder as he sings.

Enter THOMAS, D. F.

Tho. Christopher—Christopher—[STRAP *continues singing.*]—Christopher Strap, I say—[*goes close up to him, and bawls in his ear.*]—Christopher Strap, will you hear?

Strap. [*Looking up.*] Ah! Mr. Thomas, are you there? I never heard you come in.

Tho. How should you, when you were making such an infernal noise?

Strap. An infernal noise! you call it, do you?

Tho. I do, indeed. I dare say, my good man, that you are very much astonished at my visit, are you not? I, the domestic of Sir George and Lady Elizabeth Howard, condescending to enter a cobbler's stall, and holding converse with a man like you?

Strap. A man like me! What do you mean? Arn't all men like me—a man's a man—that is, if he is sober and honest—if not—why—he's no man.

Tho. That may be all very true; but pray, my good fellow, don't speak so loud.

Strap. Not speak loud? why not?

Tho. Because it distresses me—I am not accustomed to it—I am her ladyship's *own* man, and am not used to any thing so boisterous—don't speak—but hear what I have to say—I just wish to ask you one simple question; I suppose you will be able to comprehend me.

Strap. I don't know—may be not—but go on.

Tho. Well then, do you think, that when people come in the country to be quiet, or to give fêtes, as it may happen, and don't, perhaps, go to bed till the sun gets up, I ask you, if you think that it is very agreeable for *us*, just as we are getting into a sweet sleep, to be disturbed by a dreadful noise, which you, I suppose, call singing; that shocking vulgar tune, too which you are so fond of—"The Swiss boy"—horrid!

Strap. What! don't you like the Swiss boy? there's taste.

Tho No, neither I nor my lady.

Strap. I'm sorry for that; but, however, if her ladyship don't like it, I won't sing it any more; certainly not, I'll sing something else. I know a lot more, bless you; but somehow that's the one that's always uppermost.

Tho. But you must *not* sing something else, friend; nor that; we do not choose that you should sing, as you call it, at all.

Strap. Not sing at all! what do you mean?—who says I shan't sing!

Tho. I say so; and my master says so..

Strap. Your master! Sir George Howard! Does *he* say I shan't sing? —that *I* shan't sing! *I!* the nightingale of the village!

Tho. It's very true, friend.

Strap. Why, I can't help it—I must sing—it's my nature; other children, when they're born, cry—*I* sang. At school, I always sang my lessons, wherever I went, I was always *asked* to sing—my wife sings—my child sings—I sing—we all sing. I tell you that I came into the world singing —I'll sing as long as I am in the world; and I'll go out of the world singing. So, now?

Tho. A pleasant neighbor! upon my honor!

Re-enter NANCY, *with basket,* D. F.

Nan. Holla! holla! what's the matter?—what's the matter, Christy, dear?

Strap. You'll never believe it, when I tell you. Why, they want to hinder me from singing! *me*, you know, from *singing!* of all things! because, he says, it wakes him and his master too early in the morning.

Nan. [*To* THOMAS.] Hinder Christoper Strap from singing?

Tho. Yes, Mrs. Strap; delicate frames and musical ears like our's cannot be disturbed by his loud bawling, out of all time and tune.

Nan. 'Tisn't true; you're a story-teller. [*To* STRAP, *who trys to stop her.*] I don't care: he *is* a story-teller, if he says that you sing out of time and out of tune. [*To* THOMAS.] Ask the Beadle, else, whether he don't sing beautiful every Sunday in church. Besides, Mr. Thomas, I can tell you one thing, as will settle it—*I* like him to sing, and sing he shall.

Strap. Yes; she likes me to sing, and sing I shall.

Tho. Very well, very well; but we shall soon find a way to stop your singing!

Nan. Will ye? What'll you do, I should like to know?

Tho. Turn you out of your pig-sty!

Strap. Turn me out!—pig-sty! [*Aside.*] I shall be obliged to lick him— [*to him.*]—you can't turn me out—I don't owe any man a farthing—I pay my rent, like an honest man! and I defy you to turn me out.

Nan. That's right, Christy, give it him!

Tho. In truth, I never heard so much insolence in all my life, and from a cobbler, too!

Strap. A cobbler!—a cobbler, indeed! I'd have you to know that a cobbler is as good, any time, as a powdered, party-colored, flunkey! I'll undertake to promise you, that, cobbler as I am, I'd mend your manners in about as short a time as I could mend your shoes. [*Takes up strap*

Tho. [*Aside.*] Heavens! what is the savage going to do? [*Aloud.*] Keep off, friend!—keep off!

Nan. [*To* CHRISTY.] Don't strike him—pray, don't strike him!—I'll sicken him—I'll give him a dose.

Strap. Give him a dose—what of?

Nan. Of his own impudence: and if *that* won't make him sick enough, I don't know what will.

Strap. Take care, Nance, take care; for if he comes any of his nonsense to you, I shall kill him and eat him.

Nan. Well, well, I'll only order him out, then. [*To* THOMAS.] I say, you Mister What's-your-name! I just want to speak a bit of my mind to you. I'd have you to know that this is our house, and a very snug house it is, whatever else you may choose to call it. Christopher Strap's the master—I'm the missus. We won't have anything in it that's disagreeable: so you'll be so good as to get out, there's the door. [*To* STRAP.] Didn't I do that well?

Strap. Like a duchess.

Tho. [*Aside.*] These people of the lower orders, are sad brutes indeed.

Nan. [*Going up to* THOMAS, *with her arms a-kimbo.*] Did you hear?

Tho. Oh—yes, yes—think I'm gone.—[*Going, returns.*] But what am I to say to——

Strap. Your master?—why that—[*Sings.*] "The sun is up," &c. [NANCY *joins, and they sing him out,* D. F.—*both laugh—he puts his head in at the window—they shout the air at him as loud as they can.—Exit.* THOMAS.]

Nan. Ha! ha! ha!—look how the booby runs—I'm glad he's gone, however; there, never mind any more about him, Christy, dear—go to your work—finish soleing Tom Stiles, and by that time I shall have put the break-fast ready.

Strap So I will, girl—[*Goes to work.*] But what have you got for breakfast?

Nan. [*Arranging table.*] Oh, that's telling—something good, though—such a nice relish—two of the beautifullest red herrings you ever see; and then, I've treated myself with some nice young spring onions.

Strap. Very pretty, Mrs. Strap; very pretty.

Nan. Ah! but I've got a treat for you, too, dear.

Strap. What is it?

Nan. Guess.

Strap. No, no: I can't guess—tell me at once—[NANCY *holding up a small bottle.*] Look here! [STRAP *gets up—takes bottle, and smells at it.*]

Strap. Rum! rum, I declare!—[*Puts the bottle to his mouth—she stops him.*] Just a drop!

Nan. No, no, dear; not yet—*after* the red herring, you know.

Strap. And before—the herring will be uncommon comfortable between the drops. [*Drinks.*

Nan. There, that'll do—now then come—[*Goes near window to get a chair, and looks out.*] Oh, Christy, look—here's Sir George coming out, and, as sure as my name's Nancy, he's coming here.

Strap. [*Looking out.*] So he is—he's talking to Thomas, too. Well, I don't care; let him come—I ain' afraid, if he was twice a Sir—or a lord,

or a duke, or the king himself, for the matter of that. No man need be afraid, if he's an honest one—Eh? Nance, my girl?

Nan. No. Christy—no, to be sure not. I'm not afraid—*much*. But see, Lady Lisbeth is coming with him. Oh! I ain't afraid at all now. I say, Christy, now mind you mind your manners—be genteel and purlite to her ladyship.

Strap. Ain't I always genteel and purlite, Mrs. Strap? Why, I'm noted for it!

Nan. Yes, yes; but I mean, take care what you say to her—their talk's very different to ours; they don't understand our *common sense*, you know. How lucky it is that we've got two chairs!— [*Dusts them.*

SIR GEORGE *and* LADY ELIZABETH *appear at the door.*

Sir G. Good morning, friend, good morning. [*They enter.*] You have had a visit from one of my people, this morning, I believe?

Strap. I believe I have, indeed; and he——

Sir G. Was presuming and insolent, and gave you a bad opinion of his master.

Strap. Yes—that is, no;—Yes—I *mean* no—[*To* NANCY.] 'Pon my life he's a civil spoken fellow!

Nan. [*To him.*] So he is, and my ladyship looks good-humored enough, I'm sure; ask her to sit down. [*She offers a chair to* SIR GEORGE.

Sir G. I thank you. [*To* STRAP.] You have got a charming wife here, I'm sure.

Strap. You're quite right, Sir George; she *is* a capital wench—and her ladyship, there, she's a capital wen—[NANCY *pulls his arm.*] I mean, a capital—a charming wife, too—I'm sure. You mustn't make fish of one and flesh of t'other, you know—that'll never do. And she's got such a pretty little foot, too!—*I've* seen it when she's been getting out of the carriage, often. My! how I should like to make shoes for it?

Lady E. You are very gallant, Mr. Strap; and *I* have a compliment in store for *you*. You have a capital voice.

Strap. [*Bowing modestly.*] Oh, my lady!

Nan. [*Aside to* STRAP.] What did that fool mean, then?

Lady E. Yes, you have an *excellent* voice, and sing very well; but I think you begin *rather* early in the morning.

Strap. [*To* NANCY.] Now for it. [*Aloud.*] So do the birds, my lady; but, for all that, you can't give *them* notice to quit; you can't turn *them* out.

Sir G. Notice to quit!—turn out!—whoever thought of such a thing? If my servant has used any such threat to you, he has been to blame; I never authorized any such injustice.

Nan. [*To* STRAP.] There, now!

Lady E. You see, my good people, we are very differently situated in life; you get up at day-break, pass the day in labor, and go to bed at sun-set.

Strap. Yes; that saves candles, you see.

Lady E. On the other hand, it is very late before *we* go to bed, sometimes not before you are getting up; and although I like music exceedingly, and am very fond of singing, yet you know a little rest is absolutely necessary.

Nan. [*To* STRAP.] What my ladyship says is very true.

Lady E. Just, perhaps, as I have got into my first sleep, I am suddenly awoke by your singing; and although as I said before, you sing well, very well, and the Swiss Boy is a very pretty song, yet, at such a time, I'm sure you'll agree with me that it is not particularly pleasant.

Strap. [*Sighing.*] Well, well, my lady; but it's very odd what a different effect the noise and the music that I hear from your house has upon me. After my work's done, I have my bit of supper, and I go to bed, and to sleep, when, presently, I'm awoke out of a comfortable snooze, by the music and singing from over the way; and, do you know, my lady, I'm as pleased as Punch when I hear it; for I think you're all happy, and I rejoice at it.

Sir G. [*Aside.*] So poor, yet so contented! A strong healthy man may, perhaps, be able to bear without annoyance the want of sleep sometimes; but Lady Elizabeth has been in bad health, and is very delicate.

Nan. [*Quickly.*] Lady Lisbeth, Christopher Strap shan't sing any more, you may depend.

Lady E. No, no, I do not require so great a sacrifice as that; his gaiety is his wealth, and I would not for worlds deprive him of it.

Strap. [*mournfully.*] No, I won't sing any more.

Nan. That's right, Christy.

Lady E. Then I shall be really angry, nay, hurt.

Strap. No, no, my lady; no, you shan't be neither one nor t'other. I will sing, but I'll sing in a whisper.

Lady E. Good kind creature!

Sir G. Give me your hand, friend: you are a noble fellow.

Strap. What, Sir George! You shake hands with Christopher Strap, the Cobbler! [*Aside to* NANCY.] I wish his man Thomas was here. [*Wipes his hand, and gives it to* SIR GEORGE.] It may, perhaps, dirty your kid glove, but, take my word for it, that's all the harm it'll do you. [*Aside to* NANCY.] Uncommon kind, ain't they? I should like to show 'um a bit of civility. I know! [*During this,* SIR GEORGE *and* LADY E. *talk apart.* STRAP *aloud to* SIR GEORGE.] We've had a long talk, Sir George, and, as her ladyship is delicate, I'm sure she must want some refreshment after it; so, perhaps you'll sit down, and take a snack with us.

Nan. [*Aside to him.*] Christy! what are you about?

Strap. What am I about—why, doing the honors, to be sure.

Nan. [*Aside.*] My ladyship can't eat red herrings, you stupid!

Strap. But there's the onions, you know.

Nan. [*To* LADY E.] Pray excuse him, my lady; he means well—but——

Lady E. Oh! I am sure he does, and I am very much obliged to him—indeed, to both of you; he has given up a great pleasure on my account, and he shall be rewarded—nay I insist upon it! Follow Sir George to the house; he has something to say to you, and I will remain here and have a talk with your wife—if she will allow me.

Nan. Oh! my lady——

Strap. Well, my lady—as you please! the women always have their own way with me. [*To* SIR GEORGE.] Just wait a minute, Sir George, while I take off my apron, and pop on my coat. Here, Nance, help us on with it. [*Puts on coat.*

Nan. [*Aside to him.*] What's my ladyship going to talk to me about, wonder?

Strap. Mind how you behave, now. Now, Sir George, here I am—all ready—soon dressed, you see. Good bye, my lady, for the present—I'm sure I'm quite happy that I've made your acquaintance—ain't you, Nance?

Nan. Hold your tongue, and go. Don't you see, Sir George is waiting?—[*Exeunt* SIR GEORGE *and* STRAP, D. F.—NANCY *goes to window and calls after him.*] I say, Christy, don't be long! I can't bear the house without him.

Lady E. What, not for a few minutes? *I* don't see Sir George for a whole fortnight.

Nan. Why, don't you live together, then?

Lady E. We live in the same house, to be sure; but we each have our separate apartments and each our separate pursuits; so that it often happens that we don't meet for ten days at a time.

Nan. La! what's the good of being married, then?

Lady E. [*Sighing.*] For an establishment.

Nan. What! for a coach and six horses, and fine clothes, and a great house, where you can't be happy.

Lady E. 'Tis true, indeed; and I am so charmed with your apparent happiness and contentment, that I would fain know the secret for being so.

Nan. Lord! my lady, there's no secret about it. I love Christopher, and Christopher loves me; and we both love the child—and that's it, I suppose.

Lady E. You have a child, then?

Nan. Yes, we have indeed; and a beautiful, fat, rosy-cheeked fellow he is. [*Pushes open door.*] There, my ladyship may see him, kicking about like fun on the bed.

Lady E. He is, indeed, a fine fellow—Oh!—he will be off the bed!

Nan. No, no—not he; he's used to it. There, my ladyship—see, he's all right again.

Lady E. How I envy that calm state of feeling! *I* am always in a constant state of alarm, for fear I should even *hear* of some accident having happened to my darling Augustus, who is at some distance at nurse.

Nan. What! send your child away from you to be nursed! Oh! I don't wonder at your being unhappy—but I beg pardon, my lady; I hope I don't offend.

Lady E. Not at all—pray go on.

Nan. May I make so bold as to give my ladyship a bit of advice?

Lady E Pray do; I shall be happy to listen to it.

Nan. Well, then, I'm going to speak my mind, plain out, you know; and, I'll lay my life on't, that if my ladyship will but *follow* my advice, you'll be as happy as the day's long. First of all, then, do you send for your child home, poor little dear! then you'll find that you will see more of Sir George. I dare say, now, it was some stupid doctor that told you to send him away. Ah! I thought so; now, do you have the *child home*, and send the *doctor* away—that's the thing. I've no patience with them

doctors. Then, my Lady, I advise you to walk about a bit; don't always be going about in your coach—exercise will do you good—make you strong and hearty. See after your servants yourself, then you won't be robbed quite so much; and the money that you save in that way, there is many a poor person, old and sick, and out of work, that it might be a comfort to.—Thank goodness, *we* have a plenty.—Then you'll be so happy. *I* know what it is in *my* little way. I feel so comfortable here—[*putting her hand on her heart*], after I have taken a jug of tea, or a little of our broth, to any poor cretur that wants it; you can't think what a pleasure it is! Then, my lady, go to bed at night, not in the morning—get up in the morning, not in the middle of the day; and if you are not happy after all that, then I give you leave to say that Nancy Strap's a story-teller.

Lady E. [*Aside.*] I believe she is right indeed.

Nan. I hope I haven't offended, my lady.

Lady E. No; indeed, you have not; and to prove it, *I will* follow your advice as nearly as I possibly can.

Nan. That's right—I know it'll do—*I'm* as happy as the day's long—why shouldn't *you* be?—[*Goes to window and looks out.*] What a time Christy has been gone, to be sure—I wish he'd come back.

Lady E. Don't be uneasy—I am now going home, and will send him to you. Good morning; and for the future look upon me as your friend. You shall have more than words to prove to you that I am so.—[*Aside.*] I would willingly give these good people my wealth, could they impart their gaiety and contentment to me.—[*Aloud.*] Good bye—good bye.

[*Exit*, R. F.

Nan. Rich and young, and pretty, and yet not happy. But she don't go the right way to work, I can see. Well, I wouldn't change places with her—no, not to be twice a lady—not I. I wish Christy would come back, though, for I want something to eat purdigously—[*Opens door of room.*] How good and quiet baby is—bless his little heart! I must have a kiss, that I must.

Exit NANCY *into room*, L. 2 E.—CHRISTY *looks in at window, laughing, and hugging a canvas bag with money in it—then enters through back door.*

Strap. It's money—ha! ha! I've got money—I'm a rich man. Ha! ha! ha! Christopher Strap, the cobbler, a rich man! Now, then, what shall I do first? why, I'll pay Mother Jones's rent for her, and give her back the shilling she paid Nance for being soled and heeled. I'll buy poor dear granny some blankets, to keep her old bones warm this winter—set poor Jobson, in the lane yonder, on his legs again—give everybody every thing they want; and—and—holla! stop, when the money's all gone, though, I may want something myself. Gad, I didn't think of that; and now I do think, I do want a new Sunday coat, sadly. I shall meet my friend, Sir George, at church; and now he may stop and shake hands with me again, before the whole congregation. Oh, I must have a tidy coat for one thing; and I am not obliged to pay Mother Jones's rent. I'll give her back the shilling—that'll do. Well, then, granny won't want the blankets till quite winter, and it's a long time to that; and why should I go and give Jobson the money that has been given me to make me rich? Charity begins at home. Love your neighbor, but don't pull down your

hedge. No, no! Now I have got money—I'll take care of it—I'll keep it safe—safe! Aye, there's another thing: Suppose it gets about that I've got twenty pounds, all in gold; somebody may break open my stall, and cut my throat. Yes, yes, nobody shall know a word about it—I'll hide it—hide it.

Re-enter NANCY, L. 2 E

Nan. Oh, there you are, at last.—[*To herself.*] But holla! what's the matter with him, I wonder! how he stands with his arms folded, and looking as dull—as dull. No song,—no Swiss boy—no nothing. Christy, dear, I'm tired of waiting—but la! how pale you are; and you look all sad, like——

Strap. Sad! I look *sad*, you think? you're quite wrong, I am merry—*very* merry!

Nan. Very merry, you call it, do you? It doesn't seem so to me Christy.

Strap. But I feel it here, in my heart, whatever it may seem.—[*Aside.*] I am rich—rich.

Nan. Well, I'm glad of it, if you do; but I must say that I should like to see it—see you *look* merry, and hear you sing a bit. Sing, Christy, dear—do—I know you are always merry and happy when you sing.

Strap. Sing, indeed; I've something else to do now. Besides, I can't sing; I've got a head-ache; one can't always be singing; and gentlefolks don't sing at this time a-day.

Nan. [*Aside.*] Gentlefolks! what can be the matter!—[*Aloud.*] Well, then, come and have your breakfast—breakfast and dinner all in one now, I think Come, dear, come, it's all ready.

Strap. No, no, I can't eat—I'm not hungry: but what have you to give me?

Nan. Why, I told you, dear—red herrings, and some nice young onions.

Strap. Herrings and onions! Bah! I can't eat herrings and onions; I must have something better.

Nan. Something better! La! Christy! what *can* be better? Besides, you know, dear, I couldn't get any *very* great treat; for I only had a shilling, you know, and you used to be very fond of red herrings.

Strap. Yes, but I'm a rich man now [*chinking money in pocket*], and rich men don't eat red herrings and onions!

Nan. A rich man, Christy! you don't say so! How much have you got?

Strap. What's that to you?

Nan. What's that to me! La! Strap, why a great deal to me, to be sure. I want to know—and I *will* know.

Strap. The devil you will!

[*Buttons up his pockets, folds his arms, and turns his back to her.*

Nan. [*Goes round to him.*] Now *do*, dear, tell me how much money you've got.

Strap. [*Turning from her.*] No, no.

Nan. [*Following him.*] Do, Christy, dear; pray do.

Strap. [*Sharply.*] No, I won't, I tell you.

Nan. Well, I'm sure! Christopher Strap, will you tell me how much money you've got, or no?

Strap. No! Well, I don't know. Yes, I *will* tell you. Why, Nance, I've got twenty pound—all in gold. Hark! [*Chinks the money.*

Nan. Oh! oh! oh! twenty pounds, all in gold! what a lot of things we will buy! You shall have a new coat, and I'll have a new gown; and the child—oh, the child!—he shall have every thing in the world; and we will have a cow and a pig, and some chick-a-biddys, and a cat and a dog, and a donkey, and—oh, what fun it will be!

Strap. Is that all?

Nan. Why, yes! Just at first, Christy, I think we had better not spend too much. Don't you think so?

Strap. I do; and so do you step to Dick Trowel, and tell him that I want to speak a word to him.

Nan. What, Dick the bricklayer, do you mean? You're surely never going to build a house, Christy? Indeed you'd better not—*I'd* sooner buy one already built.

Strap. I'm not going to build—I'm going to pull down.

Nan. Pull down the house! Mercy on me!

Strap. You're a fool. I didn't say I was going to pull down the house—did I? All I want Dick for, is, to tell me where I can pull down a few bricks in the chimney without making a mess of the whole concern. I want to make a hole there.

Nan. Make a hole in the chimney! La! Christy, what for? [*Aside.*] —The money has turned his brain, to be sure!

Strap. [*Looking about, and speaking low.*] To hide the money in! Not a word of the money to Dick.

Nan. He *is* mad, then? Oh, my poor Christy!

Strap. What do you say? that I'm mad! No, no, Mrs. Strap, it is you—you that are mad—to want to *spend* the money that has been given me, on purpose to make a rich man of me.

Nan. You! you! it wasn't given all to *you*, I know; it was given between us; and it's a shame.

Strap. Hold your tongue, you silly woman! Don't you know that what's yours is mine, and what's mine's my own—the law says so.

Nan. Hang the law! I don't care for the law—what signifies *what* the law says!

Strap. It signifies, pretty plainly, that the husband is to keep *all* the money, and that the wife is to behave herself properly, and do what her husband tells her. I must have a bolt upon that door—a bar to that window—locks every where.

Nan. We never wanted bolts and bars, and locks, before.

Strap. Mrs. Strap!

Nan. Well, well, you shall have them, if you like.

Strap. I *will* have them, I tell you, directly: I'm not going to let any body rob *me.*

Nan. [*Sharply.*] Well, you needn't put yourself in a passion about it.

Strap. Come, come, Mrs. Strap; I *will* put myself in a passion, if I like Mrs. Strap.

Nan. And so will *I*, Mr. Strap, if you come to that. Did ever any

mortal hear the like? You've had something to drink up yonder, Mr Strap, and it has got in your head, Mr. Strap. I'm ashamed of you.

Strap. What's that you say?

Nan. Why, that you are either mad, or drunk! There, it's out now.

Strap. Drunk! How dare you tell a sober, honest man, like me, that I am drunk?

Nan. Behave yourself properly, then; and give me some of that money.

Strap. I won't.

Nan. You shall.

Strap. If I do, I'll be hanged!

Nan. If you *don't*, I shall; for I shall do you a mischief; and then—

[CHRISTY *takes up the strap.*

Strap. Take care!

Nan. Raise your arm agin a woman! Ah, you coward!

Strap. Don't provoke me, or I beat you like a sack!

Nan. You darne't, you coward! you dare n't!

Strap. [*Takes hold of both her hands.*] Dare n't I! [*Raises strap.*

Nan. [*Crying.*] Oh! oh! oh! for shame—for shame—you nasty, dirty, tipsy fellow. If I had but the use of my hands, I'd scratch your eyes out—that I would; you arn't my Christy any longer—you are some brute, to use me so. Ho! ho! ho!

Strap. [*Dropping her hands.*] I *am* a brute—a beast. Poor Nance! I didn't mean it—some devil 's about me! There—there—never mind, don't cry; don't cry, I tell you. [*She cries louder and louder.*] Nance, I say, don't cry. She can't hear a word I say. [*She goes crying into the room,* L. 2 E.] There she goes, without speaking to me. How spiteful these women are. [*Pushes the door open gently, and looks in.*] Now, the child 's going to begin; and, if she is n't shaking him! Poor little thing!—to vent it on the child!—the child she's so fond of, too!—Nance, Nance! I say, come here—do, and don't beat the boy.

Nan. [*From room.*] I will, if I like.

Strap. Come here. I tell you.

Nan. [*From room.*] No, I won't.

Strap. [*Very loud.*] Come here! I say, directly, Mrs. Strap.—[*Re-enter* NANCY, *sulkily,* L. 2 E.]—What was you going to beat the boy for?

Nan. Because you was a-going to beat me; and I'll beat, and break every body and every thing—that I will.

Strap. Will you?—so will I! [*Takes a chair—breaks the back off, and sits down.*]—There!

Nan. What do you do that for?—what's the use of that?

Strap. I like stools better than chairs.

Nan. [*Takes a plate from the table, and breaks it.*] And *I* like *pieces* of plate better than *a* plate.

Strap. Do you? Then you shall enough of 'um.

[*Kicks the table over.*

Nan. [*Going to corner-cupboard—takes out some cups and saucers, and dashes them down.*] You sha'n't have the best of it.

Strap. Nor you. [*Throws the remainder from cupboard out of the window—then turns to the table and snatches up a knife.* NANCY *screams and runs to him.* SIR GEORGE *and* LADY ELIZABETH *are seen at window.*

Nan. Christy! Christy! what are you going to do?

[*Takes knife from him, and throws herself in a chair.*

Strap. To kill myself!

Nan. Oh! oh! oh! this is all along of the money.

Strap. So it is, Nance; I told you there was some devil about me, and that's it—curse the money! ever since I've had it, I've been wretched, miserable, and brutal. It has changed my nature—I won't have it—I'll take it back. Oh! what a misfortune it is to be rich! I said so, this very morning, and yet I took it—fool that I was; but I'll take it back, Nance—I'll take it back—— [*Is going out*

Enter SIR GEORGE *and* LADY ELIZABETH, D. F.

Sir G. What is all this?

Lady E. What is the matter?

Strap. The money, my lady—the money 's the matter. I won't have it—I can't bear the sight of it. I was just going to take it back to Sir George.

Sir G. Why, friend?—why?

Strap. Because I hate it.

Lady E. But you cannot live without money.

Strap. Yes, we can, my Lady—can't we, Nance? Ah! she won't speak to me any more—she doesn't love me now; and I don't wonder at it—for I have been a savage to her, and all through this infernal money. I beg pardon, my lady.

Lady E. We thought we were doing you a kindness.

Strap. I'm sure you did, and I'm grateful for it; but take it away, Sir George; take it away. [*Gives money.*] It has cost me more—ah! a precious sight more—than it could ever buy me—the love of my wife! She'll never forgive me.

Lady E. Yes, yes, she will, I'm sure; go to her.

Strap. Do you think she will, my Lady? Well, you women, know one another best, I dare say; so I'll try her.—[*Goes to her.*] Nancy, wife! speak to me. I know I've been a brute; but forgive me—do, there's a dear! [*Puts his arm round her waist; she looks up, and smiles.—To* LADY E.] She's smiling, my Lady. That's a good sign.

Nan. Will you ever use the strap again for any thing besides your work?

Strap. 'Pon my life I won't.

Nan. [*Getting up.*] Well, then, I *will* forgive you. [*They embrace.*

Strap. Oh! that's done me a world o' good!

Nan. [*To* LADY E.] It wasn't *all* his fault, my Ladyship. He'd never a done it, bless you, if he hadn't had that nasty money.

Lady E. But, my good friends, you must remember that the fault is, not in the *use* of money, but in the abuse.

Strap. Abuse! abuse! why, I shall always abuse it as long as ever I live. But there, it's gone now; and I feel as if a lump of lead was taken off my heart. I can laugh, and dance, and sing, now again. [*Sings.*] 'Am not I, am not. I say"—— [NANCY *stops his mouth.*

Nan. Hush! Christy—hush! My Ladyship——

Lady E. No, no! pray, do not stop him from singing, on my account;

and, as I wish to profit by your good advice, and rise early, I beg—[*to* STRAP]—that you will sing your favorite song, or any other, at any time you like.

Strap. Oh! my Lady, now I *do* thank you, indeed.

Lady E. But I wish you would oblige us by taking this money.

Strap. No, my Lady, no! pray, don't ask me—I'll do any thing else in the whole world to oblige you, or Sir George, with pleasure; but I wouldn't have that money—no, not to be made King of England. But, my Lady, if that money is a bore to you, and you don't know what to do with it, I'll tell you: There's a poor devil, a brother cobbler, who lives at the end of the lane, yonder, with a sick wife, and four small children, and little or no work—give it to him—I shall enjoy that a precious sight more than having it myself.

Nan. Oh, do, my Ladyship—do! that'll be prime!

Lady E. He shall have it! for *you*, I find, are rich indeed. [*To* SIR GEORGE.] "Poor and content *is* rich, and rich enough—how very true."

Strap. Thank ye, my Lady, thank ye; and now, with hard work and good humor, my girl, we shall get on famously. *I* won't offer to beat you—*you* won't beat the child—*I* won't break the chairs—*you* won't break the plates; and yet—[*to the house*]—with permission. I think we *had* better try it again to-morrow—to fix in our own minds, and in those of our kind friends—that, CONTENTMENT IS FAR BETTER THAN RICHES.

SITUATION.

R.) NANCY	CHRISTY.	LADY E.	SIR GEORGE. (L.
O	O	O	O

THE END.

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
The Acting Edition.
No. LXII

PADDY THE PIPER.

A COMIC DRAMA, IN ONE ACT

BY JAMES PILGRIM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters,—(Paddy the Piper),

AS PERFORMED AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, N. Y.

Sir Godfrey Wilton,	Mr. France.
Capt. Wilson,	" Howard.
Father O'Flanigan,	" Price.
Paddy Donovan, a Piper,	" Barney Williams.
Dick, a Bird-Catcher,	" Seymour.
Fagan, Landlord of the Bagpipe Inn,	" Henry.
Connerly, a Farmer,	" Allen.
Sam, a Black, Servant to Sir Godfrey,	" Vincent.
Fid, } *Smugglers,* {	" Morris.
Jack, }	" Wright.
Ellen Wilton,	Mrs. Nagle
Kathleen,	" Barney Williams.
Mrs. Fagan,	" Henry.

Smugglers, Peasants, &c. &c.

Costume.—Paddy the Piper.

PADDY.—Neat blue coat, beaver breeches, clocked stockings and shoes.

SIR GODFREY.—Square cut old man's coat, breeches, shoes and buckles, full-bottomed wig.

CAPT. WILSON.—Square cut coat trimmed with gold, &c., breeches, full-curl'd wig, boots, &c.

O'FLANNIGAN.—Black coat, breeches, &c.

CONNERLY.—Brown ditto.

DICK.—Ragged suit.

SAM.—Livery.

FID. } Monkey-jackets, petticoat trowsers, boots, caps.
JACK. }

KATHLEEN.—Green skirt, blue boddice, &c.

ELLEN.—Satin tuck-up skirt, &c.

MRS. FAGAN.—Full tuck-up skirt, open c., red petticoat, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience*

PADDY THE PIPER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in the Bagpipe Inn. Table and Chairs, window* c. FAGAN, FATHER O'FLANAGAN *and Peasants, discovered smoking and drinking.*

Father O. This is a bad time for poor ould Ireland, the rebellion I fear will do the counthry no good after all, but I hope that there's better days in store for us.

Fagan. I hope so too, Father O'Flanagan, there's sorry doings enough. Yesterday a poor man was hung at Barney Connerly's farm for offending some soldier officers. [*Enter* DICK, L. H

Dick. Here you are as merry as crickets; I wish I could be so, but I'm such an unlucky fellow.

Father O. You must have patience, Dick.

Dick. I've had patience long enough, bird catching is no go in this country, there's no putting salt on there tails. Oh! have you heard the news that happened last night?

All. What news? what news?

Dick. Pull out your pocket-handkerchiefs: it made me cry and the tears to roll down my cheeks as big as summer cabbages; now for the horrid truth; Paddy the Piper was returning from the fair of Clogheen late last night, and so he called at Connerly's farm and begged for a night's lodging; the farmer dared not open his door, marshal law being proclaimed, but Paddy begged so hard, and the night being so cold, that he told him he might sleep in the barn with the cow.

Father O. Slaping in the barn was betther than remaining out in the cold night air.

Dick. There you'r mistaken, the poor fellow's goose was cooked in a frightful manner; when the farmer went into the barn next morning, no piper was to be found, but in turning over the straw he discovered the piper's old shoes with his two feet in them; the cow had eat all the rest of him.

All. Dreadful, dreadful!. [*All groan.*]

Fagan. Oh, the beast of a cow, to eat the poor piper.

Dick. That cow ought to be Flabergasted, she's not fit to live in a christian country. [*Music of Pipes heard at a distance.*] Oh Lord, if

that should be the poor piper's ghost. [PADDY *appears at the window.* DICK *falls on the stage.*]

Paddy. How the divil are you, boys; I've come to spend the night with you. [*All start back in terror;* PADDY *leaves the window,* DICK *rises.*]

Dick. It's the piper's ghost, by all that's honorable.

Fagan. Oh, what will I do, here's a ghost coming into the house. [*All hide behind the table, and chairs.*

Enter PADDY, R. 2 R.—PADDY *starting on not seeing anybody.*

Paddy. Where's all the boys gone to: shure the room was full just now. I can't think what the divil is the matter with the people, everybody seems to be frightened of me.

Dick. Oh! ain't I frightened. [FAGAN *comes forward to* PADDY

Fagan. Oh! Paddy, why did you come here to trouble us?

Paddy. Sure and its no trouble I'll be afther giving you; whatever I want I have money to pay for it, I'll engage you.

Fagan. Take anything you like, in the house, but only leave us in peace.

Paddy. I'm not kicking up any row, am I? [DICK *comes forward.*

Dick. You know you are only a shadow.

Paddy. Oh! the divil fly away with your nonsense, let's have some whiskey!

Father O. Run boys, run, he's the divil's own pup, I'm thinking. [*All run off* R. H.—PADDY *seems astonished.*

Paddy. Murther, they have all run out of the house; there must be something mighty strong in my appearance. I never believed in the good people they call fairies till now, it seems they have done something to me, for everybody is frightened entirely. It couldn't be my companion, the dead man, that has charmed me; perhaps it's his shoes, poor fellow, he has done walking in this life, he had a splendid pair of shoes on, when he died, and mine being so old, I thought a fair exchange was no robbery, so I took his, and left my old ones behind me. Hallo, here comes Mrs. Fagan, I wonder if she'll be frightened of poor Paddy.

Enter MRS. FAGAN, L. S. E. *not noticing* PADDY.

Mrs. F. Where is that husband of mine, he's always neglecting his business. It's well for him he has me to take care of everything.

Paddy. How the divil are you, Mrs. Fagan?

Mrs. F. The Piper. [*Screams, and runs off,* L.

Paddy. [*calling.*] Mrs. Fagan, dear Mrs. Fagan, come back here, bad luck to me, if I'll put up with this any longer, I'll go and make her explain it. [*Exit,* L.

Enter CONNERLEY, R. 1 E.

Con. I thought the folks mustered here before this time of the evening. I am a very unhappy man, the farm going on so well, and the cow that was the pride of the family, to eat up that poor piper. Oh, its monstrous.

Enter, FATHER O'FLANAGAN, L. *cautious*

Father O. Is that you, Connerly?

Con. It's nobody else.

Father O. [*calling.*] Come in boys, I'll protect you.

Re-enter DICK, FAGAN *and* PEASANTS, R.

Father O. Connerley, did anything happen at your farm last night?

Con. Oh, the trouble I'm in. I'm sorry to say, Father O'Flanagan, that the cow in my barn eat up poor Paddy the Piper. [*all groan.*

Father O. That's a bad affair; you must get rid of that cow, I'll tell you the way. [*all crowd around him.*

PADDY *re-enters*, L.—*All shout, kill her! kill her!*

Paddy. Who the divil are they going to kill, I wonder. Mr. Connerley, I didn't wait to thank you for the lodging.

All shout, the PIPER, *and run off*, R.—PADDY *calls after them.*

Paddy. Father O'Flanagan, Dick, Fagan, Connerley, will none of you stop and speak to me. All gone; this bates all, ould mother Connerley darted from room to room, like a swallow, when she saw me; everybody in the street run away from me, and the divil a door is open to say Pat, will you warm your hands with a praety; It's bothered I am intirely; the boys have left all their whiskey; it's a drop I'll be after taking to warm the cockles of my heart.

[*sits at table and drinks—Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* KATHLEEN'S *Cottage—A door in flat* R, *and window in flat—Table and chairs, centre.*

Enter ELLEN, R.

Ellen. Kathleen is not yet returned with the answer from Captain Wilson. The poet was indeed right, in saying the course of true love never run smooth. It is very strange that my father should be so much against the Captain's connexions being respectable. The cottage maid has indeed done us both good service.

Enter KATHLEEN, *crying*, D. F.

Kath. Oh, my lady, my lady, I am ruined, I am undone.

Ellen. My dear Kathleen, what's the matter?

Kath. Oh, he is murdered, he is murdered.

Ellen. Captain Wilson murdered!

Kath. No my lady, it's my poor dear Paddy; farmer Connerley's cow eat him up alive. [*crying.*

Ellen. Impossible! a cow eat a man.

Kath. It is true, my lady, the farmer's wife told me so.

Ellen. There must be some mistake, be comforted, I will go and ascertain for you and return shortly. [*Exit*, D. F.

Kath. It's all very well for her to talk of comfort, she has a sweetheart to marry her whenever she thinks proper to say yes. And my dear Paddy after all he has said, and all he has done to be eat up by a cow! [*cries.*

Enter Mrs. Fagan, D. F.

Mrs. F. Oh, Kathleen, it's bad news I have got to tell you.

Kath. I know it all, Mrs. Fagan; poor Paddy that was so good and so kind. Oh, it will be the death of me, it will.

Mrs. F. And me too, darling, the fright I got last night. I was standing in my own parlor, when in walked your Paddy, standing full ten feet high; I will never forget it; myself and Fagan 'aint been in the house all night.

Enter Sir Godfrey, D. F.

Sir G. Good morning, Kathleen. Ah, Mrs. Fagan, your husband has been inquiring all over the village for you.

Mrs. F. [*Aside.*] The old fellow always comes where he aint wanted. [*Exit*, D. R.

Sir G. Kathleen, I know what you have been crying about; it's no use, what's done cannot be undone—indeed, I take a very great interest in your welfare.

Kath. You are very kind, Sir Godfrey.

Sir G. I mean to be kind, my pretty rosebud; this place is not good enough for so sweet a flower; you shall have silks, and satins, and servants, to wait on you.

[*He attempts to take her hand*—Paddy *enters* D. F., *and listens.*

Kath. You are speaking to a poor, but honest girl. The bright gifts you speak of would ill-become so poor a peasant as I am; I am content with my station in life, and had fortune but spared one whose memory I can never forget, I should have been the happiest creature on earth! I have your rent ready, Sir Godfrey, when your steward likes to call for it.

Sir G. Don't name it, my angel, I'll make you a present of it—in fact I mean to make you Lady Sir Godfrey. On my knees I pledge my love! [*kneels.*

[Paddy *plays on the Bag-pipes.* Sir Godfrey *starts terrified.*—Kathleen *screams and falls on her knees.*

Sir G. The piper! *Rushes out*, D. F.—Paddy *comes down.*

Paddy. [*laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! Faith I've just come at the interesting moment.

Kath. [*kneeling at his feet.*] Have mercy on your poor Kathleen, who always loved you in life, and will never forget you in death.

Paddy. Rise, rise up. Are you silly enough to fancy me dead—shure I never was more alive in all my life; with a strong arm and a pure heart that can never cease to beat for you, my own dear Kathleen.

Kath. Can I believe my ears——

Paddy. Yes, and your lips too, darling. [*kisses her.*] How the story got about, I don't know, but lots of money I have made by it, and frightened half the counthry into the bargain! Only marry me and I will lave off this roving life and turn farmer.

Kath. You will; then there is my hand!

Paddy. Orra, you're my true jewel. [*kisses her.*] Pon my soul, I'll make a man of you!

Kath. But you must never sleep with the cows again.

Paddy. Never fear, we'll kape the cow at a convainent distance! I'll go and buy the ring, and be back with the priest in a pig's whisper.

[*Embraces her and exit*, D. F.

Kath. Oh! I am so delighted; my dear Paddy alive, and to be married without further delay. A wise thought has come into my head! I will make Sir Godfrey pay for his impudence! [*Exit*, L.

SCENE III.—*A Mountainous Country.— A Tree in centre of Stage.*— DICK *discovered with a Cage.*

Dick. What an unlucky fellow I am! these Irish birds are all down on me like a thousand bricks. I can't catch none of them at all! What a fool I was to leave London to seek my fortune in Ireland! There is no fear of my head aching for want of ventilation! I have a hole in the roof of my hat, and my coat is a good specimen of a rag-fair; my pantaloons would be a novelty at the exhibition; my pockets are all to let, so if any body can be worse off than me, all I can say they are stunners! So providence, I implore you to smile on a poor bird-catcher. [*looking off* L.] What do I see! some black looking coveys, coming up the hill—I know them, they are a lot of smugglers belonging to the black raven. I'll get up into the tree, and see what they are after! [*climbs up in the tree.*

Enter FID, JACK *and* SMUGGLERS, L. U. E.

Jack. Avast! Master Fid, why are you cruising over these mountains?

Fid. Bring yourself to anchor, and you shall know. The rebellion has knocked the smuggling in the head—all the ports are blockaded, and there is very little chance of running our cargo ashore now; moreover, the skipper has fell in love with a craft, and intends to have her for a mate! She once secured, and then we can slip our cable, and off to the West Indies, hoist the black flag, and in a few months, all our fortunes are made.

Jack. Hurrah for the West Indies! What frigate is the skipper after?

Fid. The Lady Ellen, Sir Godfrey Wilton's daughter—she has been seen strolling about here with a young soldier; if we fall in with them, she must be our prize; if he offers resistance, give him a shot. So back, lads, and keep a good look out—I will climb yonder ridge, which commands a view of the valley.

[*Exit* FID, JACK *and* SMUGGLERS, R.—DICK *comes down the tree.*

Dick. Here's a discovery; what a set of rascals! who knows but what I may have a hit yet—I don't mean a hit on the head, but in the pocket; by informing Sir Godfrey and Captain Wilson of those black rascals' intentions, I might get something handsome myself. [*whistle heard off.*—DICK, *terrified.*] Oh, murder! It's all up with me; that's the signal. [*goes up tree.*

Enter CAPT. WILSON *and* ELLEN, L.

Capt. W. My dear Ellen, don't think of shadowless dreams; it's

a beautiful morning, and more fit for lovers to enjoy the beauty of nature.

Dick. [*in the tree.*] He little thinks what a mess he's in.

Ellen. But consider my father's anger!

Capt. W. Be assured that all will be well; the rebellion once over, my friends will visit him and a reconciliation take place in the families.

[*Music.*—FID, JACK *and* SMUGGLERS, *rush in and seize* ELLEN.

Capt. W. [*terrified.*] What would you with the lady?

Fid. She is our prize—our skipper has taken a liking to her, and so if the devil stood in the way, his orders must be obeyed.

[CAPT. WILSON *draws his sword.*

Capt. W. By heavens! you shall not take her while I have an arm to protect a defenceless woman—and her I love more than my life.

[FID *fires a pistol*—CAPT. WILSON *falls.*—DICK *tumbles out off the tree*—ELLEN *faints in* FID'S *arms.*

Fid. I have brought you down, my bold spark! Ha! a spy [*looking at* DICK.] Give him a shot, Jack——

Dick. [*kneeling.*] Mercy, Mr. Gentlemen! take pity on an unfortunate bird-catcher.

Fid. Well, aboard with him, he'll do for a powder-monkey!

[*Music.*—FID *carries off* ELLEN, R.—JACK *and* SMUGGLERS *take off* CAPT. WILSON'S *sword, and force* DICK *off with them,* R. 4 H.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. FAGAN, R. H. 1 E.

Fagan. You are a troublesome woman, always bothering your head with other people's business.

Mrs. F. I know there is strife going on, by the reports of fire-arms. See! Who is that lying on the ground?

Fagan. [*examining* WILSON.] It is Capt. Wilson—there has been some foul work here. You take care of him, Judy, while I run to the barracks and inform the soldiers. [*Exit,* L.

Mrs. F. [*examining him.*] Oh! the thieves of the world! Sure he don't seem wounded, but stunned from the blows he has received.

[CAPT. WILSON *recovering.*

Capt. W. Never villains, while I have life!

Mrs. F. He thinks he is fighting with the boys—you are quite safe, Captain—its only Mrs. Fagan!

Capt. W. [*wildly.*] I remember all. [*rising.*] My good woman, which way did the ruffians take the lady?

Mrs. F. Faith, there was nobody here but yourself, Captain dear, when I came!

Capt. W. Distraction! I shall go mad!

[*Music.*—*Music of Bag-pipes heard off.*—MRS. FAGAN *screams and runs off,* R. H.

Enter PADDY, R.

Paddy. The top of the morning to you, and long life to your honor!

Capt. W. My good fellow! have you met some ruffians carrying a lady off?

Paddy. Troth, I don't know, sir! I saw some sailor fellows or

smugglers going down by the beach, and from the distance I thought they had a roll of white canvass in their arms.

Capt. W. Merciful powers! My good fellow, fly to the garrison, and tell the commanding-officer, that a dreadful outrage has been committed on Captain Wilson, and that the ruffians have carried off Sir Godfrey Wilton's daughter, and to join me on the beach, with a party of men, immediately. [*crosses to* R.

Paddy. Shure, you are not going to follow the blackguards yourself?

Capt. W. My Ellen in the power of such monsters? I will sacrifice my life to save her.

Paddy. You are unarmed, captain, and sacrificing your life, won't save the lady. I'm the boy that can do it, if you'll follow my advice.

Capt W. What can you do?

Paddy. By my sowl, I can do more than a whole regiment of soldiers. No doubt you have heard the story of the cow eating the piper? I am that piper, and the whole country is frightened of me.

Capt. W. I remember the woman running away, as you approached.

Paddy. Bad luck to me, if the whole parish don't run, for it's a ghost they think I am intirely. Now, mark my advice—by having soldiers on the beach, would be the signal for the divils on board the Black Raven to cut their stick, then what would you do for the lady? No, sir, I will run down to the bache myself, and procure a boat; only let me once get on board, I'll frighten the blackguards, so that you can make your escape with the lady.

Capt. W. An excellent thought, my dear fellow; save but Ellen, and I will give you my life.

Paddy. No, thank you, sir, I have one of my own, and that will last me as long as I live. Delays are dangerous, sir; so come along, and if I don't astonish those dirty blackguards, and bring the lady in safety, I'll give your honor lave to make a rale ghost of Paddy, the Piper. [*Exit.* PADDY, R., CAPT. WILSON *following.*

SCENE IV.—*A Sea view, with rocks, &c. Enter* FAGAN, L. H.

Fagan. I am out of breath with running, and only to think, that the solder boy would not believe one word I say; the cross questions I had was enough to bother any one; any how, sure, this is a sad part of the country; they won't believe a body when he speaks the truth; the poor captain may be dead before I get back to him now; perhaps they consider they're administering justice by doing nothing at all. [MRS. FAGAN *rushes in, screaming,* R. H.

Mrs. Fagan. Oh, husband, alive; oh, husband, alive, I am dead, I am murdered, entirely.

Fagan. Oh, jewel, dear, what have you done with the captain?

Mrs. Fagan. Oh, the fright I have got; sure, I was attending the dear captain, who was quite out of his senses, and kept calling for a lady that was no where to be found, and while I was trying to pacify him, Oh, murder! the captain's ghost came in a flash of lightning,

and I run away, more dead than alive, and the same fright will be the death of me.

Fagan. Oh, it beats all, Judy; the soldier's boy did not believe one word I told him, and I am inclined to believe that the piper's ghost cannot do us any harm, for if he is anybody at all, he cannot be himself, and I don't think I am such a fool as I look; and what is more, Judy, I feel corrageous, and don't intend to be frightened as I have been. Sure, you was a greater fool to run out of the house than I was.

Mrs. Fagan. Would you have me stop in the house with a ghost?

Fagan. Oh, bother; you had no right to leave the house.

Mrs. Fagan. Then what is the reason you left the house yourself, you blackguard?

Fagan. I will not be such a fool again, I tell you; if fifty ghosts was to come in the way, they would not frighten me again.

Mrs. Fagan. Oh, it is a pity you did not have so much courage last night, I am thinking, when we kept out of the house all night.

Fagan. Hold your gaff; I would like to see the ghost that would frighten me now. [*Pipes heard outside.—Exeunt, running*

SCENE V.—*A Cabin in the Black Raven—Window* C.—*A Couch*, L.—*A large Chest in centre of Stage.*

Enter ELLEN, L.

Ellen. Oh, heavens! what a situation to be in! Spirit of my sainted mother, hover around and protect your child from the ruffians of this vessel! Yes, hope flutters in my bosom I shall yet be saved——

[CAPT. WILSON *appears at the window.*

Capt. W. Ellen, my beloved Ellen! [*comes through window.*

Ellen. Dear Captain, I knew you would fly to save your Ellen.

[PADDY *jumps through the widow.*

Paddy. Quick, the word, and sharp the action, Captain—yourself and the lady better get in the boat, and make for the shore with all speed.

Capt. W. Not without you, Paddy.

Paddy. Never mind me, I can swim like a duck—you make your escape, while I stop here and attack the blackguards' attention; if they were to see us in the boat from the deck, they would be after sending one of their beautiful iron skittle-balls, and a decent supper we'd make for the fishes! So lose not a moment, and leave the rest to me. [CAPT. WILSON *and* ELLEN *go through window.*

[*A loud laugh heard off*, R.—PADDY *lies on the couch and covers himself with a cloak.*

Enter DICK, R., *with his face black.*

Dick. O Lord! O Lord! these horrid men of tar—they have almost turned me inside out; they made me swallow about two pounds of tobacco—I shouldn't be surprised if tobacco leaves don't grow out of my finger nails. What an unlucky fellow I am! This is worse than the bird-lime. Poor Lady Ellen, I think, has laid herself down.

[*goes to couch,* PADDY *sits up.*—DICK *screams and falls on his knees.*

Dick. Ho ho! the piper. Have mercy on a poor, unfortunate individual.

Paddy. Bad luck to you! hould your whist, or you will spoil all. I've come to save you.

Dick. Get saved by a ghost! Ho, ho, don't touch me or I will fall to pieces.

Paddy. You won't hold your noise—then take that!

[*Strikes him with a stick*—DICK *shouts murder and covers his face*—PADDY *gets into the Chest.*

Enter JACK, FID *and* SMUGGLERS, R.

Fid. What the devil is the matter with you?

Dick. The ghost of Paddy the Piper is here.

Fid. Ghost of the devil! There is no one here but the lady—and she wouldn't dirty her hands with such a swab as you!

Jack. Avast! I have heard of that ghost cruising about on shore—although I'd fight with an enemy, I shouldn't like to fight with a ghost

[PADDY *comes out of the Chest and stands on it.—All shout the Piper, with terror.*

Paddy. Down on your knees, and repent, you dirty blackguards; it's myself to yous all the ould devil sent me to show you this saplin. [*flourishing stick.*] It grew in the red sea three thousand years ago, along with Mother Carey's chickens, and here I am, you spalpeens, to lay it on your backs. [*flourishes stick.*

Dick. Oh, mercy, mercy, Mr. Piper!

Paddy. Silence, you bog-trotters, or I'll send you down to Davy Jones' locker—and now, my coveys, I'll give yous a whopper.

[*Jumps off the chest, strikes them, all fall and roll about in fear.*

Paddy. Yous have felt my power, now I'll play you a tune on my pipes—so dance, dance for your lives, for he that stops dancing before I stop playing, dies.

[*Jumps upon the chest and plays very fast; all jump up and dance, looking terrified at one another and* PADDY. *Scene closes.*

SCENE VI.—*Parlor in* SIR GODFREY'S *house—writing materials on Table.—Table and Chairs,* R., (*carried on.*)

Enter SAM, L.

Sam. I can't tink what de debbil am de matter wid Sir Godfrey; he shake like de leaf on de tree, ebery ting frighten him, he get so cross, dat I fell 'fraid, but Sam no care; he talk about gibbin him de sack, but if him kick dis child out of one door, he sure to come in at de oder.

Enter SIR GODFREY, L.

Sir G. What are you doing here, sir?

Sam. Noting, Sir Godfrey.

Sir G. You seldom do anything else.

Sam. Yeth, indeedy, massa, him clean de boots, and de knife, and de forks, and drink de porter.

Sir G. I flatter myself that you can do the latter with anybody. Did you deliver the letter I gave you to Father O'Flanagan?

Sam. Yeth, Sir Godfrey.

Sir G. Did he make any remarks about it?

Sam. No; but he wink his eye.

Sir G. Wink his eye—what did he mean by that?

Sam. I don't know, but I tink it mean ober de leff.

Sir G. Who can understand such language as that?

Sam. Well, it mean him up—him not down—him no fly—him no go.

Sir G. Go to the devil, you black rascal, and don't let me see your ugly mug again.

Sam. Tank you for nottin. I is off, like a shot. [*Exit*, R.

Sir G. Confound that fellow, I never can get a correct answer from him. Oh, my nerves, my nerves—they are sadly out of order. Imagination is a wonderful thing, but I could swear that I saw the ghost of that piper at Kathleen's cottage. [*A loud knock at door—starts.*] Dear me, what is that? O Lord, my nerves. [*Enter* SAM, R.] Who knocked at the door, sir?

Sam. Lubly angel.

Sir G. Confound your stupid answers.

Sam. Look at him eyes—look at him nose—look at him toes.

Sir G. [*in a passion.*] Will you tell me who knocked at the door, sir?

Sam. De lubly Misse Katleen.

Sir G. Oh, one of my tenants; desire her to walk in. [*Exit*, SAM, R.] Was there ever such a rascal to bring such a message as that?

Re-enter SAM *and* KATHLEEN, L.

Sam. Dis way, Misse Kathleen; I is very sorry de cow swallow your sweethart up. *Exit*, R.

Sir G. My dear Kathleen, I am delighted to see you. I have no doubt you thought my behavior very strange this morning, but I was silly enough to fancy I saw the young—you know—

Kath. Sure, Sir Godfrey, you saw the same as myself—the ghost of Paddy, the Piper.

Sir G. [*starting.*] Oh, my nerves, my nerves—it was no delusion then?

Kath. He sent me with a message to you.

Sir G. To me—no—not to me. I have nothing to do with the shadow.

Kath. No, Sir Godfrey; but Paddy saw my father and mother in the other world, who told him they had rented the bit of land and farm which I now hold, above a century, and had always paid your honor regular, and that you was so kind-hearted and good-natured, I was to ask you to make me a present of it, and you would do so.

Sir G. Oh, my nerves—well, I'll think about it.

Kath. You had better think at once, or Paddy will be under the necessity of paying you a visit.

Sir G. No, no, no—not for all the world: I will make you a present of it.

Kath. You are very kind, but Paddy said you would write an acknowledgment on paper.

Sir G. Really, your phantom-lover does business with all the correctness of a counsel. [*sits at table, and writes.*

Kath. [*aside.*] The wise thought will, indeed, turn to advantage, together with the story of Paddy's ghost.

Sir G. Oh, my poor nerves. Here is the paper, Kathleen. [*gives paper.*

Kath. Thank you, thank you, Sir Godfrey, my dear Paddy will be so delighted, we'll both pray for you; and when we marry, should we have a family, they shall all pray for you, long life to you, and a trotting-horse to all your enemies. [*runs off*, L.

Sir G. Oh, my nerves, my nerves—she is mad—the ghost has turned her brain, and I am done out of my property.

Enter SAM, R.

[SAM *coughs.*] Oh, my nerves. You scoundrel, how dare you come in without knocking.

Sam. If I knock at de door, I'd frighten your nerves. I come like de butterfly: if dat will frighten your nerves, what will I do not to frighten dem—eh?

Sir G. 'Pon my soul, I can't tell you; I have seen enough to shock anybody's nerves. Sam, did you ever see a ghost?

Sam. No, but my mudder did; he put his hand in de garret window, down in de cellar, and pull de old woman out ob bed, by de big toe.

Sir G. Come, come, Sam, I can't believe that.

Enter FATHER O'FLANAGAN, L.

Father O. Good morning, Sir Godfrey; your door being open, I have taken the liberty of walking in.

Sir G. I have been expecting you with great anxiety. Sam, bring a bottle of the best port wine, and some cheese.

Sam. Yes, Sir Godfrey. [*aside.*] He's gwine to strengthen his nerves with the wine, but Sam will have de first drink. [*Exit*, R.

Sir G. Father O'Flanagan, I never needed your assistance more than I do at the present moment.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. FAGAN, L.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Oh, Sir Godfrey, Sir Godfrey, your daughter!

Sir G. My good people, what happened to my daughter?

Mrs. F. The smugglers of the Black Raven, have carried her on board of their vessel.

Sir G. Confusion! what's to be done?

Father O. I'll run and inform the authorities, raise up the whole country, and punish the villains. [*Exit*, L.

Sir G. My good people, come here to-morrow, and I will reward you for your trouble. [*Exeunt*, MR. *and* MRS. FAGAN, L.] Was ever mortal man in such a fix as I am. [*calling.*] Sam, Sam, bring my hat and cane.

Re-enter, MR. *and* MRS. FAGAN.

Mr. and Mrs. F. [*shout.*] He is coming! he is coming!

Sir G. Mercy on me, who is coming now?

Mr. and Mrs. F. The piper, the piper.

Sir. G. The devil he is. [*all run off*, R.

Enter PADDY, *carrying* DICK L.—*sets him in a chair—shakes the water off himself.*

Paddy. Shure I've the divil's own job to swim from the ship to the shore with poor Dick, I could'nt persuade him I was no ghost, the more I assisted him in the wather, the more did the divil squall murder, mur-er-er-der, he thought I was going to take him to Davy Jones, Esq.

Enter SAM, *with tray, glasses and bottle on it. Sees* PADDY, *trembles and lets tray fall.*

Paddy. Bad luck to your soul, you black nager, what in the divil has come over you, eh?

Sam. Oh, de ghost, de ghost.

[SAM *runs off*, R. PADDY *runs after him, and drags him on again.*

Paddy. Don't be a fool, I tell you I am no ghost, but flesh and blood the same as yourself, and if you are not convinced now, I'll give you such a bating, as you niver had in all your life.

Sam. Oh, I'm quite satisfied, but you is all over wet.

Paddy. Here is this poor fellow, Dick, the bird-catcher, half drowned wid wather, and half dead wid fright, git him a drop of whiskey my darling. Whoo! d'yer mind! [*heavy shouts*, L. H. 3 L.

Sam. Yes, he'll get de whiskey. [*Exit*, R.

Paddy. My darlint Kathleen will wonder where I've got too, and I'm afraid she'll be angry wid poor Paddy.

Re-enter SAM *with a bottle.*

Sam. Here is de whiskey. [*gives bottle to* PADDY

Paddy. Now my rake, I'll pour the spirits down, just to keep the spirits up. [*puts bottle to* DICK's *mouth;* DICK *revives.*

Dick. Oh, oh, the piper. [*looks at* SAM.] Oh, oh, the devil. [*falls back into his chair.*

Sam. He tink you is de ghost.

Paddy. Yes, and by my soul, he thinks you are the divil, so between the pair of us, he fancies himself in most illigant society. Dick, will you spake? well, it seems that moral force wont do; I'll try what physical can do.

Strikes DICK *with stick*—DICK *jumps and runs off* L.—SAM *laughs heartily.*

Sam. Him no de way to make him jump.

Paddy. You admire my system of bringing people to their senses, do you?

Sam. Yes, you do dam good.

Paddy. I'll tell you waut it is, misther nager, I shouldn't have used my shillaleagh on Dick's back, but for fear of your rich masther returning, who might not be pleased to see a poor bird-catcher in his parlor. The owld saying is, what's good for the goose, can't be bad for the gandher, so as you was so much plased to see punishment inflicted on a fellow creature; bad luck to your soul, you shall have your share of it.

Sam. What de debil he mean.

[PADDY *beats him all around the stage*—SAM *runs off* L.

Paddy. Ha! ha! ha! tit for tat, and butther for fish, &c., Faith that's bringing the thing upon equality. [*loud shout off, back flat,* L. H murdher, what's that? A fight, and I not there.

Enter SIR GODFREY, CAPTAIN WILSON, ELLEN, DICK, *and* SAM, L.

Sir G. How can I reward you, for saving my daughter.

Paddy. Faith, sir, I'm rewarded already. Paddy is poor, miserably poor, but would ill deserve the name of Irishman, or any other country, to stand tamely by and see a fellow-creature in distress, without stretching forth a helping-hand. I did save your daughter and the noble Captain, and the feelings of my own heart, is more than all the world's wealth could purchase. [KATHLEEN *heard outside.*

Kath. I will come in to my dear Paddy!

Enter KATHLEEN, L., *who rushes into* PADDY'S *arms—They embrace.*

Paddy. My own Kathleen, the pure heart that bates within this bosom, is more than all to poor Paddy.

Kath. My dear Paddy, I have heard of all the good you have been doing. I, too, have had a wise thought; I have obtained the farm and land I now hold, belonging to Sir Godfrey, but it was by falsehood; but my second thoughts tells me that honesty is the best policy.

[*gives paper to* SIR GODFREY.

Sir G. Honesty is the best policy always—Paddy has rendered me great services, I know you love each other, and I freely give you the farm and land as a marriage portion.

Ellen. And I must add a hundred pounds as pin money.

Capt. W. I must not be left out of the good work—I will give Paddy a check for five hundred pounds.

Paddy. Am I aslape or awake? Is there so much money in the world, Kathleen, darlint? Am I dreaming?

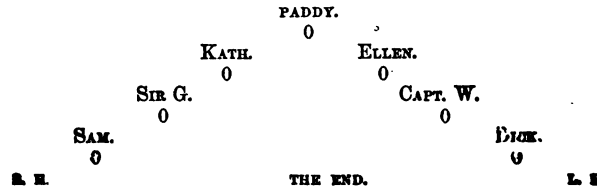
Kath. It is a day-dream, Paddy, that always comes true.

Dick. Yes, I've had a striking proof of it.

Sam. And dis child had wolloping proof of it.

Paddy. You are convinced, Kathleen, my darling, that we'll have a merry wedding; we must invite the cow and all her relations. [*to* AUDIENCE.] And if our kind friends, here before us, will accept the invitation, they will not find me backward in playing on the pipes, to amuse them, at Paddy's wedding.

CURTAIN.



FRENCH'S

AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. LXIII.

BRIAN O'LINN,

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN FOR BARNEY WILLIAMS, ESQ.

By James [illegible]

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

NEW-YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Broadway Theatre, N. Y.

Brian O Linn (full of fun, and full of mischief)	Mr. B. Williams.
Father O'Toole - - - - - -	" Morris.
Darby McCabe - - - - - -	" Seymour.
Billy McShane - - - - - -	" Henry.
Captain Fitzmorris - - - - - -	" Sandford.
First Countryman - - - - - -	" Vincent.
Second Countryman - - - - -	" Wright.
Sheelah McCabe - - - - -	Mrs. B. Williams
Norah McShane - - - - - -	Mrs. Seymour.
Mrs. O'Linn - - - - - -	Mrs. Henry.
Bridget Delaney - - - - - -	Mrs. France.

Lads, Lasses Police, &c., &c.

Costume.

BRIAN O'LINN.—Dark brown breeches—gray stockings—frieze-coat—red vest, &c.

FATHER O'TOOLE.—A long black priest's frock—black stockings—shoes and buckles.

DARBY McCABE.—Similar to Brian.

BILLY McSHANE.—Ibid.

COUNTRYMEN.—Ibid.

CAPTAIN FITZMORRIS.—British uniform.

SHEELAH.—Modern Irish peasant's dress.

NORAH.—Ibid.

BRIDGET.—An old woman's plain dress.

MRS. O'LINN.—Do.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience*

BRIAN O'LINN.

ACT I.

SCENE .—BRIAN O'LINN'S *Cottage*—MRS. O'LINN *at the table ironing*, R. H.—BRIAN, *trimming a shillelah, seated on a stool.* L.

Brian. [*singing.*] Brian O'Linn, has no wife for to love,
So he got him a one that had eyes like a dove.
Her mouth was a yard twix't her nose and her chin,
Och ain't she a beauty, cried Brian O'Linn.

Mrs. Linn. And I wish, Brian, that you would look about you, and tell me what girl in the neighborhood you'd like to be married to.

Brian. Why I'll leave that to you; just point out the girl you'd like for a daughter-in-law, an be she rich, poor, ould or ugly, it's myself will delude her.

Mrs. Linn. Ah, Brian, if you could get Gracy Dalton you'd be a made boy.

Brian. Made Boy, faith an sure an they say I am that as it is, but would you wish me to put the question to Gracy Dalton?

Mrs. Linn. To be sure I would, or what do you think of Miss Dugan, she has a fine farm of her own.

Brian. An do you want me to have her?

Mrs. Linn. Ha, ha, sure she'd never think of the likes of you.

Brian. Don't be after makin' a goose of yourself, ould woman, do you think that if I sat about it, that I'd not manufacter her senses as easely as I'd peel a pratie.

Mrs. Linn. Well, well, make up to her, Brian.

Brian. Bedad, that I will, I'll make up to all the girls in the County, an then I can be after taking my choice of them, but what will I do for a suit of clothes; I could never go near a girl in these breeches, an my elbows are coming out through this ould coat, an I dont know but what it would be a sin to call this a waistcoat; then in regard to the stockings, I've pulled them down over my ten toes so often, that the calf of my leg is clean down to my heels.

Mrs. Linn. Ha, ha, ha, sorra word in that but what's truth, but *what's to be done for a new* suit!

Brian. By the powers of mud, but I have it. Sure I can borry a suit. I'll get the loan of a pair of breeches from Dudley Dwire, an a coat from Pat Hoily. I'll try Billy Brady for the vest, an I know the way to get a shirt, an now all as I want is a hat, so I'll try Bridget Delaney, father O'Toole's housekeeper, for that he's got three as good as new; she'll lend me one and never ax me to return it. So I am all right. [*Knock at the Door in* F.

Brian. Och, who the devil's that. Come in an dont be pounding the nose off the face of the door. [*Opens door.* F. FITZMORRIS *enters.*] Och blessed St. Patrick presarve us, it's a soger. I ask ye'er honor's pardon for not opening the door, but I thought it was some other blaggard, that is, I thought I mean—I'm kilt if I know what I thought I meant.

Mrs. Linn. [*Handing* FITZ. *a three-legged stool.*] Will you take a chair, ye'er honor?

Fitz. (C.) I do not wish to sit down, my good people, I have lost my way.

Brian. (L.) Faith, an we haven't found it, ye'er honor.

Fitz. Sir!

Brian. I mean ye'er honor, we haven't found anything at all, ye'er honor.

Fitz. I say that I have lost my way, and wish a guide to conduct me to the residence of Sir Henry Dashwood.

Brian. Och it's myself, that knows it well, ye'er honor.

Mrs. Linn. (R.) And his neice Miss Lucy too, ye'er honor.

Fitz. Indeed! that's lucky—I will endeavor to discover something about the family and my intended, [*aside.*] you have seen Miss Lucy Dashwood then?

Mrs. Linn. Seen her, indeed! but its few in the neighborhood that has not seen her, for she's always galloping her horse over the country far an near.

Brian. Hould ye'er tongue, an don't be mulvathering the creater to his honor.

Fitz. It appears that Miss Dashwood is fond of taking exercise on horseback?

Mrs. Linn. Bedad, but she takes everything that comes in her way, hedge wall or ditch, it's all one to her. over she goes. I mind but the other day I was hanging out some linen on the hedge beyant, when over she came wid her horse clean a top of my head, an when I said that she had kilt me, she told me to go to the devil and burry myself, and talked me black in the face, before I could speak.

Fitz. Oh, then she can talk?

Mrs. Linn. Faith she can, faster than her horse can gallop, and louder than a thunder clap.

Brian. Och, hould ye'er tongue, and don't be disgracing the darling girl. See here, ye'er honor, that ould woman is my mother, and it's not my place to say a word agen her, but bad luck to such another ould woman in this place for talking the dacency out of any body as she is. She'd lie the legs off an iron pot and swear a hole through the bottom of it afterwards. Sure I know the darling Miss Lucy Dashwood, and she's the mildest spoken creater in the country. She's so quiet that they call her a nunnery.

Fitz. A nun, I suppose you mean?

Brian. No, yer honor, I mean what I say, a nunnery. Ye see I know the differ between a nun and a nunnery; sure, a nun's a man, an a nunnery is a woman—an they call her a nun, because she's so gentle, and never speaks above her breath.

Fitz. Where have you seen her, my good man?

Brian. Oh, when she'd be taken an airing on horseback.

Fitz. Then she does ride?

Brian. Yes, yer honor, she does ride—but then she always has a man to lead her horse by the head. She's so marciful, she's afraid to walk, for fear of hurting the ground wid her delicate feet.

Fitz. Very considerate, upon my word, she fears to hurt the ground with her own feet, so rides on horseback.

Mrs. Linn. Don't believe a word he says, yer honor—there isn't a man that dare go near her or her horse, when once she's mounted. Och, she's a regular *rouser!*—that's what she is.

Fitz. A *rouser!* And what the devil is a rouser?

Brian. Och, ye see the ould woman speaks French, and rouser is the French for a angel!

Mrs. Linn. May the devil fly away with all such angels, I say!

Fitz. Madam, your opinion of the lady must be prejudiced—at all events, I must see and judge for myself. And you, fellow, if you will conduct me to the house, I'll give you a crown. [*Taking out purse.*

Brian. I wouldn't take a penny from yer honor—but I'll show you the way, for the young lady's sake.

Fitz. You are very gallant! [*Putting up purse.*

Brian. I am, sir—but you may give me the crown, if you like. It will do to put in the poor-box, when I go to my prayers.

Fitz. Here! [*Gives crown, and is putting up purse.*

Brian. Long life to yer honor—but, sir, don't break the ould woman's heart, if ye please.

Fitz. Break her heart! What do you mean?

Brian. Why ye see, I takes her wid me, when I go to prayers—an it would kill her not to have a crown to put in the box as well as myself.

Fitz. Here, my good woman—but I am sorry to hear you speak in such harsh terms of the lady. [*Giving her money*—BRIAN *takes it.*

Brian. I'll keep it for her, sir, or may-be she might spend it out of the church—for we have a whisky-shop near here, and she knows the road to it. This way, yer honor. [*Exit* BRIAN *and* FITZ., D. F.

Mrs. Linn. Did any one ever hear the likes of that? Me drink whisky! Sorra a drop ever went into my mouth, without I put sugar into it, to take the strength out of it. [*Exit* 1 E. R.

SCENE II.—*A Kitchen in the house of* FATHER O'TOOLE—*Table and Chairs in* C. MISS BRIDGET DELANEY *discovered knitting.*

Bridget. Och, an it's myself that is getting tired entirely of being all alone. Here have I lived for fifty years, and never a thing in the shape of a man has ever offered himself to me for a husband yet. But I've made up my mind, and I'll take the first chance I get, be it good or bad —*for* I want a protector.

Enter BRIAN, D. F.

Brian The top of the morning to ye, Miss Delaney. Is it fixing for the fair ye are?

Bridget. Never a fair can I go to! Sure it's Brian O'Linn—and it's yourself is son of Mr. O'Linn, that's dead an gone.

Brian. Faith, I'm that same—so my mother says.

Bridget. Is there any news going, young man?

Brian. Devil a word, barring what ye heard yerself, about Paddy Commiskey's wife bein tuck sick wid another little one.

Bridget. And do you tell me that! And how many has she now?

Brian. Only eighteen, ma'am—but she's young yet—and after a while she'll be able to have a family about her. [*Aside.*] I must blarney her out of the hat. [*Aloud.*] Bedad, Miss Delaney, I never seen ye look so well. By my soul, you take the shine out of the youngest girl of them all!

Bridget. Oh, that's a good one! Me, an old woman, near sixty!

Brian. Near sixty! No, nor thirty! Faith, I know them that's not more than sixteen, that would be glad to have your face for awhile—[*Aside*]—to frighten the crows wid.

Bridget. No, no—but I remember when the people did say I was worth looking at.

Brian. [*Aside.*] What a long memory she must have!

Bridget. Won't you take a seat, Brian, dear? [*They sit.*

Brian. Thank ye kindly, ma'am. Faith, an ye have the name for being aqual to any girl in the parish—an I'd give the world to have such a pair of red, rosy cheeks as you have got! [*Aside.*] They are as yellow as mustard.

Bridget. Arrah, Brian, how can you palaver in that way?

Brian. Now, I'd bet nine to one, the prettiest girl of them all hasn't a sweeter mouth than your own. [*Aside.*] It looks like a black coal-hole.

Bridget. Brian, your losing the little sense you had.

Brian. Faith, an it's you have taken them from me—for a purty woman always makes a fool of myself—devil a lie in it. Och, I wish I hadn't come here this morning, anyhow.

Bridget. Why, Brian?

Brian. Och, such a pair of temptators as them lips are, barring yer eyes, I never saw before. Och! faith, I can't go widout tasting them.

Bridget Tasting them! Tasting what!

Brian. Why, I'll show ye what I'd like to be tasting.

[*Puts his arm round her waist.*

Bridget. Don't Brian, don't—the priest will hear the noise.

Brian. To the devil wid the priest! Who cares for him, when a purty woman like yourself is concerned.

She struggles, and runs around the table, which is upset, as FATHER O'TOOLE *enters* D. F. *Pause!*

O'Toole. (C.) What's here? Pon my word. Miss Delaney, under my own roof too; and pray, ma'am, who is your gallant? turn around, young man. [BRIAN *turns around.*] Brian O'Linn, that never speaks truth.

think Mr. O'Linn, tha when you come a courting you might make your kabliments more smooth.

Brian. I would have been more smooth, but my mother hadn't time to iron me out, but since your reverance has caught us.—

O'Toole. Caught you, is that the way you speak?

Brian. Faith sir, truth's best, an I wanted her to tell it to ye long ago. The truth is that Miss Bridget and myself are going to get married as soon as we can, so I come to see if ye'er reverance would publish us next Sundy wid a blessin.

O'Toole. Is this truth, Bridget.

Brian. Och, bedad, she knows its truth. [*winking at* BRIDGET.

Bridget. There is no use of keeping it from ye'er reverance. So you'll publish us next Sunday.

Brian. Och, blazes, what will I do, she's going to consent to the marriage. [*aside.*

O'Toole. I thought you had come to the years of discretion, but I find that you have gone past them. [*to* BRIDGET.

Brian. Yes d—n long way past them. [*aside.*

O'Toole. I shall call Miss Delaney, and Brian O'Linn next Sunday.

Brian. Och murder, Miss Delaney, what will I do for clothes sure? I couldn't marry you in these, we'll have to put it off till I can raise the clothes.

Bridget. Sure the Father has my money keeping for me, an he'll let ye have the price of a suit, sooner than any stop should be put to our marriage.

O'Toole. How much shall I give him?

Bridget. Why, ye'er reverance, about five guineas.

O'Toole. [*gives money.*] There, get married and leave my house, for one fool makes many, and an old fool of a woman is worse than all.

[*Exit,* R. H.

Bridget. Old woman, well if I am a little seasoned now, I was'nt always so, Brian. [*Taking his arm and giving him the money.*

Brian. I beg pardon, Miss Delaney, but about this marriage, might I take the liberty to ax out of curiosity, if you are in airnest, ma'am?

Bridget. I'm airnest, and what else did I give you my money for? I'm afeard I'll be too fond of you, Brian, darling.

Brian. Pray to the Lord that you may overcome that weakness, and avoid all folly, and above everything that you may have a decent stock of discretion, for it's a mighty fine thing for an ould woman, that is for a seasoned woman, as you say you are.

Bridget. Brian, dear, when will the wedding take place?

Brian. The what? [*letting go her arm.*

Bridget. The wedding, I think the day after our last call would be best; faith I long to hear my last call.

Brian. Your last call, by the sacred poker, you don't long so much for your last call as I do. May the devil fly away wid her. [*aside.*

Bridget. Now you're here, Brian, you can stop and take a cup of tea wid me, and we'll settle everything for the wedding.

Brian. Och, I must get out of this. I must have the colic. [*aside.* Och murder, what will I do.

Bridget. What ails you, Brian, dear?

Brian. What ails me! that's a question to ax a man an he dying wid the colic, och but I'm at death's door, I must be off or I'll be a corpse at your feet. [*going, she pulls him back.*

Bridget. Don't go, Brian, till we settle everything.

Brian. Och, blast the thing I can settle, till I am well out of this murdering colic. Och, I must be off like a shot. And I'm much obliged to ye for the loan of your money.

Bridget. Come back, Brian, and I'll give you something to take.

Brian. Brandy, oh! murther: Whiskey, quick! oh, oh!

Bridget. Yes, yes, Brian, darlint! [*Runs off,* R. E

Brian. I'm off, catch me if you can. [*Exit* BRIAN, D. F.

Re-enter BRIDGET, *with Liquor in a glass.*

Bridget. Here, Brian darlint, [*misses him.*] Och murther, I'm deluded, I'm betrayed, I shall faint.

Sinks into a chair and drinks the Liquor as the scene changes.

SCENE III.—*A wood. Enter* BRIAN, L. H., *out of breath.*

Brian. By St. Patrick, but I'd like to be clear done by that ould woman. She thinks that I'd marry, but I won't—for to prevent that, I'll make up to the first girl I come across. There's Norah M'Shane. I sent her to be called, but I'll not marry her. So I'll look after some other girl. Och, by St. Patrick, but here comes the girl of my heart, Sheelah McCabe. [*Enter* SHEELAH, R. H.] Och, Sheelah, my darling, but I'm glad to see you. Now begin, an tell me all about yer lovers.

Sheelah. Oh, sorra one I ever had, Brian.

Brian. An do you mean to put that down my throat—that ye never had a sweetheart at all!

Sheelah. Never a one.

Brian. Och, ye thief!—Wid two such lips of yer own—an two such eyes of yer own—an two such cheeks of yer own! Och, by the powers, but that won't pass!

Sheelah. Well, supposing I had—where's the harm? Sure, it's well known the sweethearts you've had, and have yet, I suppose.

Brian. Be gorrah, that's truth—I've had enough of them in my time—but you are the flower of them all, that I'd like to spend my life wid.

Sheelah. Wid me?

Brian. By the jabers, it's truth. I've had ye in my eye for these many a day, but I was waiting till I'd get money enough to set us up in the world. So come give me a kiss, an wish a pleasant honey-moon to us.

Sheelah. Wait till we're married, Brian—then it will be time enough to wish that.

Brian. Sheelah, it beats all, the love I have had for you. Och, them lips an them eyes. [*Kisses her.*

Sheelah. Brian, behave! Stop wid ye.

Brian. Och, bad cess to the bit, if ever I got such a sweet kiss as that. The soft end of a honeycomb is a fool to it. One thing, Sheelah, I can tell ye—that is, I'll love ye in great style. When we're married,

you must give up working. All as I'll ax ye to do is to nurse the childer—and that same will keep ye busy, please goodness.

Sheelah. Go along wid ye. Sure, the oldest woman in the county, if she happened to be single, couldn't miss of your blarney, Brian. Sure, it's reported, that you're going to be married to an ould woman.

Brian. Hem, hem! Bad luck to this cowld—its sticking in my throttle. To whom, did you say!

Sheelah. To an ould woman wid a great deal of money.

Brian. Would ye oblige me wid her name?

Sheelah. Miss Bridget Delaney.

Brian. Do you see them hands so? [*Puts his hands across.*] By them five crosses, I never spak a word to her in my life. So now you'll give me a kiss. [*Kisses her, as* DARBY MCCABE *enters,* R. H.

Darby. What's here? Brian O'Linn and my daughter. What's this all about, I should like to know?

Sheelah. Oh, nothing, only some of Brian's fun.

Brian. Sorra bit of fun in it. I say here, before yer father, that I am willing to wed you here upon the spot.

Darby. And is it you, to marry my daughter?—a boy widout a penny in the wide world.

Brian. Never mind about the penny. Say what you'll give Sheelah, and I'll go bail I will cover every guinea you can put up wid her. So down wid the dust.

Darby. And do you think to blow me off that way! But it won't do, my boy. So I'll fix yer bragging. Put up your money. [SHEELAH *holds* BRIAN'S *hat upside down, as she stands between them.* DARBY *takes out a long stocking, and pulls out a guinea, and puts it on the hat.*] An if you show as much as I have got, you may have Sheelah and the money too. Come, cover that, if ye can.

Brian. That's the dot—then here's mine. [*Puts up a guinea.*

Darby. [*Starts.*] What's this—a guinea? Is it good? [*Bites it.*] Bedad, but it is! But come, don't leave off yet—up wid another. [*Puts up another.*

Brian. [*With dignity.*] Och, we'd be all day at this, one at a time. Come, let us put the money up by the handful! [*Lays the rest of his money on the hat.*] Come, fire away—I havn't half done yet.

Darby. But I'm done, and the stocking's empty. So you may have her, if she's willing.

Brian. Willing and ready she is. So we'll get married immediately.

Darby. But I'm glad of this, for now I can go to the fair, and enjoy myself.

Brian. Sure, an we can go to the fair and enjoy ourselves. Och, but it's proud you'll be, ould man, in a twelvemonth—and you wid your grandchildren about ye.

Darby. Ha! he! ho.

Sheelah. Och, shame on ye [*Exeunt,* R. H

SCENE IV.—*A Landscape, with Booths,* R. *and* L. *The whole scene represents a Fair.*

1*st Peasant.* Wait boys, till Brian O'Linn comes, and then you will have lots of fun. There is no lie in it, when I say he is the merriest and gayest boy, in the whole county. For a dance or a song, give me Brian before any chap in the parish.

2*d Peasant.* I believe you, my boy, Brian can sing; and as regards his dancing, (whoo!) lightning's not half as quick as his heels.

Omnes. Here's the Father! Here's the Priest!

Enter FATHER O'TOOLE, U. E. L., *with* BRIDGET *and* NORAH MCSHANE.

O'Toole. My friends, I would not, upon any other occasion, think of publishing the banns of matrimony at a fair, but as this one is in some degree patriarchal—because, my friends, we are informed that it was allowed in the times of Abraham for a man to have more than one wife, —now this custom is about to be revived, by a man who wants to pass himself off for a patriarch—and who do you think is this Irish patriarch? Why, no more or less than Brian O'Linn.

Omnes. Brian O'Linn. [*All laugh and shout.*

O'Toole. Therefore, I publish the banns of matrimony between Brian O'Linn and Bridget Delaney. All of this parish, if any one knows aught why these two should not be joined in wedlock, they are bound to declare it. [*All shout.*

Bridget. [*Aside.*] I think that is a settler for my enemies.

Norah. Sure he has called the wrong woman. [*Aside.*] I must tell his reverance.

O'Toole. I also publish the banns of matrimony between Brian O'Linn and Norah McShane. All of this parish, if any one knows aught why they should not be joined in wedlock, they are bound to declare it.

[*All laugh and shout.*

Bridget. Another wife—but I'm going to faint. [*Takes out bottle.*] I must keep myself up.

Norah. [*Aside.*] Two wives! I'm a ruined girl!

O'Toole. I likewise publish the banns of matrimony between Brian O'Linn and Sheelah McCabe. All of this parish, if any person knows aught against their marriage, they are bound to declare it.

[*All shout. Exit* O'TOOLE, L. U. E.

Bridget. Oh, the robber! But I'll go for the police, and have my five guineas out of him,—that I will. [*Exit* L. H. 1 E.

Norah. An is it a fool that Brian O'Linn thinks to make of me? I'll go and tell my father, and he'll beat him black and blue, that he will.

[*Exit* L. H. 1 E

Enter BRIAN, SHEELAH, *and* DARBY, R. H.

Omnes. [*Shout, and cry.*] Here's Brian O'Linn! Now for fun!

Brian. Yes, boys, now for fun; so let's have a dance and a drink. Come, boys, take yer partners, and foot it wid the girls.

All take partners. At the end of the dance, enter NORAH *and* BRIAN MCSHANE, L. H., *who come down and* interrupt the dance.

Billy. Stop the dance here, I say. Brian O'Linn, what did ye mean by putting the affront on my daughter, by a promise of marriage?

Brian. To the devil wid your daughter! I never saw her before in all my life.

Norah. Oh! you deceiver! I'll tear your eyes out for you.

Sheelah. Will you? I'd like to see you touch him.

Darby. Mr. McShane, you have a great deal of assurance to come here and spoil the dance. If you don't go along out of this, I'll be after breaking my shillelah over your dirty nose.

[*Is about to strike, as* BRIAN *stops him.*

Brian. Easy, ould man; if there is any fighting going on here, I must have a hand in it. [*Enter* BRIDGET *and Police,* L. H.

Bridget. Where's the robber? where is he? So, Mr. Brian O'Linn, you'll give me my five guineas, and marry me into the bargain, or go to jail.

Sheelah. Only hear that ould thing! he marry her, indeed—an ould woman that is fit to be his mother!

Bridget. You hussy! I'll tear your head off!

[*Rushes at* SHEELAH: BRIAN *stops her.*

Brian. Keep quiet, will you? Boys, you won't let Brian O'Linn go to jail, will you?

Omnes. No, no; down with the police!

McShane. Down with the Linns!

McCabe. Down with the McShanes!

SHEELAH *and* NORAH *fight;* MRS. O'LINN *and* BRIDGET *fight;* DARBY *and* BILLY *fight.* BRIAN *knocks down Police, and the row continues till curtain drops.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I. BRIAN O'LINN'S *Cottage*—BRIAN *discovered seated on the back of a Chair, smoking a pipe*—BRIDGET, NORAH, SHEELAH, DARBY, *and* BILLY, *standing round him, and* BRIAN *singing as Curtain rises.*

Brian. (C.) Hould ye'er talking will ye, ye set of chattering magpies.

Bridget. (R.) What do you mean to do? ah, but it's easy seen but that I am an unprotected female, or I wouldn't be treated as I am; if I had any relations living they would pay you off, for bringing me to shame and scandal as you have done.

Brian. 'Pon my conscience, Miss Delany, I feel for your lonely situation, you've out lived all your relations, but if it was in my power I send ye to them.

Bridget. Oh you villain, is that the feeling you have for me, after promising to marry me, an then tuck the Colic, as an excuse to run off and leave me.

Darby. You'r not the only one he promised to marry, a pretty way

he come down with his five guineas, to show what he had to begin the world with.

Billy. (L.) And to send this girl, to tell me to go to the priest, and have him and her called.

Darby. And sure he sent us all three there.

Bridget. And so you took my money to court another girl wid.

Brian. Take it asey, all of ye. Miss Delany, there was three of ye called, but I intend to marry only one of ye's, an I do that unless I'm refused, do you hear Miss Delany, I'll marry one of ye. [*winks at her.* Yet here ye are all flying at me just as if I had three heads or three tails.

Bridget. Maby the boy's not so much to blame, after all, there are hussies in the world that wouldn't give a man peace till he'd promise to marry them.

Billy. And why did he promise to marry them?

Norah. (L.) And why did he promise to marry me? But I wouldn't wipe my shoes on the likes of him.

Billy. I'm not angry that he didn't marry my daughter, for I wouldn't give her to him now for love or money, but I'll have my revenge on him for this black eye he gave me.—[*to* NORAH.]—go along home, you image of forsaken misery. [*Drive* NORAH *off* L. H.

Brian. Darby McCabe, did you hear what I said a while ago, by them five crosses, I know them I intend to marry, as well I do where I'm standing.

Bridget. But who do you intend to marry?

Brian. Why I'll marry one of ye's but I can't marry the whole of ye's.

Darby. (L.) Then tell us who you are going to marry?

Brian. Och Thunder and Whiskey, would ye have me tell out before all that is here, who I'd be after marrying, to be hurting the feelings of the next, no, faith, I'll never do a shabby thing. [*going, they stop him.*

Darby. What rekimpence will you make my daughter, for bringing her name before the world along wid them, she ough'ted to be named with.

Bridget. If you mean me, I'll make you eat your words.

Darby. Faith, an I do mean you for one.

Brian. Will ye keep the peace. till I speak a word to Miss Bridget Delaney. Can I have a word wid ye, Miss?

[DARBY *and* SHEEDAH *turns up stage.*

Bridget. To be sure ye can.

Brian. Now Miss Delaney, you think I treated you undecent, but do you see that book. [*Takes out book from his pocket.*

Darby. But it's my ould song book. [*aside.*

Brian. By the contents of that book, as sure as your beside me, it's you I intend to marry. So you must tell Father O'Toole how it is.

[*winks at Darby.*

Bridget. My goodness, but you took a burden off me, faix you'll see how happy we'll be.

Brian. To be sure we will, but I'm tould that you're sometimes cross, now you must swear to be kind and loving to our children, or I'll break *off the match.*

Bridget. An how am I to swear it, for I never took an oath yet.

Brian. Take hould of this book, in your hand, shut one eye and say the words after me. By the contents of this book. [*She repeats after him.*] "I'll be kind and motherly, an boistherous—to my own childer.—An never bate or bruise them—barrin, when they desarve it. —An this I swear in the presence of Amin."—Now kiss the book—och, if ye only knew how easy my mind is about our childer. There wont be such another husband in all Ireland as myself, I'll coax you and butter ye like a new pair of brogues, but you must be sweeter than sugar candy to me, darling.

Bridget. Oh, that I will, Brian. Won't ye come to me to-morrow, and settle everything for the wedding?

Brian. That I will. I'll send these people to the devil, [*winks at* DARBY,] and, to-morrow, I'll be wid ye, bright an' early.

Bridget. Can I depend on ye, Brian dear?

Brian. By this book I'll settle everything wid ye to-morrow.

Bridget. Good-by, Brian. I think I've put that girl's head in the bag, anyhow. [BRIAN *puts her off*, R. H.

Darby and Sheelah. Ha! ha! ha! but you did the ould woman completely.

Brian. Leave me alone for that; I'll settle everything wid her to-morrow.

Sheelah. And when is to-morrow?

Brian. Faith! it's the next day after never—the day the devil makes leather breeches—an' it's then I'll see her; but I'll tell ye what ye must do: You, Darby, must go to Norah and the priest, and tell them that I have just gone dead wid the cholic,—and you, Sheelah, run after that ould devil, an' tell her to come up to the house an' take a last look at me, for it's dead I'll be in an hour.

Sheelah. Dead!

Brian. Yes, maybe dead drunk! So, away wid yez, and do as I said, and you'll see that we'll be married in spite of them all.

Darby. Is it funning ye are, Brian?

Brian. By this book I'm not! so, off wid ye. [*Exeunt* DARBY *and* SHEELAH, L. H.] Now, then, to make myself a ghost, och won't I be dead? [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* FATHER O'TOOLE'S *House. Enter* FATHER O'TOOLE *and* BRIDGET.

O'Toole. So, you are determined to marry this wild boy, Brian O'Linn?

Bridget. Yes, yer reverence, if ye please.

O'Toole. But I don't please, for it's none of my affair—do as you like. Make yourself miserable for the rest of your life, with all my heart. [DARBY *heard outside.*

Darby. Oh, where's the father? where's the priest? [*Enters*, L. H.] Oh, father, won't ye go and give the prayer to the dying man?

O'Toole. What man?

Darby. My son-in-law that was to be, poor Brian O'Linn!

Bridget. Brian O'Linn!

Darby. Yes; he's just took a colic that will twist him out of harm's way in less than a pig's whisper.

Bridget. Oh, where's my cloak? where's my bonnet?—To think I'd be a widow before I'm a wife! ochone! ah, let me fly to him.

[*Runs off*, L. 1 E.

O'Toole. I, too, will hasten to the dying man: for, although I always thought him a great rogue while alive, I will not let him die without my help. So, lead the way, Mr. McCabe.

[*Exeunt* DARBY *and* O'TOOLE, L. H.

SCENE III.—BRIAN'S *House.* BRIAN *discovered lying on a table, with his face white, and covered over with a sheet. Male and female peasants standing around the table, crying.* MRS. LINN *and* SHEELAH *on either side of the table.* NORAH *and* BILLY, R.

Sheelah. Och hone, och hone! he's gone—he's gone.

Enter O'TOOLE *and* DARBY, *followed by* BRIDGET, L. H.

O'Toole. Where is the dying man?

Sheelah. Not dying, but dead—dead.

O'Toole. Dead! Let me see the corpse.

[*Goes to table*—SHEELAH *stops him.*

Sheelah. Oh no, yer reverence, don't look at him—for he's such a handsome corpse!

Brian. [*Lifting up his head.*] It's me that is horrid. I deny that I am a beauty. [MRS. LINN *puts his head down.*

Bridget. Oh, the poor boy! and I loved him so, that I would have given all my money to save him. Oh! oh! oh!

O'Toole. Well, now you must give all your money to bury him—for it is the law, that where persons become engaged to each other by a promise of marriage, in case of death of one, the surviving party becomes responsible to the parish for all the funeral expenses; and as you were the first to whom he was betrothed, on you falls the entire amount.

Brian. [*Aside.*] That will fix the ould one.

Bridget. Oh Lord! is it me pay all the expenses—and for a dead man! Never.

O'Toole. Of course, you consented to marry him, and would have been his wife if he had lived.

Brian. Och, isn't it lucky for me I'm dead!

Bridget. But, your reverence, it's a mistake—I never did promise to marry him. It was only his fun, and he done it to cheat the other girls, that's all.

Brian. Oh, the lying ould rhinoceros!

O'Toole. Oh, that was it, was it? Then you deny that you ever had any claim on him?

Bridget. I'll swear to it, yer reverence.

Brian. Where's the song-book?

O'Toole. I require no oath. If you deny the promise of marriage,

there is an end to you, and Norah McShane must take the entire expense upon herself.

Norah. Oh no, your reverence. I never had his promise of marriage, but only done it to plague him.

Brian. Och, do ye hear that?

O'Toole. And how dare you, Mr. McCabe, cause me to publish the banns?

Billy. It was his fun! For you know he was full of fun, when he lived.

Brian. Yes, and it ain't out of me now I am dead!

O'Toole. Well, this is a pretty business!—two women denying the promise of marriage, after getting me to publish them. And what do you say, Sheelah? Do you also deny that Brian O'Linn and yourself were engaged to be married?

Sheelah. Never a bit. I confess he was to be my husband—and now he is no more I'll pay all the expenses, if I have to work my fingers to the bone to do it.

Brian. Only listen to that.

O'Toole. Then Miss Bridget and Norah are both free from all expense. To you, Sheelah, belongs all the trouble and care of the funeral—the others have no claim upon the deceased. So, Sheelah, see him buried with becoming respect and sorrow.

Brian. But not till I have another touch of the colic

Omnes. Brian alive?

Brian. To be sure I am.

O'Toole. And how dare you deceive your priest?

Brian. Oh, I didn't deceive yer reverence, for I had the colic—and if three wives at once won't give a man the colic, he must be cast-iron on his insides. I'll tell you how it was. Ye see, that ould dragon, there, and that young tiger, wanted to transport me for bigamy—so I just took the colic, to shake them off.

O'Toole. And you have served them both right, and I forgive you the imposition.

Brian. Thank yer reverence—and if you'll just marry me to Sheelah, here, wid the forgiveness of our friends, Brian O'Linn will indeed complete his happiness—and our first child's name shall be

Sheelah. O, fie!

Brian. Brian O'Linn.

THE END

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
The Acting Edition.
No. LXIV.

IRISH ASSURANCE

AND

YANKEE MODESTY,

AN ORIGINAL FARCE IN TWO ACTS,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

MR. BARNEY WILLIAMS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Cast of the Characters.—Irish Assurance and Yankee Modesty

	Broadway, N. Y.	*National Theatre, Boston.*	*New Boston Theatre.*	*Walnut Street, Phila*	*National, N. Y.*
Pat, -	Mr. Barney Williams.	Mr. Barney Williams.	Mr. Barney Williams.	Mr. Barney Williams.	Mr.. Barney Williams.
Mr. Buffer, . .	Mr. Whiting.	Mr. E. B. Williams.	Mr. T. E. Morris.	Mr. A'Becket.	Mr. C. W. Taylor.
Capt. Chas Herbert,	Mr. Canoll.	Mr. Sanford.	—— ——	Mr. Wallis.	Mr. Stafford.
Mr. Clifton, - -	Mr. Grosvenor.	Mr. G. Aiken.	Mr. Stoddart.	Mr. Fitzgerald.	Mr. Bradshaw.
Nancy, - - -	Mrs. Barney Williams.	Mrs. Barney Williams.	Mrs. Barney Williams.	Mrs. Barney Williams.	Mrs. Barney Williams.
Miss Arabella Buffer,	Mrs. Henry.	Mrs. Gilbert.	Mrs. Gilbert.	Mrs. Hield.	Mrs. Hautonville.
Susan - - -	Mrs. Buckland.	Mrs. Prior.	Miss Emma Taylor.	Mrs. King.	Miss Barber.

Costume.—Modern.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left Centre.* R. C *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

IRISH ASSURANCE

AND

YANKEE MODESTY

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*A Breakfast parlor-window in flat* C.—*Table with Tea things, three Chairs*—MISS BUFFER *and* SUSAN *seated at Table*—MR. BUFFER *seated* R. *of Table, reading newspapers.*—R. H.

Buf. [R.] Well, well—have your own way, sister: of course, anv argument I suggest must be wrong; however, I flatter myself that I have had some experience. Egad! when I think how I toiled to get my first start in the world, and succeeded in making a fortune, I deserve some credit.

Miss Buf. [L. *of Table.*] Brother, brother! hold your silly tongue; have I not made a fortune as well as yourself!

Buf. True; but in a very different way. I had to struggle with the fierce competition of trade; labored day and night with my young wife, who loved me in adversity, that I married at the first dawn of prosperity. Every dollar I possess was gained by my own perseverance and industry. You went as housekeeper to Mr. Brown: he died, and left you all his property.

Miss Buf. A proof of his esteem for my conduct and services. He knew how to appreciate a woman of superior mind—he consulted my judgment upon everything, either in the house or out of it. Mr. Brown was a gentleman, brother!

Buf. I am aware of that, sister. Mr. Brown ought to be done brown, for you mention his name at least five thousand times a-day.

Miss Buf. That's my gratitude, brother, an article you don't possess. But I was a great simpleton for condescending to come and live with you—taking charge of your household affairs, managing everything with discretion, and bringing up your daughter; however, I have the comfort of knowing the dear child values her protectress.

Susan. [C. *behind table.*] My dear aunt, you are indeed my best friend.

Buf. Woman like; what one says the other will swear to—so—Miss Minks, your aunt is a better friend than your father?

Susan. Law! Pa, how you do go on. I quite wonder at my aunt having so much patience.

Miss Buf. You may well wonder, child; but it is nature to be full of cross purposes. The spirit of opposition was born with him. [*Ladies rise from table.*] Come, dear; we wont trouble him with our presence any longer. I have something to tell you in my room.

[*Exit* L. H., MISS BUFFER *and* NANCY.

Buf. Curse me if there's anything worse than being pestered with an old maid. Susan's a good girl, spoilt with her stupid old notions about decorum. Upon my soul it's too bad. I am not master of my own establishment. Discharged the gardener yesterday without saying a word to me. The servant girls are all under her thumb, and, at her request, watch all my movements. If I kick up a rumpus, and she leaves the house, the whole of her money goes out of the family. That wont do: I guess that I must put up with her temper for the sake of number one. Egad! I have no one to speak with. I wish that a confidential man-servant could be obtained—one that might be depended upon; but there's no one will put up with my sister's annoyance. [*Pat sings off.*] Somebody singing in the garden. Who can it be?

PAT *appears at window,* L. C.

Pat. Musha! good luck to your honor. Can you give a poor Irishman a job of work?

Buf. Bless me, you have appeared as sudden as a flash of lightning. How did you get into the garden.

Pat. Jumped over the wall, your honor.

Buf. You are fortunate that the dogs have not laid hold of you.

Pat. Faith it would not have been good for their health if they had: here's a small twig that would knock a frog into a canary bird. [*Shakes stick.*

Buf. You are a strange character; come in, I must have some talk with you.

PAT *comes through window.*

Dear me, I did not intend you to come through the window.

Pat. It's all the same to me, sir, if it makes no difference to you.

Buf. Well, for the matter of that, it's more proper to come in at the door. What part of Ireland did you come from, and what's your name?

Pat. I come from Dunleary—my name's Pat.

Buf. Pat! You must have some other name besides Pat.

Pat. Faith I have not, sir. In me you see one of the most unfortunate devils in the wide world. Sure I never was born, sir, or had either father or mother.

Buf. Impossible.

Pat. It's true enough for all that. I was found in a basket, like a lump of butter, all of a heap, on a St. Patrick's day, by the roadside, *and was christened* Pat; and the devil another name I ever had.

Buf. You must have been left there by your unnatural parents.

Pat. I don't know about being left; but it's quite certain I was found, and grew up as you see, among the pigs and paraties.

Buf. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! your history is quite amusing. What profession have you followed for a livelihood?

Pat. Anything and everything, sir—nothing comes amiss to me. I was cow-boy, horse-jockey, footman, fisherman, gardener, postman, car driver, pig killer, and half a hundred other trades.

Buf. Mercy on me, I never heard of one man following such a list of callings. Well, to judge from your appearance, you were not very successful in either.

Pat. You may say that, sir; I was the most unlucky fellow under the sun; the cows that were entrusted to my care, bad luck to them, ran away so far that nobody could find them; as horse-jockey, I rode a race, and broke the horse's neck; when footman, I fell down stairs and nearly killed my mistress; as fisherman, I capsized the boat and drowned all my companions; when gardener, all the paraties had the rot; as postman, I did not understand reading, so took all the letters to the wrong places; when cab-driver, by mistake I pitched the chief magistrate into the river, and as for pig killing, the devils would not die anyway, I cut off their heads, legs and tails, but in spite of me they didn't kick the bucket.

Buf. [*Laughing.*] I declare you are one of the world's seven wonders.

Pat. I know it, sir, but I have one greater misfortune than all the others.

Buf. Really you give the most singular account of yourself I ever heard; pray what is the other terrible misfortune?

Pat. [*Confused and shy.*] Sure I am the devil after the girls.

Buf. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! Well, if appearances go for much, I should not think the fair sex returned the compliment by running after you.

Pat. There you're out intirely, for the girls kicked up the devil's own row about me.

Buf. [*Aside, comes forward,* R.] Egad, I'll hire this fellow, he's quite a curiosity, and see if he will make love to my old maiden sister. His beauty will never captivate my daughter. Young man, if I take you into my service do you think there's a possibility of avoiding those dreadful mishaps you have related to me.

Pat. I'll try, sir, you know it's a long lane that has no turning.

Buf. Well, you can come on trial for a month, and I will reward you according to your merits. I'll look you up some clothes that will make you appear decent. Go in the garden and wait a few minutes.

Pat. Is it hired I am,—oh! the blessing of Saint Patrick upon you—may you be President of this blessed country.

[*Exit singing through the window,* S. C.

Buf. Confound the fellow, he has gone through the window again. I guess he thinks there's no doors in the house. I'll get the clothes and make him a little respectable before introducing him to my sister *and daughter.* [Exit R. H.

PAT *reappears at the window.*

Pat. He's gone for the togs. Faith, I must look out for my grumblers; there's plenty of grub on the table [*comes through the window, seats himself at table and eats*]—a darling little rooster, by all that's beautiful. By the powers I'll say grace to it.

Re-enter MISS BUFFER *and* SUSAN, L. H.

Miss Buff. Gracious! who have we here?

Susan. What a fright!

[PAT, *on seeing them, takes rooster and jumps through the window.*

Miss Buff. He certainly must be some thief.

Susan. My dear aunt, I shall faint.

Enter Mr. CLIFTON, R. H.

Clifton. Ladies, I am delighted to see you looking so well this morning—'Pon honor. Saw Mr. Buffer in Tailor's store in High street—thought I would do myself the pleasure of paying you a visit.

Miss Buff. (C.) I am very glad you have called, Mr. Clifton. We are nearly frightened to death. There's a thief on the premises.

Susan. (L.) He's just jumped out of the window.

Clif. (R.) Really, ladies, you alarm me. Have you no men servants in the house?

Miss Buff. No; I'm sorry to say the gardener left yesterday. What shall we do?

Susan. Don't be frightened, aunt, Mr. Clifton will protect us.

Clif. Yes [*crossing to* C.]—that is, I'll do my best to assist—but, 'pon honor, I feel a little bit queer. I have a great dread of thieves—they mostly carry fire-arms and knives. Those rowdies think nothing of stabbing a person.

Susan. Surely, Mr. Clifton, you are not afraid? We only saw one man.

Clif. Very true, Miss Susan; but the fellow may be desperate. Strange, 'pon honor, I positively—I should not like to encounter him. [*Dogs bark off.* L. C. PAT *shouts murder.*

Miss Buf. [*Goes up* C.] The dogs have certainly got hold of him. Do, Mr. Clifford—pray run to his assistance—it will be a dreadful affair to have a man torn to pieces by the beasts.

Susan. Do, Mr. Clifton—don't let the poor thief be killed.

Clif. My dear ladies, don't ask me; I am frightened out of my wits.

[*Loud barking of dogs.* PAT *shouting—he jumps through window, falls against table, turns it over.* CLIFTON *and Ladies run off* L. H.

SCENE CLOSES QUICK.

rr aa

SCENE II.—*A room in Mr. Buffer's house. Enter* SUSAN, L. H.

Susan. Was ever a girl so perplexed as I am. My father's obtuseness on one side, and my aunt's opposition on the other. I deeply feel the loss of a dear good mother. They really seem determined to keep up the rules of contrary. It's too bad of aunt to discharge

the servants so often without cause. This funny Irishman, that we fancied to be a robber, I have not the least doubt Pa has engaged solely to vex her. Ah, here she comes.

Enter Miss Buffer, R. H. *in a passion.*

Miss Buf. My dear child, my patience is completely exhausted. Brother Buffer will drive me out of my senses. The idea of bringing that Irish brute into the house to terrify us all is abominable but I am determined to be even with him; he shan't get the best of me; I'll let him see a bit of my spirit.

Susan. It's very provoking, aunt.

Miss Buff. It's unpardonable. I told the fellow to leave the house, that I would not have him here upon any consideration, when the crocodile had the audacity to laugh at me, and said he was hired for a month and would stop his time out.

Susan. My dear aunt, that's a strange looking girl below, that has come after the housemaid's place. She has a letter of recommendation to you.

Miss Buff. It must be the girl my friend Miss Judge named in her letter. Send her here to me, Susan.

Susan. Yes, aunt. [*Exit* L. H.

Miss Buff. If brother Buffer thinks to get the best of me by having that Irish monster prying about the place, I'll have one that will keep a check upon his designs.

Enter Nancy *with very large bonnet and cloak,* L. H.

Nancy. How de due, mum. I'm Nancy Stoker, from Seconk Plain, not a mite or a grain more. Miss Judge said I should be dreadful fond of you, mum. [*Gives letter.*

Miss Buff. [*Looks at letter.*] Well recommended. [*Aside.*] I think she will be a match for my brother's Irishman. So you're Nancy Stoker, eh?

Nancy. [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! Yes, I'm the slickest critter you ever did see. In travelling here, I must say, it is wonderful to observe the operations of nater on a big scale, and them ere young chaps all fall in love with me and giggle so when I speaks to 'em; I expect it's my ellegant figure. I don't know what else it can be.

Miss Buff. Take no notice of the wretches, Nancy, they are base deceivers. [*going* R. H.] Remain here for a few minutes till I return. [*Exit* R. H.

Nancy. Take no notice of the young chaps! [*Laughs.*] Well, I rather guess that old critter is a fool. Love and enterprise got my biler up to run away from home and nothin' else. I warn't agoing to stand thar darned nonsense. Daddy thought all natur had busted up and broke loose when I started. I guess I'm spunky, right up and down, like a yard of pump water. No two ways about Nancy. I am a screamer.

Enter Clifton, R. H. *Starts on seeing Nancy.*

Clif. [*Aside.*] Gracious What creature is this?

Nancy. [*Aside, laughing.*] He! he! he! He is scared to death to see me. I guess he has fallen in love with this critter.

Clift. I declare the woman's laughing at me. 'Pon honor, I wonder Mr. Buffer keeps such frights in his house.

Nancy. How de due, sir. I've just arrived. [*laughing.*] Now due tell me where you got that everlasting under jacket from—wall—creation—what a coat—I guess you have been jammed up.

Clift. She's positively poking fun at me.

Nancy. Wall, you are the strangest critter I ever did see. What on airth can make you stare so; I aint goin to bite you.

Clif. [*Alarmed.*] I conceive the woman's crazy, escaped from some asylum.

Nancy. Why, stranger, what's the matter? [*Advancing to him.*

Clif. Go away, woman, I'll send for the Keeper.

Nancy. You tarnal stupid critter, what ails you? I am Nancy Stoker from Seconk Plain.

Clif. [*Aside, frightened.*] From Seconk Plain. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! She will scrag me if don't mind.

Nancy. Wall, I rather guess you're a dreadful curious looking critter anyhow, standing with your mouth open like a clam half biled—say, if you've got anything to talk about, spit it out.

[*Advancing to him.*

Clif. Keep your distance, or I'll call out.

Nancy. Wall, you tarnation creek snake, I see you want to make a fool of Nancy Stoker. Thunder, I'll shake you into apple sarse.

[*Nancy takes hold of him by collar, shakes him, he shouts murder. Runs off* R. H., *followed by Nancy.*

SCENE III.—*A Kitchen. A Cupboard,* R. H., S. E. *Plate rack and dresser.* C. *Tables and chairs. Pat discovered examining clothes on table.*

Pat. [*Sings.*] When I'm dressed in these new clothes, I'll be as smart as a two year old fox on the floor of a hen roost, and the boss, old Mister Buffer, seems to be a tidy old cock, but the old maid, his sister, is a complete mixture of verjuice, the devil a drop of honey ever came to her lot; then, the young lady, she's the beauty—och, Pat, you devil, be asy—sure, it's a dreadful complaint I have after the petticoats. The indispensable desire to make love to all the women that chance throws in my way, has ruined me intirely, got me the dirty kick out of all my situations, and sent me on my travels a pilgrim of Love. I have just taken stock of the kitchen. [*Goes to cupboard.*] What is this [*Starts.*] Apple pudding, by jabbers, without any flour in it [*takes dish.*]—pickled herrings as big as codfish—[*takes another dish*]—paraties, smothered with sugar—[*takes another*]—Butter-milk and cow's feet—[*takes another*]—mustard and molasses—[*takes bottle*]—Whisky, by Saint Patrick—[*drinks*]—that's the stuff to make a fellow sing in the middle of the night. [*Clifton runs on frightened,* R. H.

Clif. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! This excitement is enough to give me the fever.

Pat. [*Comes forward,* L.] Is it the fever you have got shall I run for the pothecary?

Clif. No, no! Mr. Irishman: but I'm almost frightened to death. There's a crazy woman in the house.

Pat. [*Aside.*] I owe this fellow one for giving me a lift with the old mistress—faith, sir, you had better be careful. I know the female you're speaking of, she's the devil himself.

Clif. Dear me! dear me! Where's all the family?

Pat. The Buffers you mean. [*Aside.*] I'll bother him; the old Buffer has gone buffeting to the railway station. Miss Buffer and old Mistress Buffer have run out the house for fear of the mad woman.

Clif. Oh, Lord! How shall I make my escape?

Nan. [*Off,* R. H.] I guess I won't do any thing else.

Pat. By powers, she's coming, you'll be murdered like a bug.

Clif. [*Alarmed.*] Hide me, Mr. Irishman, the creature will take my life!

Pat. You are as dead as mutton, sir, if she gets hold of you. [*Opens dresser door.*] Get in here, if you wish to save your bacon.

Clif. I can't get in there among the pots and kettles.

Pat. Then by my soul, she will put the pot on for you. [*Clifton goes into dresser.*] You're caged, my darling, as the spider said to the cockroach.

Enter NANCY, R. H.

Nan. Where's that allfired creature run to? Well, he's the funniest man I ever did see. Say, stranger, are you one of the helps about these diggings?

Pat. Faith I am, darling, and if it pleases I'll do any thing that I can for you.

Nan. Wall, I guess you're some punkings. [*Laughs.*] He, he, he! Well, you're really a strange shocking animal. What part of the world did you grow? Ha, ha, ha! You looked like a fly on a cow's back.

Pat. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! By jabers, if we were both in a cage, I don't know which would be the greatest curiosity.

Nan. Wall, if cousin Joe had you at Seconk Plain he would be tickled to death. You Irishers do laugh all over your face. [*Laughs.*] He, he, he! Pop once had a Irish pig, and the crittur—he was such a good natured clever little soul—he youst to come in the house and set down, and get up, and go out, and come in again, and go into the barn, and whissel Paddy Carey, and come in the house again, and kick over the swill pail, and stick his feet through the window, and spit tobacco juise all over the carpet, and wipe his nose in the buck wheat cakes, and make himself so sociable, such a crittur you never did see.

Pat. [*Whistles.*] Devil burn me if you han't licked the blarney stone.—Oh faith, your grunter was nothing to compare with my mother's Tom cat with her tail twenty three feet long. Only to see her get out of bed of a morning and shake her head like another dog, walk into the field and milk the cows, twist her tail round the

sharfs of the low back car, shove a short dudie of her pipe in her mouth and run off to the market to sell the butter and eggs, drink her three gills of whiskey, say grace to the priest, and be back again in an hour to have her breakfast of stur-a-bout in the chimbly corner and no blarney.

Nan. Wall, I rather guess the pig and cat ought to be of one family.

Pat. So they shall, darling. You be the pig and I'll be the cat, and I'll go bail there'll be fun between us.

Nan. Wall, you're a screamer, it's a bargain. Now mind I tell you, keep dreadful civil, for if you get my dander up I'm a allfried tiger, and no two ways about it.

Pat. [*Sings.*] You may do with me what ever you like, my buty—I am an elegant man and know my duty.—Here we'll stay, singing, dancing, frollicking all the time of day. I'm the one for frollicking.

Nan. Well, you keep the steam up, I guess we'll get along. Say, who's that tarnation drole crittur I come across up stairs?

Pat. It's pudden-head you mean. [*Aside.*] Now for a lark—faith that fellow you're speaking of is a blaguard any way. I heard him telling the boss that he knew your father and your mother before you, and your big brother and your little sister, and your grandmother's uncle, and that you were disgracing one and the other by the life you were leading.

Nan. [*In passion.*] You don't tell! by thunder if he gases about folks at home and rases Nancy's dander, I'll strike him all of a heap, for sarten sure, you may bet your life on it.

Pat. [*Aside.*] There'll be a beautiful shindy. The devil a word of a lie I am telling you—listeners never hear any good of themselves—the spallpeen is always sneaking about to find out your secrets.

Nan. I guess he better not come sneaking or mussing round me, I hain't agoen to have no Foo Foo in the kitchen.

Pat. Whist, darling, spake asy, the bogtrotter is stowed away in the dressen cupboard now; he is full of mischief to the back-bone.

Nan [*in passion.*] The darn'd loafer, I'll trounce him any how. I am down as a hammer upon snakes in the grass.

Pat. [*Aside.*] There be lashings of fun.

[PAT *opens dresser door,* NANCY *pulls* CLIFTON *out, he she uts murder, and holds on to dresser.*

SCENE IV.—*Front Room—Enter* BUFFER *and* MISS BUFFER, R. H.

Miss Buf. [*with letter in hand.*] Don't tell me, brother—'t's monstrous.

Buff. Confound it, sister, tell me what you mean.

Miss Buff. Say what you will, brother, I am persuaded that you are carrying on some———intrigue.

Buff. I can assure you, sister—

Miss Buff. Don't sister me—tell me this instant every circumstance relating to this letter.

Buff. How the deuce can I when you won't let me read it.

Miss Buff. This usage is not to be borne—you delight in abusing my soft, tender disposition.

Buff. Madam, you throw me out of all patience. Am I visited by anybody that does not visit you?

Miss Buff. This letter convinces me of your baseness. I insist that you will explain the whole affair.

Buff. How the dickens can I explain?—you stop my letter before it comes to my hand and then expect that I should know the contents of it.

Miss Buff. I have suspected these doings for some time, but read [*gives letter.*] Let me see what answer you can give.

Buff. [*Reads.*] "Ship Thunder—My dear sir, after a pleasant voyage up the Mediterranean sea I have returned to my native land. Shall do myself the pleasure of visiting you to-morrow to claim your promise; kiss my dear little Susan for me. In haste, yours truly, CHARLES."—[*Laugh.*] Ha, ha, ha. Why sir, it's from young Charley Herbert.

Miss Buff. I won't have him here, Mr. Buffer, I have promised Susan's hand to Mr. Clifton.

Enter Susan L. H., *laughing.*

Susan. Ah dear me! such fun.

Buff. What's up now?

Susan. Oh dear, I shall die with laughing.

Miss Buff. Explain, Susan, what you are laughing at.

Susan. The Irishman, the Yankee Girl and Mr. Clifton, are all fighting in the kitchen. [*Loud crash.*

Buff. The devil they are, what is it about?

Miss Buff. This comes of your bringing this Irish brute into the house. [*Loud crash,* L. H.

Buff. Curse me if they won't kill one another; come, let's go and stop these capers. [*All exit* L. H.

SCENE V.—*A Garden—A board written—"Beware of Man-Traps"—A bed of flowers,* R. H.—*Another bed,* L. H.—*Clifton runs on,* L. U. E. *Face black, clothes in disorder, nose bleeding.*

Clif. Oh Lord, Oh Lord, I am bruised all over, that tigress Yankee girl and blood-thirsty Irishman. Oh that I should ever leave London, and come to America to be served in this manner, [*not seeing the flower bed, steps back, treads on trap, which catches his leg.*] Murder, murder, I am caught in a spring trap.

Enter PAT, L. U. E., *laughs hearty at* CLIFTON.

Pat. You have got your foot in it now, old fellow, ha, ha, ha! upon my soul you'r a pretty figure to frighten away the crows.

Clif. Pray release me, Mr. Irishman. I am in the most excrutiating pain.

Pat. [*laughs.*] Ha, ha! ha! troth that requires some consideration. By the powers, you a·· fast, as the gun said to the trigger—hold me

tight [*steps back and is caught in the other trap*]—murder! murder! I'll lose the leg of me.

Enter NANCY, L. U. H.

Nancy. [*Laughs.*] Ha! ha! ha! Wall, I guess you're both fixed. What on earth are you doing?

Pat. Murder! murder! take me out and bury me dacent.

[*Enter* BUFFER, R. H., MISS BUFFER, *and* SUSAN, L. H. PAT *and* CLIFTON *shout murder All laugh.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A parlor in* BUFFER'S *House. Folding doors* C. *looking out into garden. Table and Chairs.* NANCY *discovered dusting furniture.* NANCY *and* PAT *discovered.*

Pat. [*Dressed smart, singing. Door* C.]—Is it here you are, my darling?

Nancy. Wall, I guess I han't nowhere else.

Pat. You're not a mile off from being right this time, jewel. [*Aside.*] Murder, I've got my old love fever coming over me—faith I can't help it.

Nancy. What on earth are you talking to yourself about?

Pat. It's all along with you, Nancy. [*Glancing at her—sighs*]. The moment I clapped my two good-looking eyes upon you, my heart was going entirely. That mischievous rascal, Cupid, kindled a fire in my left side, and the place where my heart was you might easy roll a turnip in.

Nancy. [*Glancing at him.*] Go away, Pat. You do tell such bouncers. Now I calculate the sun shines rather clear to-day, and you have been taking a walk in the Groves of Blarney. [*Laughs.*] Ha! ha! ha! Don't catch a weasel asleep.

Pat. [*Aside.*] I'll just give her a touch of the identical blarney. For you to speak in that way, Nancy, [*sighs*] that never felt the tender passion. Consider well before you crush the hopes of one so devoted to you. Like the bee that sips of all the pretty flowers, I have liked and left, but 'pon my conscience never loved till now.

Nancy. Now, you don't tell that you are in the high grass of love! 'Taint no use playing the possum with Nancy. Pat, you haint more nor less than a hardened sinner, and spit out your everlasting stories like a locomotive.

Pat. Oh, be aisy! Faith you travel too fast. I wonder you don't explode. No matter; the course of true love never did run smooth, and like the patriot that died for his country, I'll bear my misfortunes with the patience of Job.

Nancy. Well, I guess I'll be Job's comforter. There's to be a great *to do here to-day.*

Pat. The devil there is—what's it about?

Nancy. Wall, how green you pretend to be. Now darn it, don't tantalize a body. There is a secret, and you know it.

Pat. Upon my soul I don't.

Nancy. You are the greatest critter I ever did see—to look me in the face and say that you don't know what's going to take place in this house to-day.

Pat. Am I a conjuror, or a fortune-teller, to spake to the stars, to hold communication with the sun, and receive information from the moon of what's going to happen?

Nancy. Wall, you're a regular teaser, Pat. Come, do tell the truth, and I'll give you—

Pat. A kiss, my darling?

Nancy. I did'nt say that.

Pat. It was devilish near it, any way. [*Aside.*] I don't know the secret, but I am never bothered to invent a lie. [*Aloud.*] Sure I cannot refuse you anything, Nancy, so I'll spake the truth and shame the devil. The old boss is going to be married.

Nancy. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! You don't tell. Wall, that will astonish Miss Susan. I'll run and tell her. [*going* R. H.

Pat. Easy awhile, darling [*wiping his mouth.*] Don't forget what you remember.

Nancy. Lauchs! now you may take a kiss, Pat.

Pat. I'll do that same, jewel. [*catches her in his arms, and kisses her.*

Enter Mr. Buffer—*Door* C., *starts.*

Buf. So, so—I've caught you.

Nancy. Oh, gracious! [*Running off,* R. H.

Buf. I thought you promised to leave off all your old vices?

Pat. I was only kissing Nancy to oblige you, sir.

Buf. To oblige me! Come, that is a devilish good joke.

Pat. Faith it was nothing less, sir. You know that Miss Buffer has a mighty desire for your accomplished daughter to marry that picture of greese, Master Clifton.

Buf. Yes, yes—then you have discovered some private doings of my sisters.

Pat. [*Aside.*] Now for a whapper. Sure, sir, I have always got my eyes open, either asleep or awake, for your enterest.

Buf. But the secret—that old fool's plot explain.

Pat. If you should blab, sir, there will be the devil to pay.

Buf. No fear of that; I am as close as an iron safe. Now tell me.

Pat You don't want to be made miserable, sir?

Buf Well, well, to the point; I am anxious to know.

Pat. Your sister, daughter, and Mr. Clifton, are goen to make a judy of you.

Buf. The devil! I thought there was some roguery on foot. Pat, here's five dollars for you [*gives money*]. Now, my good fellow, acquaint me with the whole affair.

Pat. They're going to bolt the moon.

Buf. *Bolt the moon!* I don't comprehend.

Pat. Your daughter will run away with Mister Clifton to-night. [*Aside.*] That's a clincher.

Buf. Oh! oh! I am galvanized. Well, hang me if I ever thought that hussy, Susan, would ever act in this manner, after telling me she loved Charles, and detested that Cockney Booby, Clifton. It's an old saying, and a true one—let a young lady know that her father has a particular husband for her, she is sure to have an objection. Charley is a gentleman, and a man of the world: the other blockhead is a complete ignoramus; but I'll spoil their sport. Charles is in the city; I'll seek him and have matters arranged at once. Pat, my good boy, keep a sharp look out, and acquaint me with all that's going on, and you shan't go unrewarded. [*Runs* L. H. 1 E.

Pat. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! I have put old Buffer in a venegar fever, and received five dollars for my information—(that I don't know anything about.) Pat, you devil, you are getting on first-rate in the New World—sure I am purty well established in the good graces of the family—the old Boss is square—I've stole the key of Nancy's affections—please Miss Susan by tormenting poor Clifton—the only thing that bothers me is the old maid, how to get the blind side of her—I have it—make love to her—she will never be able to resist me. [*Sings and Exit* C. D.

Enter SUSAN *and* NANCY, R. H.

Susan. I can scarcely credit what you tell me, Nancy.

Nancy. Depend upon it it is true, Miss; that crittur, Pat, is in full confidence with boss.

Susan. That is most strange; yet the extraordinary preparations gives a face to it.

Nancy. You may bet your life on the fact, Miss. [*Crosses* L. H.] You wait here, Miss, till I find Pat—he shall tell you from his own lips. [*Exit* L. H.

Susan. Wonders will never cease. My pop about to take a second wife! What a splutter aunt will be in when it comes to her knowledge.

Enter CHARLES, C. D.

Charles. (R.) My dear Susan, once more I have the pleasure of kissing your fair hand—[*Kisses her hand*]—it has been an age since last we met—I have long marched under the banner of Mars, but now hope to settle under the standard of Venus, with you as my charming commander.

Susan. I am delighted to see you, Charles, your presence will add to the extraordinary scene that's about to take place.

Charles. Then to use the common phrase I am just in time for the festival—to bask in your smile is indeed the wish of my heart.

Susan. I have a world of news to tell you, but I feel so perplexed at the present moment I don't know which end of the story to begin first.

Charles. I am in no hurry, love, as I shall fix my quarters in the *house, and keep close siege to your society.*

Susan. Then in the first place, I must inform you that my aunt has selected a husband of her own choice, a gentleman from London, for me.

Charles. The devil she has! I'll kill the scoundrel.

Susan. And be hanged for it, that won't do, Charles,—the next affair; my father is to be married to-day.

Charles. You astonish me.

Susan. Not more than it has me, I assure you—but come, we will take a walk in the garden and I will explain how matters stand.

Charles. With pleasure, my dear Susan. [*Both Exit door* C.

Re-enter NANCY, L. H.

Nancy. Wall, this bang's all creation—darned if that everlasting Pat hain't a making love to that dried-up Miss Buffer like old boots, by gracious, I feel my dander getting up, for all the world like a mushroom in a hot-bed, and as slick as a flash of lightning—if I don't serve him out for it you may kill me, for sartin, [*crying*] I'll tear his eyes out—it's right down shabby after all his kissing and gassing. By thunder, I'll go and find the boss and have such a kick up as nobody ever did see. [*Exit door* C.

Enter MISS BUFFER, R. H., *followed by* PAT.

Miss Buff. Really Mr. Pat, I must say that you are very much improved [*sighs*] but you must consider my station in life.

Pat. [*Aside.*] Faith she is right, three score years ahead of me, [*sighs.*] I know it Miss Buffer, [*sighs*] but I love you and cannot help it [*sighs.*] I felt mighty confused to own it but that immortal god Cupid lighted a fire through the bars of my ribs and grilled my poor heart to a cinder.

Miss Buff. [*Aside.*] I quite feel for the dear young man; I tremble from head to foot, indeed I regret that you should have formed such an attachment.

Pat. [*Sighs.*] Ah, don't be after blaming me since it's not my fault, [*sighs.*] that fickle genius, fortune, directed my steps here—to remain in the same house with you—could I shut my eyes to your charms, or my ears to your dove-like voice? [*kneels.*] Beautiful Miss Buffer, if I have offended you let your displeasure nail me to the floor for ever, never to look on your elegant self again, till you sooth my despair and bid me cherish hope.

Enter BUFFER *and* NANCY *door* C; *they remain back.*

Miss Buffer. [*Agitated.*] Heigho! your eloquence quite overpowers me [*Aside*] with what fluency and elegance he speaks—Dear Mr. Pat, I must acknowledge that I was first deceived in your appearance.

Pat. [*Aside.*] Dear Mr. Pat, it's all right, you devil—heigho, when I made my first appearance I had not catched your passing smile or stepped upon love's flowery paths—was absolutely free as the birds upon the wing. But you have stolen the flowers from my bosom, the emblem of yourself, and nothing remains for poor Pat but the bitter remembrances of an unrequited love.

Miss Buff. [*A ide.*] The dear fellow, I cannot resist his devoted attachment. [*Gives her hand to Pat, he kisses it.*] Oh, don't squeeze my hand so, you forget.

Pat. [*Rising.*] When I gaze on those charms, I swear—

[BUFFER *comes between them,* MISS BUFFER *screams and runs off* H. R., PAT *whistles,* NANCY *keeps back.*

Buff. Well, upon my word, sir, your old propensity for making ove has returned to you with a vengeance.

Pat. Oh, be asy, hain't I doing it to accommodate you!

[*Sees* NANCY, *she holds her hand up to him and threatening.*

Buff. I deny that, sir. It's true that I requested you to take notice of certain movements, but your conduct is past endurance.

Pat. Well it serves me right, Blow away, Mister Buffer, if that's my recompense for loving you.

Buff. Loving me, ha, ha, ha, why damme if you hain't in love with everybody. [NANCY *keeps threatening as* PAT *looks at her.*

Pat. [*Mysteriously.*] You may laugh, sir, but I can assure you it's no jesting matter—a plot that may deprive you of life.

Buff. [*Alarmed.*] My good fellow, you terrify me.

Pat. [*Aside.*] I'll pulverize him! Perhaps you are aware, sir, that this house belongs to you; an estate, money, papers, and other valuable articles.

Buf. Yes, yes, I know that.

Pat. Many a man has been murdered for half the encumbrance.

Buf. You astonish me, surely, you dont mean to say that——

Pat. You have a sister.

Buf. Of course I have.

Pat. That sister has an interloper, a blood thirsty villain who swaggers about under the name of Clifton. Take a fool's advice, look after yourself, your papers, and your money, do you mind?

Buff. I am thunder-struck! Pat, you're a treasure, here's ten dollars for you. [*Gives money.*] I'll secure every thing from that ungrateful woman. Pray don't be out of the way, I may need your assistance. [*Runs off* R. H.

Nan. [*Comes forward.*] You hottentot, my dander's up and I'll shake your tarnal beak off. [*Takes him by his collar.*] I am bound to knock you into the Fouth of next July.

Pat. [*Struggling.*] Oh, Nancy! my darling, let me spake!

Nan. Get out, or I'll kick you out of your boots!

[*After a struggle* PAT *releases himself, runs and drags* NANCY *behind a table and chairs, runs off,* L. H., *crashes.* L. H., *followed by* NANCY. *A loud crash of things. off,* L. H. PAT *runs on followed by* NANCY, *with tea tray in her hands.* PAT *is running out door,* C. NANCY *makes a blow at him.* CLIFTON *enters and receives it. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*A garden. Enter Clifton with hat in his hand, broken,* R. H.

Clif. I am the most unfortunate, ill used individual on this side of the Atlantic. 'Pon honor, my new hat crushed to a mummy by that *barbarous Yankee girl.* She's a perfect wild cat. It's positively not

safe to be on the premises since that Irishman and her has entered Mr. Buffer's service. I feel the effects of that cursed man trap on my leg, and now to have my head knocked about with a tea board, it's monstrous. As I live here comes Miss Susan with a gentleman; by Jupiter, it must be her former lover, Mr. Charles. I'll step aside and listen to their conversation, and tell Miss Buffer.

[*Retires behind tree*, L. H.

Enter CHARLES *and* SUSAN, R. H.

Susan. Alas, Charles! There is sufficient evidence of its reality, you know my aunt's eccentricity of disposition and her wealth keeps my father to her will.

Charles. When I had the happiness of being introduced to you, I declared my passion to your father and received his sanction, and never thought for a moment that Mr. Clifton was visiting you as a professed admirer.

Susan. He was not received as such by me; my heart is yours, Charles.

Charles. What then have I to fear in possession of your love and a handsome fortune? I'll to the point at once. Deeds not words must be our motto. He shall resign all claim to your hand or I'll cut his throat.

Susan. My dear Charles!

Charles. Oh, doubt me not, violence shall be my last resort: but come, love, I'll explain, as we walk. [*Both exit* L. H.

Clif. [*Comes forward.*] Well, I am in a pretty predicament, here's another cold blooded villain added to my tormentors. Resign Susan, or have my throat cut! I have made a splendid speculation by coming to America for a wife. According to appearances I stand a tolerable good chance of losing my life. I had much better stopped in London and married Betty Finikin.

Enter MISS BUFFER, R. H.

Miss Buff. Bless me, Mr. Clifton, you're quite a stranger.

Clif. Why—yes—that is—I am almost afraid to enter the house, pon honor.

Miss Buff. [*Astonished.*] Afraid to enter the house, Mr. Clifton?

Clif. Positively, ma'm, that Yankee girl.

Miss Buff. Is very pert, I know.

Clif. Oh, outrageous, and that outlandish Irishman is worse than a pestilence.

Miss Buff. [*Offended.*] Mr. Clifton, allow me to tell you, sir, that the outlandish Irishman, as you are pleased to term him, is a very respectable gentlemanly young man.

Clif. [*Surprised.*] I should be sorry for the difference of opinion to lessen friendship, Miss Buffer, but without exception he is the most uncultivated person I ever met with.

Miss B f. It's false, sir, he is a very amiable creature.

Clif. To me he has been very abusive.

Enter BUFFER, R. H. *Remains back, listening.*

Buf. [*Aside.*] They are plotting more mischief.

Miss Buf. You don't know him to appreciate his goodness.

Clif. [*Aside.*] I must draw it mild, or lose her interest—I beg pardon, Miss Buffer. Egad! I thought—but you understood better than I do.

Buf. [*Comes between them.*] Yes; and I understand you both to be a pair of plotting rogues.

Miss Buf. Brother.

Clif. Mr. Buffer.

Buff. [*In passion.*] I have discovered your base designs: but will not be made a dupe of any longer by your shameful intrigues. I'll manage my own affairs; no one shall dictate to me right or wrong Zounds, I will turn the house out of window, you may plot as much as you please, but it shan't be under my roof, I wish you both to understand that. [*Exit in passion,* R. H.

Miss Buff. [*Amazed*] The world's at an end or I must have an explanation. [*Exit after him,* R. H.

Clif. A pair of plotting rogues. Here's another go—. What's it all about? curse me if I don't think they are all crazy at last. There is a good imitation of it; the Irishman and Yankee girl fighting, Charles telling Susan that he would cut my throat, and now old Buffer and his sister at it. Oh! d——n me, I shall make myself scarce. [*Exit,* L. H.

SCENE III.—*Same as first Scene in this Act. Writing materials on the tables. Enter* PAT, CHARLES, *and* SUSAN, *door* C.

Pat. Take my word for it that's the only way to accomplish your wishes.

Charles. Mr. Buffer has always proffered so much friendship.

Susan. It's all my aunt's doings.

Pat. Of course it is: but follow my advice and you'll be man and wife before you are six hours older.

Charles. My dear Pat, how can it be done with so much infernal opposition?

Pat. Leave that to me, I'll bamboosel them. You must both pretend to have a falling out, in the presence of old Buffer. [*To* CHARLES.] You leave the house, swearing that you'll never come into it again. [*To* SUSAN.] You declare to your father that you are dying in love with me and won't marry any other person, which of course will be opposed by both the old fogeys. Invent a scream to frighten Clifton out of the house, get the two Buffers to sign an agreement under the impression that I will accomplish both their wishes, hand it over to you, my darlings, make Tom and Pussy feel ashamed of themselves, and then you can both sing, Polly put the kettle on, let us all have tay.

Charles. An excellent idea! You really have more brain than I gave you credit for. Let this stratagem be correctly carried out and I'll present you with a thousand dollars.

Pat. A thousand dollars? I'll do it, sir, by the honor of the Pats, *just take your two good looking selves into the garden, I'll give*

you timely notice when to begin the shindy, not a word about the pig, till you hear the sow grunt. [*Exeunt* CHARLES *and* SUSAN, *door* C.] Pat, you devil, you are smothered in business. Sure I have turned the house inside out, passed the whole of the family into the fog,—faith, I must take care that I don't stick in the mud myself. I have as many irons in the fire as an ambassador at the court of Rome.

Enter BUFFER *and* MISS BUFFER. R. H.

Buff. Confusion, Madame! I have a will of my own and will do as I please. I say that Susan shall marry Charles Herbert.

Miss Buff. We shall see, sir. I know that Susan will follow my advice. Mr. Clifton is the man for my money.

Charles [*Speaking off*, C.] Very well, Miss, I shall say no more. I wish you joy of your Irish lover.

Enter CHARLES [*door* C.]

Charles. Mr. Buffer, I did not expect to be insulted by your daughter; however, she has declared her intentions, and I now bid you farewell forever. [*Exit* C.

Buff. What is the meaning of all this?

Miss Buff. Easily explained, brother, the dear child has refused Charley for Mr. Clifton.

Enter CLIFTON [*door* C.]

Cliff. I never met with such a whimsical creature. Pon honor refuse me for that low-bred Irishman. Miss Buffer, it really seems that I am made a laughing stock by the whole family, not excepting the domestics. You may rest assured when I make a fool of myself again it shan't be in your house. [*Exit door* C. L.

Buff. Perhaps you can inform me the meaning of this coxcomb's behavior.

Miss Buff. I am quite at a loss to understand it.

Enter SUSAN *in great passion door* C.

Susan. Ridiculous! these barbarous men beseeching and pestering one's life out [*walking about pretending not to see any one*] to call me fickle too. I know my own mind—to accuse me of duplicity—and I to be sacrificed to the will of either.

Buff. [*Advancing*] Will you have the goodness to inform me the cause of Charles leaving the house in such a rage?

Susan. Why, Pa, he had the impudence to ask me to marry him.

Buff. Could you ask for anything more reasonable.

Susan. Reasonable! I am shocked. I desired him never to speak to me again.

Miss Buff. [*Kisses* SUSAN.] You are a dear good girl.

Buff. Curse me if the girls of the present day would not puzzle a Philadelphia Lawyer; a handsome young fellow like Charles Herbert offers you his hand and fortune, you told me yourself that you [illegible] him more than any other person you ever saw.

Miss Buff. The dear child will comply with her Aunt's wishes [*Laughing*] ha! ha! ha!

Buff. Then the dear child is a great simpleton.

Miss Buff. My experience has taught her wisdom.

Susan. Yes, Aunt, but I can't consent to give my hand to Mr. Clifton.

Miss Buff. [*Surprised*] And why not, pray?

Susan. I love another, and will only give my hand coupled with my heart.

Buff. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Susan—say. sister, your experience has taught her wisdom; just like her father, has a will of her own, ha! ha! ha!

Miss Buff. I am all amazement—reject Herbert and Clifton and love another; pray who is the interesting swain that you have placed your affections upon?

Susan. My dear Aunt, Pat will answer you that question.

[*Exit* R. H.

Buff. Pat, deuce take that fellow, he has to do with everything.

Miss Buff. Mr. Pat, answer the question.

Pat. [*Sings off.*]

I was the boy for bewitching them,
Wheather good natured or coy,
Crying while I was beseeching them
Do what you will with me joy. [*Enters door* C.

Buff. Now, sir, I want you to tell me the truth.

Miss Buff. Miss Susan states that you can acquaint us who the object of her affection is.

Pat. [*Pretending embarrassment.*] Consider my delecate situation I am in—spare my blushes.

Buff. Come, come, no nonsense, out with it.

Miss Buff. We really must know.

Pat. [*Very modestly.*] Upon my word, I don't like to tell you. I am in such a flusteration.

Buff. My good fellow, you must, it's necessary for the girl's future happiness that we should know.

Miss Buff. Decidedly she may throw herself away upon some unworthy person.

Pat. Don't let that trouble you, I can vouch for the gentleman's respectability, he's a man after my own heart, and I flatter myself a small trifle of a genius.

Buff. [*Impatiently.*] Well, well, who is he?

Miss Buff. [*Impatiently.*] Pray, explain.

Pat. Upon my conscience, it's no fault of mine if the dear creature would fall in love with me, how could she help it?

Buff. and Miss Buff. [*Astonished.*] In love with you?

Pat. It's out—the love glances which she lavished on me. [*Sigh.*] Oh, murder, her confession! Tears started to her eyes and choked her utterance. Pat, said she, it's no use mincing the matter, I love *you, myself* and fortune are yours. I know that my father and aunt

will oppose our union: but I'll fly with you to the end of the world, do you mind that?

Buff. I am paralyzed!

Miss Buff. I am petrified! The good for nothing jade! After all my care and discretion, my devoted kindness to her in teaching strict propriety, my attention to her education!—Oh, I'll read her a lecture. [*Exit* R. H.

Buff. Well, I have got myself in a splendid fix by engaging you—your confounded love propensity and Irish assurance is completely intolerable.

Pat. I pledge you my honor, sir, it will all come right.

Buff. It's all wrong, sir, your impertinence is enough to put a saint out of humor. Not content with making love to the servant girl and my sister, but your cursed blarney has wound yourself into my daughter's affections.

Pat. Faith, sir, you are laboring under a great mistake. I have your interest at heart, all I am doing is for you entirely.

Buff. I won't listen to any more of your blarney. Clear out of my house, or I'll kick you out!

Pat. Kick me out. Is this your gratitude for my services?

Buff. Oh, d——n your services. Clear out, I say—pack up your traps and be off, or I'll find means to send you to the tombs!

[*Exit in passion*, L. H.

Pat. By jabers, the pot is biling over, I must take care that it don't put my fire out.

Re-enter SUSAN, R. H.

Susan. Well, Pat, how have you succeeded?

Pat. Beautiful, both your aunt and father are in the devil's doldrum. [*Goes to table.*] Just write on this paper that you will dispose of your hand to Charles Herbert as your father wishes. [SUSAN *writes. Re-enter* NANCY, L. H.] Now write you on the other side of the paper that you will do as your aunt wishes. [SUSAN *writes.*

Pat. [*Takes papers.*] That's right, my darling. Now send old tabby to me and I'll settle your business like an Attorney General with both their signatures.

Susan. Yes—but be sure you don't make a mistake. [*Exit*, R. H.

Pat. Never fear, my honey.

Nan. [*Takes hold on his ears.*] Your tarnal critter, I'll settle your business.

Pat. [*In pain.*] Oh, don't Nancy, my love.

Re-enter BUFFER, L. H., MISS BUFFER, R. H.

Nan. [*Shaking him.*] You sallymander of a catfish, I'll teach you a lesson as old Zack did the Mexicans. [*Shaking him.*

Buff. [*Rubbing his hands.*] Serve him out, Nancy, he deserves it.

Miss Buff. Nothing bad enough for the monster.

Pat. Murder, I surrender! You have got the wrong sow by the ear.

[CHARLES *enters door* C., *takes hold of* NANCY *and runs her out door*, *not seen by* BUFFER *or* MISS BUFFER.

Buff. [*Laughing.*] Glorious! Glorious! this is worth fifty dollars to see that fellow served out for his infidelity.

Miss Buff. [*Aside.*] I could cry my eyes out with spite.

Pat. [*Comes forward.*] By the powers, I am like a counsellor with a client on both sides of me [*Laughing*;] upon my soul I can't help laughing—no doubt you both think I am in the wrong, but I'll convince you, my darling, that I am right to your entire satisfaction.

Buff. Did I not desire you to leave my house, sir?

Pat. I don't deny that, sir, but I would like to put matters straight before I go. [*Aside to* Miss Buffer.] Beautiful Miss Buffer, read that and convince yourself of my love and integrity.

[*Give her Papers.*

Buff. [*Aside.*] The scamp is pitching more blarney to my old fool of a sister.

Miss Buffer [*Reading papers.*] Susan disposes of her hand to Mr. Clifton as I wish.

Pat. [*Aside to her.*] Sign that my darling, and your happiness will be compiete.

Miss Buffer [*Aside.*] You are not the base deceitful man they represented you. [*Goes to the table and signs.*

Buff. [*Aside.*] What is the old fool doing now?

Miss Buff. [*gives paper to Pat.*] I have signed it, Mr. Pat.

Pat. [*Aside to her.*] All right, my cherub, now bring Miss Susan here and your wishes shall be accomplished before you can say Jack Robinson. [*Exit* Miss Buffer R. H.

Buff. Some more of your infernal intrigues.

Pat. [*with sincerity.*] Upon my honor, sir, I despise imposition; all that I have done is been to accomplish your wishes.

Buff. Your assurance in roguery surpasses all my comprehension of human nature.

Pat. Read this paper, sir, and I'll go bail that you will alter your opinion. [*Gives papers.*] It's an extraordinary fact that the devil is not so black as he is painted.

Buff. [*reads.*] Susan disposed of her hand to Charles Herbert; this is strange.

Pat. It's no more strange than true; sign that, my darling, and make your beautiful daughter and Mr. Charles happy, in due time you'll be a grand-father, when, I hope, you won't forget to ask poor Pat to the christening.

Buff. This is certainly Susan's writing, but you have done so many outrageous things I can scarcely believe my own eyes.

Pat. Shall I get you a pair of spectacles?

Buff. No! no! but what did my sister write?

Pat. [*turning up the paper.*] There's her name as large as life, now tare off that about the spalpeen, Clifton, put your own signature at the bottom, with hers at the top, which will make the odds even and then you can say as they do in old Ireland [*Sings.*

"A snug merry wedding for me."

Buff. [*tears part of the paper.*] Well, I must say without exception, *that you are a d—d* clever fellow; I certainly have felt very much

annoyed with your love propensities, but I give you credit for playing your cards well. [*Signs papers.*

Pat. [*laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! Irish assurance your honor, turning you up trumps and kicking the old woman out of the game.

Buff. [*laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! excellent; however, you shall have a trick on the rub, here's a check for five hundred dollars for keeping the score so well. [*Gives check.*

Pat. Faith! I'll take that check with pleasure, and run for Mister Charles to come and sign the marriage settlement. Och! there will be lots of boys and girls. [*Runs out door* C.

Re-enter MISS BUFFER *and* SUSAN, R. H.

Buff. Susan, my dear girl, you have made your old father happy [*Embracing her*

Miss Buff. She appreciates her Aunt's judgment. Mr. Clifton will be an excellent husband.

Susan. You must not be angry, Aunt, for I have followed the dictates of my own heart.

Buff. Capital! I am an old, old fellow, but always said, if my daughter married with my sanction, it should be to an American citizen. [*re-enter* PAT, CHARLES *and* NANCY, C] There, Charles is your wife [*joins their hands*] with my signature and her aunt's attached, to her own wishes, thanks to that rascal Pat [*gives* CHARLES *paper*] together with my blessing.

Miss Buff. What is the meaning of all this? Where is Mr. Clifton.

Pat. Faith! ma'am, to use the old phrase, he found that chaff could not catch the American birds, so he has bolted the moon and gone back to Europe.

Miss Buff. I did not sign the paper in favor of Mr. Herbert.

Pat. Troth, that was upon a bad bill, and the bank is bursted.

Miss Buff. I see through it, you have all been in the conspiracy against me: but I have done with you. [*Exit in passion,* R. H.

Charles. We must endeavor to make peace with Miss Buffer. Pat, there is the thousand dollars I promised you.

Pat. More power to you, sir—sure I have done the job to all your satisfactions.

Buff. Most admirably, egad—I feel so happy that I could dance and sing.

Pat. [*Aside to* BUFFER.] Faith, your honor, I have something confidential to axe. [*Whispers in his ear*

Buff. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! You rogue—well, one good turn deserves another. Nancy, a word with you, [*brings her forward,*] Pat's an honest fellow and loves you—give him your hand and heart, you shall always find a friend in me.

Nan. He han't nothing else but a screamer.

Pat. Oh, Nancy, you'll consent to be Mrs. Pat, and I'll be father and mother to you and all the little Pats if we ever have any.

Nan. You don't tell—well, I guess I'll say yes. But if I ever catch you slick up to the old woman again——

Pat. Oh be asy I am satisfied for my progress to stop with you.

But still here's one favor I would like to ask of our friends—faith darling, you can do it better than me.

Nan. Well, you are a critter I swow. [*To audience.*] Ladies and Gentlemen, Pat is rather bashful: but I know what he means like a book. If his progress has merited your approbation, convince him with a good round American applause.

Charles.	*Susan.*	*Pat.*	*Nancy.*	*Buffer.*
R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
0	0	0	0	0

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
The Acting Edition.
No. LXV.

TEMPTATION:

OR,

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

A COMIC DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by John Brougham, in the Clerk's Office of the District court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Cast of the Characters.—Temptation.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT BURTON'S THEATRE

Mr. Granite, a wealthy merchant,	Mr. E. W. Clarke
Sterling, an old clerk,	" H. Lynne.
Tom Bobalink, a truckman,	" Burton.
O'Bryan, an Irish emigrant,	" Brougham
Henry Travers,	" Levere.
Williams,	" Vo[illegible]se.
Polly Bobalink, Tom's better half,	Mrs. Brougham.
Mrs. Grimgriskin,	" Hughes.
Mary Travers,	Miss Hiffert.

GRANITE.—Plain black suit.

STERLING.—Large blue coat, black breeches and long gaiters, dark vest.

BOBALINK.—White blouse, gray trousers tucked up at bottom, red shirt, and colored neckerchief.

O'BRYAN.—Dress of an Irish emigrant.

TRAVERS.—Fashionable walking dress.

POLLY.—Plain muslin dress.

MRS. GRIMGRISKIN.—Plain silk, showy head dress.

MARY.—Ladies' walking dress.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience*

TEMPTATION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—GRANITE'S *Office.* GRANITE *and* STERLING *discovered. Papers are scattered around.*

Sterl. Balance in our favor, two hundred and fifty-seven thousand, eight hundred and forty dollars, bringing the accounts of the house of Granite up to date.

Gran. [*Loud.*] All correct, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. To a cypher! I've been up and down the columns a dozen times.

Gran. Good!

Sterl. Did you speak, sir?

Gran. No!

Sterl. Ah, my poor old ears! Five and forty years in this quiet office has made them sleepy; they'll never wake up again! never! never!

Gran. So much the better—a clerk should have no ears: nimble fingers and just enough of brain to count up his columns correctly: in each way you have worked for me well; very well, Spindles, and I thank you.

Sterl. Bless you, sir, you are very good; you never said so much before, and it has removed a great weight from my mind. I was afraid I hadn't pleased you. I'm happy now, sir—very happy. I'm a foolish old man, but your goodness will look over this folly. Praise shant make me giddy or skittish. No, no!—when I've wiped my old eyes I'll take my pen once more with joy—with great joy, dear sir.

Gran. I envy that old machine his moment of real enjoyment, for it is real:—during his long solitary life the world has been to him a blank, his existence bounded by these dreary walls, and yet his remnant of a heart throbs from one touch of kindness! here am I with the revenues of a principality at my command, yet would I almost give that up to be permitted to feel as he does. Over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—the midway to half a million is passed. Half a million! why not a million? I am still young in energy and spirit. Ah, that black malignant cloud! why will it ever pass across the sunray of my thoughts. Travers! hush! suppose he *should* hear; to be in his—in any man's power. Sterling! ah, he's safe; that friendly deafness! Sterling, I *shall have no more* occasion for you to-day.

Sterl. I'm glad of it! I'll go and tell my happiness to the sweet breath of heaven. I'll go, but—

Gran., But what? you have something to say—something to ask?—not an advance of salary! mind, I tell you beforehand that cannot be.

Sterl. No, no, no! I am profusely paid! too much indeed, and yet—

Gran. Come, what? out with it; don't stand fidgetting there; what have you to say?

Sterl. Nothing much; but I—I—saw *him* to-day.

Gran. Whom?

Sterl. My dear young master.

Gran. Travers (*Rises.*)

Sterl. Yes; but don't speak his name as if it stung you. I was his father's servant before I was yours.

Gran. Did I not caution you against mentioning that; you know or ought to know what cause I have to keep it blotted from my memory.

Sterl. I do, I do! at least I think you told me, he—

Gran. No matter what of *him* I told you, this I said, if ever you uttered word of him or his, that instant you ceased to be employed by me.

Sterl. You did.

Gran. And yet, in spite of this—you know what I have done for him

Sterl. You helped him once, he was unsuccessful! but he is young; spare him something—you won't miss it, you won't indeed.

Gran. Miss it!—don't be a fool!—every dollar lent or lost is a step backward which must be crawled up again by inches. Why don't this Travers work! many a man's fortune has been made with less than he has squandered in carelessness. His age is now—

Sterl. The same as your own son's to a month. You are proud, justly proud of him; so would my poor dear master be of his, were he alive. Think what you would suffer could you see your boy, as I have seen the other, with his head buried in his fingers, his poor young weeping wife without the power to help or comfort him except with her painful tears.

Gran. *My* son can never be reduced to this; he must be wealthy.

Sterl. The avalanche falls sometimes upon the most fruitful vineyards as well as the most barren waste.

Gran. Silence, sir!—how dare you hint at danger or distress to him? What do you want? How much will satisfy this spendthrift?

Sterl. Well, since your kindness emboldens me to speak, it's no use patching up a worn out coat, so even let him have a new one. Give him another chance—a few hundred dollars more or less can't injure you, and may be his salvation. About five thousand dollars will suffice

Gran. Are you mad, Sterling?

Sterl. Your son will have his half a million to begin with.

Gran. Half a million! He can hold up his head then, eh, Sterling; he can wag his tongue amongst the proudest of the land, eh, old friend?

Sterl. And not be ashamed of either head or tongue; for he's a noble youth.

Gran. He is! he is! My honest old servant and friend, I will help this Travers once more. (*Writes.*) but for the last time, remember that. After this interview forget his very name, or you must find another

home. Here's a check for five thousand dollars, get it cashed yourself and take it to him.

Sterl. Bless you! now this is like yourself; this is noble! My poor young—

Gran. Hush! be off at once—a word more and I recall the loan.

[*Exit* STERLING L. *and* GRANITE R.

SCENE II.

TOM BOBALINK'S *Room. Enter* TOM *singing* L. H.

Tom. (*Sings.*) "There was a jolly Miller once, &c." Hallo, pet, where are you? No dinner yet. I am early, to be sure, but uncommon hungry. I've heard of people taking all sorts of things to get up an appetite; if they'd only have the wisdom to take nothing for a short time, it's wonderful what an effect it would have upon a lazy digestion.

Enter POLLY BOBALINK, R. H.

Tom. There you are, bless your smiling, happy face! that's as good to look at as a shining fire to the poor frozen laborer! Come, what have you got?

Polly. It ain't much, Tom, cause you know we ain't well enough off to afford luxuries; but it's such a sweet little neck of mutton in a lovely stew, what you so much like, you know, with lots of wedgitables.

Tom. Gallopshus! Out with it, for I'm as hungry as an unsuccesful office-seeker.

Polly. Office-seekers! what are they, Tom?

Tom. Why, Polly, you know those downy birds we hear of, that, when some other has taken pains to get himself a comfortable nest, never rests until he pops into it; but he has the satisfaction of knowing that there's a whole flock waiting anxiously to serve him in the same way; but them's politics, Polly, and ain't proper for women to meddle with.

Polly. I agree with you there, Tom, dear; there's enough to occupy a woman's time and attention inside of her own house, without bothering her head with what's going on without.

Tom. Bless your homey little heart, if there were a few more *good wives*, Polly, there would be a few less bad husbands. This is glorious! Ah, Poll, if we could only be sure that we had even as good a dinner as this all our lives, how happy I should be. But I often think, my girl, if any accident should befall me, what would become of you?

Polly Now don't talk that way, Thomas, now don't repine at your condition.

Tom. How can I help it? I try not, but it's impossible When I see people dressed up and titivated out as I go jogging along with my poor old horse and truck, I envy them in my heart. I know it's wrong, but it's there, and it would be worse to deny it.

Polly. Could any of those fine folks enjoy their dinner better than you do?

Tom. No, my girl, not if they had forty courses. But eating ain't all; this living from hand to mouth, earning with hard labor every crust *we put into it—never* seeing the blessed face of a dollar that ain't *wanted a hundred* ways by our necessities, is rather hard.

Polly. Ah Tom! and thankful ought we to be that we have health to earn that dollar: think of the millions of poor souls that are worse off than ourselves; never look above your own station with envy, Thomas, but below it with gratitude.

Tom. Bless your heart, you'd make me contented in a coal cellar.

O'BRYAN *appears at door.*

Tom. Hallo, friend! what the devil do you want?

Polly. Don't speak *so*, Thomas; he's sick and in distress; there, suppose you were like that?

Tom. What, a Paddy? don't mention it. Come in, Irish—do you want anything?

Bryan. If you please, sir, I'd like to rest myself.

Polly. Sit down; poor man! I pity him, Thomas, though he's only an Irishman,—sit down!

Bryan. I didn't mane that, ma'am; a lean o' the wall and an air o' the fire, blessings on you for giving it to me.

Tom. A big lump of a fellow like you! wouldn't it be better for you to be at work than lounging about in idleness.

Bryan. Och then, that's true for you, sir, it would indeed be better, but where is a boy to find it?

Tom. Anywhere—everywhere!

Bryan. Faith, sir, that's exactly the place I've been looking for the last three weeks, and there was nobody at home. I hunted the work, sir, while I had the strength to crawl after it, and now if it were to come, I'm afeared I haven't got the strength to lay hold of it.

Tom. Are you hungry?

Bryan. I *am* a trifle that way inclined, sir, but I'm used to it; for many's the year I've felt the same onpleasant feeling—excepting it might be a month or so, awhile agone.

Tom. How was that? you weren't hungry for a month.

Bryan. No, sir; I had the good luck to catch a mighty strong lump of a fever, and it drove away the hunger while it lasted.

Polly. Poor man! sit down and eat; we haven't much, but it's better than nothing. [*Takes meat from table and gives it to* BRYAN.]

Bryan. I'd relish it better standing up if you plaze. God bless you! Sure it's the poor man that's the poor man's friend, after all. Sure, and you've saved me, soul and body, this blessed day. I have never begged yet, but it was coming on me strong. I looked into the eyes of the quality folks, but they carried their noses so high they couldn't see to read the starvation in my face, and I wouldn't ax the poor people, for fear they were as bad off as myself.

Polly. Ain't you sorry, Thomas, for what you said just now?

Tom. No! I'm more discontented than ever, to think that a few hundred swind ing schemers or fortunate fools should monopolize the rights of millions. Isn't it a damned shame that I can't put my hand in my pocket and make this poor devil's heart jump for joy?

Polly. Point out to him how he can get some employment: all the money you could give him would be no use. See if you can't get him a chance to earn his living, and his heart will be continually jumping.

Bryan. May the heavens be your bed for this good act. I'm strong now—maybe luck won't be a step-father to me much longer.

Tom. Stay! suppose I were to give you something to do, what would you say?

Bryan. I wouldn't say much, sir, but I'd do it.

Tom. I can't give you any money.

Bryan. I don't want it yet awhile, sir. I'll work for my bit; just let me drop in when ye's are done; the smell of the mate will be enough for me.

Tom. Come along with me then, and if I have any jobs, I'll get you to help me.

Bryan. Long life to you for putting new blood in my veins.

Tom. Ah, if I had only a little money, how happy we should all be.

Polly. Hush, Tom! I won't hear you say that anything could make you happier.

Tom. Not now, Pol, but bye-and-bye: to look ahead and see nothing but toil, toil!

Polly. Did you not hear how he *prayed* for what you so much dread?

Tom. That's a different thing; he's only an Irishman!

Bryan. True for you!

Tom. Come along, Paddy. Good bye, Polly.

Bryan. To be sure I will, sir, follow you all over the world. Long life to you, Ma'am, and may you never know sickness, sorrow, poverty or distress, I pray. [*Exit* TOM *and* BRYAN, D. F.

Polly. [*Watches them out.*] Bless his heart, if it were not for those little fits of discontent, what a man he'd be. But we can't be all perfect—even I myself confess to thinking of silks and velvets, sometimes, instead of cottons and calicoes—and I'll be bound if the truth were known, the great folks that wear nothing else but grand things, don't behave a bit better, but keep longing for something a little grander still; so he mustn't be blamed, poor fellow, and he shan't be, neither, in my hearing. [*Exit* R.

SCENE III.—*A plain Chamber*—HENRY *and* MARY TRAVERS.

Enter R. H.

Mary. Take courage, dear Henry, and hope for the best; the old man promised to speak to your uncle; when he knows the severity of our distress, he will surely assist us.

Hen. Ah, 'tis but a slender hope, wife; I know his stern unyielding nature too well. Is it not hard to see him revelling in wealth which ought to have been mine, for I am sure that it was at his dictation, and by his advice, my father made so unjust a will.

Mary. Will they not give you longer than to-morrow?

Hen. Not an hour they say. [*knock*, L. H.] Who can this be? every sound goes through my heart in pain. [*Goes to door*, L. H.

Enter, MRS. GRIMGRISKIN, L. H.

Mrs. G. Well, good folks, you'll excuse my intruding, but business, *you know, is business*; not that I want to make you feel uncomfortable

but houses won't keep themselves; lodgings is lodgings, board is board, and markets is markets; beef and mutton don't jump into our hands promiscuous like, neither do the hydrants run tea and coffee spontaneous, as far as my slight knowledge of hydrants goes

Hen. The plain sense of all this is—

Mrs. G. Exactly what I am coming to. I'm a woman of few words. I make it a point to send my bills in every month, and I presume it's not an unreasonable stretch of imagination to expect them to be paid; rents is rents, and moreover must be paid; and mine, I am sorry to observe is not a singular exception in such respect.

Mary. My dear Mrs. Grim——

Mrs. G. As I before remarked, I'm a woman of few words but I have my ears about me; whispers is whispers, and ears is ears, and I have heard something that might make you uncomfortable, but as that is not my principle, I won't repeat it, but talkers you know will be talkers, and boarders never can be anything else in the world but boarders.

Hen. What have they dared to say of me?

Mrs. G. Nothing! Oh, indeed I'm proud to observe that my boarders pay regularly every month, and are therefore highly respectable; and respectable boarders make a respectable house, and my ambition is to keep nothing else.

Hen. May I be permitted to ask what this all amounts to.

Mrs. G. Just $200, being 80 for board, and 120 for extras. I'm a woman of few words. [*Gives paper.*

Hen. And I am a man of less. I can't pay it.

Mrs. G. I had my misgivings, notwithstanding your boast of being connected with the rich Mr. Granite. Allow me to say, sir, [*Sits.*] here I sit until you do pay it; so you had better see about it at once.

STERLING *puts his head in* L.

Sterl. May I come in?

Mary. Oh, yes! let me look in your eyes. Ah, there is hope. [*Sterling shakes his head.*] No, no! heaven help us!

Sterl. Heaven has helped you, my bright bird. I only shook my head to make your joy the greater.

Hen. What say you? Has a miracle been done? has that stony heart relented?

Sterl. It is not a stony heart. I'm ashamed of you for saying so! it's a good, generous heart, as I always knew it was! It has made mine glow with long forgotten joy this very day.

Hen. Does he give us relief?

Sterl. He does! great, enduring relief! What do you think of five thousand dollars.

Hen. You dream! I dream!

Sterl. No, you're awake! we're all awake, full up and overflowing with happiness.

Mrs. G. Five thousand dollars. You'll excuse me, but I'm a woman of few words. I hope you will not take anything that I have said as at all personal to you, but only an endeavor as far as in me lies to keep up the respectability of my establishment! As for that little trifle between

us, of course you can take your time about that. I am a woman of few words, but when I *do* speak, I think I may be permitted to flatter myself it is to the purpose. [*Exit* R. H.

[*Sterling, who has been searching his pockets falls into his chair with a groan.*]

Mary. What is the matter—are you ill!

Sterl. Don't come near me. I'm the destroyer of your peace and of my own forever. I've lost it! lost it!

Hen. Not the money?

Sterl. That's right—kill me—I deserve it! Oh, careless, careless, guilty, unhappy old man! Lost! lost! lost forever!

Mary. Heaven support us—this is a blow indeed!

Hen. Forgive even the appearance of injustice, my good, kind old friend. I am a doomed man! it's no use to strive against destiny.

Sterl. Don't, don't! this kindness is worse than your reproof. Let me die! let me die! I am not fit to live. Stay! I'll run back! Ah, I haven't the strength.

Hen. Come, come, old friend, take it not so much to heart; lean upon me; we'll go and search for it together; and even if it be not found, 'tis not a fatal loss so long as life and health remain. Come!

Sterl. You say this to comfort me, my boy. You see I'm selfish even now, detaining you when every moment is of consequence. [*Exeunt.*

[MARY *appears tranquil until they are gone, then throws herself into chair and weeps.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Tom. [*Without,* R.] Whoa! you stupid brute, won't you? stand, will you? There, take that on your broad shoulders, carry it to No. 44, and wait for the money.

Enter O'BRYAN, R. H.

Bryan. 'Deed will I! [*Kicks on wallet.*] What's that? a soft stone, I suppose. By my soul, I'm rising in the world at last; if I'm not kickin' fortune before me like a foot-ball, I never will. Blessings on the day that I lighted upon that tender-hearted pair. I'm to go to 44, but how am I to find it? Here's 41, and next door to it is 43; divil take me if they haven't left out 44 altogether. Well, now, look here if 44 hasn't walked right across the street. Faith, if a fellow had to find out many numbers this way he'd be tired crossing the street.

Enter TOM, R. H.

Tom. That's right, up with you. You've got to cord another and bring it down; be as quick as you can, for jobs are scarce. [*Bryan enters door,* R. H.] That Polly is a regular dictionary of thoughtfulness; this poor Paddy is ready to jump out of his skin for joy that he's got something to do. I mustn't serve him as some folks I have heard of, who under the pretence of charity break a fellow's back with work. [*Takes out a dirty little wallet.*] Only fifty cents all this blessed day, and this job will make a dollar, and that's all the money I have in the world: but haven't I a sunny-hearted, loving, careful wife, and a home that I *am always delighted to* rush to? I must acknowledge that in the do-

mestic department I wouldn' change with the biggest bug of them all. I ought to be happy, and I will, too, in spite of the hard times. [*Kicks wallet.*] hallo, what's that? it looks very like—my gracious! how my heart throbs!—it is! [*Looks round—picks it up quickly.*] Money! heaps of money! The blood's running into my head. [*Puts it in his pocket.*] I feel faint Hold, it ain't mine. [*Takes it out.*] I'll leave it there again! No, I won't! [*Pops it back.*] It's a windfall; nobody has seen me; how do I know that? somebody from those windows—what a fool I am! [*Whistles and walks carelessly to and fro*] It's no use! I can't persuade myself into quietness; it ain't safe here! it might fall out! [*Puts it into his hat.*] That won't do! [*Puts it into his breast.*] That's it! No poor man could have lost it, it's too much. Nobody wants it more than myself! What's that! there's a police officer—he's looking straight at me —I know he is, and I dare not turn. It's a new thing to me not to be able to look a man in the face. I'll go up to him and deliver it. [*Turns.*] He's gone! I'll be hanged if I don't keep it—*hanged!* ugh! what a peculiar feeling that word brings all about my back bone. I know I deserve it. My good gracious, the temptation is frightful! Pshaw! would the next one who passed by, be more honest than myself? deuce a bit. Fortune has sent it me, and by Jingo I'll keep it.

Enter O'BRYAN, R

Bryan. I found it!

Tom. You, you scoundrel, it's a lie! What do you mean by you found it?

Bryan. I found 44. and a purty circumlocutious travel I had to do that same. A man must be mighty drunk to go straight through this street any way.

Tom. Oh, I see! where's the trunk?

Bryan. Well, the lady towld me that the man that was goin' got a lot of money just now, so he's goin' to not go away for the present.

Enter HENRY *and* STERLING *from house*, L.

Hen. Don't be so alarmed, old friend, we may find it as we go along.

Tom. It's his money I've got in my pocket. What shall I do? I'll give it up. No, I won't—he looks well off.

Hen. I say, my man, you didn't find a pocket-book about here, did you!

Bryan. Is it me? the never a find! I wish I did.

Hen. Indeed! What for? You'd keep it, I suppose?

Bryan. Bad luck to the keep, and to you for thinking of it; but it's the way of the world—a ragged waistcoat is seldom suspected of covering an honest heart.

Hen. Those people have not seen it, that's evident. Come, let us search further. My good friends, if you should see or hear of any person who may have found this money, pray give notice of it in yonder house; for ruin, perhaps death, may follow from its loss.

[*Exeunt* HEN. *and* STERL., R.

Tom. Confound it, I must! No, I won't!

Bryan. Poor fellow! he looks wild.

Tom. Humbug! it's only put on to make us give it up

Bryan. Give it up, eh?

Tom. That is, if we had got it; but don't stand prating there; if you mean to earn your salt, set about it. It's time to put the horse up. You can do it, can't you?

Bryan. If I can't I can learn There's nothing in the way of an honest living that I won't have a try at.

Tom. Confound you, who wants you to do anything else; be off! I'm sick and goin' home. I've got an oppression on my chest, and if I don't have relief I'll drop in the street.

Bryan. Something's come over you since morning, sure enough. But you've been kind and generous to me, and may I never leave this spot, but if I could do you any good by taking the half of your complaint, I'd do it. [*Exit*, R. H.

Tom. I dare say you would, but my constitution is strong enough to carry it all. Now for Polly! Shall I tell her? I've never kept a secret from her yet. But suppose she shouldn't consent to my keeping it! I shan't say a word about it. I'll hide it for the present—then swear I had a prize in the lottery. That's a capital idea! My God! what am I lingering about here for? I must go,—and yet I feel as though I were leaving the happiness of my life upon that spot. Pooh! lots of money will make any one happy. A good stiff horn or two will make me all right. "Begone, dull care,"—the singing is gone out of my heart, just now; it will come back bye-and-bye. [*Exit* R. H.

SCENE V.—Tom's *Chamber as before.* Polly *discovered at work.*

Polly. What a dear, considerate, good-natured husband I have, to be sure; the proudest lady in the land cannot be happier than I in my humble home. It's nearly time for him to be here, and I must get his bit of supper ready; it isn't much, to be sure, but it's honestly earned, and will taste the sweeter for the thought. I have a surprise for him for this evening—a delicious bit of tripe;—he's so fond of tripe as I cook it, and I made the man give me plenty of fat. Won't he like it! [*Attends to pot on fire.*]

Enter Tom *slightly drunk*, D. F.

Polly. My dear Tom, I knew you were coming. I said so to myself just now.

Tom. Did you? Then you didn't tell no lies.

Polly. What's the matter?

Tom. Why, what *should* be the matter? Where's the use of asking such a stupid question as that?

Polly. Don't speak so crossly, dear Thomas; I didn't mean any harm.

Tom. Bless your little soul, I know you didn't, and I'm a brute.

Polly. Indeed, you're nothing of the kind.

Tom I am, Polly! I insist upon being a brute. Ah, you don't know all.

Polly. All what? you alarm me.

Tom. There's no occasion for alarm. [*Aside.*] I wish I could tell her [*Aloud.*] I've earned a jolly lot of money to-day, Polly.

Polly. How much, Thomas?

Tom. Shall I? I've a great mind to astonish her weak nerves. I will! How much do you think?

Polly. I can't say!

Tom. No, I won't! a dollar!

Polly. Only a dollar! Well, never mind, dear Tom, we must make it do; and better a dollar earned as you have earned yours, by your own honest industry, than thousands got in any other way. But come, supper's ready.

Tom. I can't eat!

Polly. What, not the tripe, you're so fond of; onions as——

Tom. Pooh! Tripe is disgusting and onions is vulgar! I tell you I can't eat; isn't that enough?

Polly. Yes, if you say so, Thomas; but I never saw you in this temper before.

Tom. Why do you keep saying savage things that you know must aggravate me. Have you got any brandy in the house? I have a pain here that I think it would relieve.

Polly. Yes, I believe there is a little in the bottle. But, dear Thomas, have you not had a *leetle* too much already?

Tom. That's my business; do as I tell you.

Polly. Certainly! my poor Thomas, something must have annoyed you, or you would not have taken this drink. But you are so seldom thus, that I must humor you; the best of men are subject to temptation

Tom. [*Starts up.*] What do you mean by that?

Polly. Why, even you have been tempted to forget yourself.

Tom. How do you know?

Polly. I see it in your face. [*Exit for bottle,* R. H.

Tom. I believe you do—everybody can. Yes, I am a marked man, and for what! I'll take it back. I cannot now, for I have denied it.

Re-enter POLLY *with Brandy Bottle.*

Polly. [*Tom drinks.*] You frighten me, Thomas; something has happened, I know there has!

Tom. Well, suppose there has;—is a man accountable to his wife for every moment of his time. Go to bed! Where's the use in whimpering about it. You've had such a smooth, easy road of it all your life, that the first rut breaks your axle. Ha, ha! don't mind me, Poll. I don't mean to wrong you; but you see I'm a little sprung—leave me to myself. Stay! kiss me before you go. I'll make a lady of you yet, Pol—see if I don't! Didn't you hear me tell you to go to bed?

Polly. Yes, Thomas, but—

Tom. Well, and why the devil don't you go? what do you stand staring at me there for, as if I were a ghost.

Polly. I'm going, Thomas, but pray drink no more.

Tom. I'll drink just as much as I please, and moreover, I won't be dictated to by you, when I can buy you and your stock up root and branch. I've stood your nonsense long enough; now take my advice and start at once.

Polly Thomas, dear, never did I expect this; but you will be sorry for it in the morning, so I forgive you. [*Exit crying*, R. H. 2 E.

Tom. Damn it! I *am* an unfeeling savage! [*Goes to door.*] Don't cry, Pol., I didn't intend to hurt you. I won't drink any more. [*Looks round and takes out pocket-book.*] I wonder how much there is. Lord, how my heart beats, and something whizzes through my head like a regiment of mosquitoes. I feel faint! What's that? I could have sworn I heard somebody call out my name. [*Pops it in again.*] I feel like a coward;—for the first time in my life the rustling of a leaf startles me. I never yet feared to stand up before a giant—but now a boy would cow me; it's only because I'm not used to it. Here goes! [*Takes out money.*] Fifties and hundreds, by Jingo. I never saw such a sight as this before. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, a hundred! my eyes are getting dim. Ten, twenty, thirty—I can't count it. I do believe I'm a little mad; but oh, it is a glorious sight! a feast! a banquet, that kills all other sights and appetites, and all mine! mine! Nobody saw me! nobody knows it! Nobody but one—but one! Ah, I mustn't think of that. [*Claps his hand on head.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—GRANITE'S *Office as before.* GRANITE *discovered.*

Gran. Stay! I am alone! why not destroy all evidence of the old man's testament. [*Finds envelope of testament.*] Here it is! here are the cursed words, which uttered in a human ear would in a moment dash to earth the structure I have toiled for years to raise. [*Reads, and as he prepares to burn it, the paper drops, unseen by him, from the envelope; he burns the remainder in the grate.*] Thus, my son, do I peril soul as well as life for you! 'Tis done!—a brief, sudden flame, a few transitory sparks, and the past is sealed as with the silence of the dead. [*Exit*, R. H.

Enter STERLING, L. H.

Sterl. Lost! lost forever! I've told him all, and he is inexorable. I have killed the son of my benefactor, destroyed the only thing on earth to which the wretched remnant of my life was devoted. He can't recover from the shock, I know he can't! nor can I! I feel as though my heart were breaking. I wish it would! I wish it would! To fall from such a height of joy into a gulf of despair—and I, I did it—I who would have sold my very life to bring him a moment of happiness. Oh, hard, desperate fate. [*Picks up packet and places it on desk.*] The crime of self-destruction is great, but I am sorely tempted! With chilling selfishness on one side, and such misery on the other, life is but a weary burden. [*Looks at packet*] What do I see? "*abstract* of will!" why, 'tis dated after that one by which Henry was disinherited. Powers of justice, should it be!—it were too much to hope; my limbs tremble—I cannot stand [*Puts on spectacles.*] Nor can I see!—a moment!—patience, old heart! Now, it is! it is! Oh, merciful dispenser of all good, *let me but live to see* this great wrong righted. Caution! caution! Oh

for an hour of youth and strength and energy. He comes! I have his heart within my very grasp.

Enter GRANITE, R. H.

Gran. Well, my good Sterling, I am to be troubled no more, I hope, by that fellow's pitiful whinings. I was a fool to be overpowered by you, but benevolence is my failing!—a commendable one, I own, but still a failing.

Sterl. I am glad to hear you say that, for you now have great opportunity to exercise it.

Gran. What do you mean?

Sterl. You see before you the most miserable wretch in existence:—the money you gave me——

Gran. Well?

Sterl. Is lost! I have lost it.

Gran. Pooh! old man; don't think to deceive me by such a stale device; that's a very old trick.

Sterl. Ah, I feared that, even more than the money's loss. You don't believe me?

Gran. No!

Sterl. After so many years?

Gran. The temptation was too much for you; the old leaven exhibited itself once more; you remember——

Sterl. Silence, sir!—the majesty of my integrity emboldens me to say that even to you, my master. Your cruel taunt has wiped out all of feeling that I had for you;—fellow sinner, hast thou not committed an error likewise.

Gran. Insolent!

Sterl. Nay, not an error, a *crime!*

Gran. How dare you insinuate?

Sterl. I don't insinuate, I speak out. I *know* you have!

Gran. Know it!

Sterl. And can prove it; but enough of this. I have lost the money you advanced; will you replace it?

Gran. Away, fool! you are in your dotage.

Sterl. A dotage which shall wither your strength and strip you in an instant of your ill-bought possessions;—the consciousness of detected guilt even now shows itself upon your ashy countenance. Since humanity will not prompt you to yield a portion of your stolen wealth, justice shall force you to deliver it *all*—aye *all! all!*

Gran. Villain, what riddle is this?

Sterl. One easily solved;—behold its solution, if your eye dare look at it;—a will devising all the property you now hold to Herry Travers!

Gran. Ha, ha! deceived! malicious fool, it is a forgery it must be, for I burnt the——confusion! what have I said?

Sterl. Oh, you burnt it, did you? You cannot, you dare not dispute this evidence. There are dozens who can swear to my old master's signature. Stern, proper virtue would induce me to vindicate his son's cause, but I know he would not purchase wealth at the cost of your degradation; divide equally with him, and let the past be forgotten.

Gren. [*Aside.*] Ha! a glimmer of hope. [*Aloud.*] My kind, generous old friend, this is an act of clemency for which I was not prepared. In deep humility I acknowledge my very great crime, and shall make even more reparation than you require; let me but have a small pittance to retire into the oblivion which I have courted and deserved—the rest shall be *his* to whom it rightfully belongs. Your hand, old friend; you'll find that I shall repair all—thus! [*Snatches paper furiously from* STERLING.] Thus, and thus! you shallow-pated fool! And now the only evidence that could fling a shadow across the golden sunray of my good name, would be your fragment of miserable breath, which I could take, and would, as easily as brush away a noxious wasp, but that I despise you too entirely to fear your sting Go, both of you, and babble forth your injuries to the world. Go and experience how poor a conflict starveling honesty in rags can wage against iniquity, when clad in golden armor. I defy ye all. [*Exit,* R. H.

Sterl. Oh, villain, heartless villain—lost, lost forever.

[*Staggers off,* L. H. 1 R.

SCENE 2.—TOM'S *chamber as before.*—TOM *discovered asleep on the floor.*—*Enter* POLLY R. H.—*She goes quietly over and touches him on the shoulder.*

Tom. [*Waking up suddenly.*] Stand off! you shan't have it, it's mine!

Polly. Why, Thomas, what are you talking about?

Tom. Oh, is that you, Poll? Nothing, nothing! I had a nasty kind of a dream, that's all. I couldn't sleep all night and I've just had a few cat naps, and very uncomfortable they were.

Polly. My dear Tom, you mustn't drink any more. You see how it leaves you in the morning.

Tom. So it does, Poll! what a dream I had. Ah, the darkness is a terrible time to get over when one's conscience is filling the blackness with fiery eyes. Ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*] I've a devilish great mind to astonish her, and I will too! No, I won't! not yet! [*Aloud.*] Polly, do you known it's my belief that you were cut out to be a rich woman some of these lucky days.

Polly. Dear Thomas, let me be rich in the happiness of our humble but contented home. I ask for nothing else.

Tom. Pooh, nonsense! suppose, now, you got a heap of money—a prize in the lottery or something of the kind, wouldn't you like to elevate your little nose and jostle against the big bugs?

Polly. Not at the price of our comfort, Thomas.

Tom. You're a fool! money can buy all sorts of comfort.

Polly. What do you mean, Thomas, by those hints about money? has anything happened?

Tom. No, oh no! but there's no knowing when something may! now I'll try her! [*Aloud.*] It's my dream, Polly: shall I tell it you?

Polly. Do, my dear Thomas. I'm so glad to see you yourself again

Tom. Well then, I dreamt, that as I was returning from a job, what should I kick against in the middle of the road with nobody near but

me, at the time—what should I see, but a wallet. I looked into it and found it stuffed with money: presently the owner comes along, enquiring if I had found it, I said no—clapped it in my pocket and came away a rich man.

Polly. I know your heart too well, Thomas, to believe that such a thing could occur except in a dream.

Tom. Why not? I should like to know. If fortune did—I mean, if fortune *were* to fling luck in my way, don't you think I should be a great fool not to grab at it?

Polly. Thomas, you've been drinking too much.

Tom. No, not enough; give me some more.

Polly. Not a drop! husband; if you will poison yourself, it shall not be through my hand.

Tom. Fetch me the brandy bottle and don't be a fool. I'm master of my own home I should think.

Polly. Home! Ah, Thomas, some evil spirit I fear, has stolen away our once happy home forever. [*Exit*, R. H.

Tom. There has, and this is it. Confound you, I'll have nothing more to do with you. [*Throws it on table.*] Poor Polly! I'll take the cursed thing back. I wouldn't have her eyes wet with sorrow to be made of money. I'll find out the owner. Stay! why should I take that trouble, let him come to me; it will be time enough then! it's rather hard to be obliged to throw away a fellow's luck. Here, you O'Bryan!

Bryan. [*Without* D. F.] Sir!

Tom. Truck ready?

Bryan. All right, Sir!

Tom. Then I'll go out and see what a little work will do. There was a time, I thought if I had as much money, I should be able to jump out of my skin for joy, however I came by it; but now that I have it, I don't feel so dreadful happy. Poor Polly! she's crying, I know she is. I never went out to my labor without giving her a parting kiss—but now I haven't the heart; the fact of it is, I'm perfectly miserable and there's no disguising the fact. I have it! I know what I'll do—I'll go some where, a terrible way off—right out of the bounds of civilization, to New Holland, or New Zealand, or New Jersey.

[*Exit leaving wallet on table.*

O'BRYAN *appears at door.*

Bryan. There's a job at that place we were in yesterday, the trunks are goin' after all—and so by the same token is the old woman's tongue. [*Sits on chair.*] Well, glory be to fortune, I'm on the high road to good luck at last. [*Knife, and bread, and cheese.*] Plenty of the best in the way of eatin', an illigant stable to sleep in, and the finest of straw to sleep on—with a christian like quadruped for company. If I had only a trifle of money to get myself some duds, wouldn't I be so full of fun and industry I'd take the buzz out of a hive of bees. Bad luck attend me, if I don't think the divil has slipped a swadge of temptation before me at the very word; but the never a one o' me 'll touch it. Get out, you schemer! I feel the whisk of your tail as natural as if I saw it

I wonder whose it is? it ain't mine anyway! You needn't stare me in the face that way. I wouldn't howld you no more nor if you were made of blazes! and maybe you are, you black looking bit of be divilment.

Enter POLLY, R. H.

Polly. Gone! Is Thomas gone!

Bryan. Just this minute or two back. Howld hard! don't come this way; do you see that?

Polly. What is it?

Bryan. Don't touch it! it's Temptation! bedivilment! I was foolish enough just now, to wish I had a trifle of money, and may I never see harm if that lump of a pocket book didn't spring up afore my eyes.

Polly. Thomas must have dropped it! Ha, I know! it must be! his dream was not a dream but the reality; he has found this and his uncertainty whether to retain it or give it up, has caused his sleepless uncomfortable night. Did you hear any one say they had lost money yesterday?

Bryan. Faix, I believe I did.

Polly. Where?

Bryan. Just a street or two beyant.

Polly. Quick! quick! my shawl and bonnet; it shall be returned at once. Come, show me the place, Bryan. I don't know how it came here but this money *must* be that which has been lost.

Bryan. Who knows but it may; at all events one comfort, if it ain't enough, maybe there'll be a fresh crop when we come back.

[*Exeunt*, L. D. F

SCENE III.—GRANITE'S *Chamber as before.*

[*Voice without.*] He will not see you.

Sterl. [*Without.*] He must! he shall! [*Enters* L.] Heaven has endowed me with an increase of strength and resolution for this, my last interview.

Enter GRANITE, R. H.

Gran. What outrage is this? Did I not warn you never to cross my threshold again?—beware, lest the residue of your days be passed within a prison's walls!

Sterl. I care not! your inhumanity and vile ingratitude to those whose inheritance you have stolen, have made me desperate. Oh, I'll be patient, humble, cringe and lower myself to be the veriest dog that ever licked the hand that spurned it, if you will but be merciful. You don't know how they suffer.

Gran. You have heard my answer. Here, Williams!

Sterl. Not yet! not yet. I implored you once for the sake of your own flesh and blood;—recollect, the measure that you mete out may be returned on his head—your son's.

Gran. I won't hear you speak of him. Dare but to couple his name

with the vile herd, and I'll have you driven hence with blows. Williams, I say! can I not be obeyed! You have had my answer before; hear me repeat it and bellow it in your deadened ear. I wouldn't give you or the viper who sent you here, a shilling, if I saw you and the whole crew starving before my face. The property is mine! mine! I hold it by the strong arm of the law, and I will keep it, despite of——

Sterl. Heaven's justice. Take heed! it sometimes overtakes the guilty in their hour of greatest triumph.

Gran. I'll hear no more. Go, or I shall strike you to my foot. Here, Williams.

Enter WILLIAMS, L. H.

Gran. You are come at last! why did you not answer me!

Williams. Because the messenger who brought this letter said that 'ts contents would concern you nearly. Your son, sir——

Gran. Ha, my son! Letter! Concern me nearly! Give it me! What terrible presentiment of evil sweeps across my thoughts like a shroud. [*Tears it open and strikes his forehead in agony.*] Dead! dead!

[*Faints*—WILLIAMS *and* STERLING *assist him.*

Sterl. Miserable man! retribution has come suddenly. Is it his son?

Williams. Yes, sir; he was found dead in his bed at college last night.

Sterl. This is terrible!

Gran. [*Reviving.*] Oh agony! agony! it must be a dream! a hideous! a damned dream. Say that it is. Who are you? Ah, old man, you have slain him and I'll have your heart's blood. Williams, what is this! where is my son! Oh, my boy! my boy! my noble, innocent, glorious boy! Dead! No. no! there's some life, some hope! Paper. Sterling, paper! My heart is broken! Let Travers have all. I'll sign it;—perhaps the tardy justice may propitiate Heaven, and my son will yet live! He's in a trance! a faint! Come, let me sign, then take me to him—beggared! but living! No matter! while I have breath, let me see him once—once more. [*They bear him off*, L. H.

SCENE IV.—MRS. GRIMGRISKIN'S, *as before. Enter* TOM, *cautiously.*

Tom. I cannot keep the cursed thing any longer; this is the house, and luckily the coast is clear. I'll make it all right in a jiffy. Where shall I put it?—cry out and swear I found it under the trunk—or put it under the sofa? No, they must have looked. I'll leave it on the table. Yes, that'll do. Ah, where is it! I couldn't have lost it. Oh, that would be sure perdition. I have it! It's not here! Now what a cursed villain I am. Oh, it serves me right; why did I yield to the temptation. Stay, I may find it in the street! No, no, it's gone—gone! clean gone! Some rascal, bad as myself, has got it;—but there may be a chance I'll look through the back streets I came along. God help me—if I don't find it I shall go mad. [*Rushes out*, L. H.

Enter MRS. GRIMGRISKIN, HENRY *and* MARY, R. H.

Mrs. G. You'll excuse the intrusion, if you please, but being a woman of few words, there can be no necessity for me to inform you that this is my house, meaning of course, as long as I pay my rent, which I

don't see the slightest possibility of doing unless a similar proceeding takes place with regard to my rooms.

Hen. What do you mean?

Mrs. G. I mean that people as can't pay, should have no objection to turn out in favor of them as can: so perhaps you'll be good enough to act accordingly. [*Exit*, D. F. 1 E.

Enter hurriedly POLLY *and* O'BRYAN. L. H. 1 E.

Bryan. This is the house, and there's 44.

Polly. Oh, sir—Miss! I beg your pardon for breaking in upon you so suddenly, but have you lost any money?

Hen. Yes, my good woman, a large sum. Speak, in mercy—say, do you know of it?

Polly. Was it—was it *taken* from you?

Hen. No! it was dropped in the street.

Polly. Thank Heaven for that relief—here it is!

Hen. It is! it is!

Mary. Bless you! bless you! you know not what a weight of misery you have alleviated.

Hen. Take half of it; it honestly belongs to you.

Polly. Not a penny! I hate to look at it.

Hen. Won't you, my good fellow?

Bryan. Not if you were my father, I wouldn't. Sure I'd rather feel the feeling that's warming me up like a piece of sunshine while I'm looking at you there now, than all you could give me. They say money that isn't earned is the devil's wages, and I don't want him for my master, any way.

Hen. Tell me, my good, kind friends, where did you find this money?

Bryan. Sure, sir, it looked me straight in the face, and axed me to pick it up, and I was afraid, sir, and——

Polly. My husband found it, sir, and thought—that——

Hen. I have no right to ask any questions; it is returned—and I have no doubt, correctly.

Polly. Pray sir, look at it, I have a reason for wishing you to do so; is it—is it *all* there?

Hen. It is all correct; not a shilling lost.

Polly. Then sir, whatever pleasure you may enjoy in its recovery cannot equal mine in being the means of restoring it to you.

Bryan. May I never, if here ain't the masther comir g over in a state of distractitude.

Enter MRS. GRIMGRISKIN, 1. E. R. H.

Mrs. G. What's the meaning of this uproar.

Bryan. It's no business of yours Mrs. Woman of few words.

Mrs. G. Ah, you ignorant Irishman!

Bryan. Troth, and ye haven't called me out of my name, Ma'am. I know enough anyway to keep me from saying anything agin a female, when she tries to forget that she's a lady.

Polly. Oh, sir—you said you would like to assist me. All I wish you

to do is to look over my husband's fault; he's a good man, indeed he is but the drink is in him now, and——

Hen. Never fear me! you have saved my life—all our lives and my gratitude is yours forever.

TOM *rushes on* L. H.

Tom. I have lost—Polly here!

Polly. [*Interrupting him.*] Yes love, I did as you told me, I brought the money, you know, that you found. May I sir? you see how he is.

[*All go up but* POLLY *and* TOM.

Tom. What's this, Polly? What do you say? Money! why it's lost! No! did you? it can't be! My head! what with brandy and terror I am in an awful state. There, I can hear now. Dear, dear wife! guardian angel! speak to me—tell me again, did you find it?

Polly. I did!

Tom. Hurrah! And brought it here?

Polly. Yes.

Mrs. G. What do I hear.

Tom. God bless you! he will! he will! Oh, sir!

Polly. Hush! he knows nothing, but that you found it, and sent it by me. You did; you know you left it there for me to take.

Tom. I wish I could tell this fellow that [*Strikes his breast*] and h would believe me; but I did mean to give it back.

Polly. I know you did, dear husband; your true heart could not harbor a bad thought long.

Hen. My good friends!

Mary. My kind, honest fellow, your hand.

Tom. I can't! Poll, I can't—I'm half a scoundrel still; how dare I. [POLLY *signs for him to take her hand.*] All shake hands with Tom.

Hen. Ah, here comes good old Sterling.

Enter STERLING, L. H.

Hen. By the gloom on your brow you have been as unsuccessful as ever; but we shall make you shed tears of joy; this good fellow here, has found and restored the money! why you don't seem glad! has that old rascal——

Sterl. Hush! heaven has avenged you in a sudden and a fearful manner.

Hen. How is this? Mr. Granite——

Sterl. Is dead!

Hen. Dead! with *him* let his *faults* be buried; his sen may be more merciful; he will inherit——

Sterl. He has inherited—his father's fate.

Hen. Dead?

Sterl. Justice may slumber for awhile but retribution must come at last. You are now, by the old man's signature, his sole heir.

Mrs G. I'm a woman of few words, but if I had been a woman of less, I do believe it would have been more to my advantage; but never mind, sudden millionaires are generous. Hem.! I am sorry to intrude upon the solemnity of your grief, but there's a lovely first floor—suite

carpet, just turned for the season—bath room on the same floor—hot water.

Bryan. Plenty of that, I'll be bail!

Mrs. G. It ain't my intention to say much——

Bryan. Well then don't! haven't you got the gumption to see that there's one too many here?

Mrs. G. Then why don't you go, you Irish savage.

Bryan. Because I'm not the one.

Tom. Do you forgive me, Polly?

Polly. From my heart.

Tom. Bless your kind soul! I have learnt a wholesome lesson and never—never shall I forget it, and I hope none of our friends will forget it either.

EPILOGUE.

Tom.

There is a moral in our little play,
Whose influence may not be cast away,
Oh! think what magic's in a kindly word,
And mercy show to those who've slightly erred.

Polly.

I was to blame dear Tom to envy those
Whose wealth enabled them to wear rich clothes;
But mercifully was this lesson sent,
To teach us, the best wardrobe is content.

Bryan.

That's true enough my darling, didn't I,
By forgetting of that same completely fly
Into temptation, like a big bull calf.
Why hanging is too good for me by half.
I'll venture now to say a word to you,
I'm sorry to differ with the worthy few,
They'd have you shun Temptation, don't you do it.
But when *you see Temptation here, come to it.*

CURTAIN

THE END.

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
The Acting Edition.
No. LXVI.

PADDY CAREY:

OR,

THE BOY OF CLOGHEEN

AN

INTERLUDE, IN ONE ACT.

BY TYRONE POWER, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT ALL THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES IN THE UNITED STATES.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters,—(Paddy Carey),

	Metropolitan, San Francisco.	*Broadway, N. Y*
Fitzroy, (an English gardener.)	Mr. Rand.	Mr. Grosvener.
Phil Tims, (Attorney and Agent.)	" Barry.	" Seymour.
Serjeant Snap. (recruiting for hussars.)	" Thayer.	" Hodges.
Corporal, - - - - - - -	" Rogers.	" Wright.
Mickey, } (recruits.) - - - - -	" Warden.	" Vincent.
Potts, }	" Jones.	" Cutter.
Clerk, - - - - - - -	" Reeve.	" Ringold.
McClure. (a small Farmer.) - -	" Taylor.	" Henry.
Paddy Carey, (a rollicking boy.) -	" B. Williams.	" B. Williams
Peasants, soldiers, &c.		
Mrs. Leary, (a widow lady.) -	Mrs. Judah,	Mrs. Henry.
Mary Leary, (Mrs. L's niece.) -	" B. Williams.	Miss. Manners.
Catherine McClure, - - - -	" Thayer.	Mrs. Warren,

MODERN COSTUME.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre* L. C. *Left of Centre* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience*

PADDY CAREY;

OR,

THE BOY OF CLOGHEEN.

SCENE I.—*A parlor in the "St. Patrick," a public house.—Voices heard singing behind the flat, as curtain rises.*

CHORUS—*sung as tipsy.*

"Her mother was in bed,
Her father was afar;
So away the lady rode,
With her gallant young Hussar."

Toward the end of chorus. Enter WIDOW LEARY, R. H. *and* M. LARY, *from* L. H. D. F.

Wid. Have you made Serjeant Snap the last punch he ordered?

Mary. I've just taken it to him.

Wid. That's all right, and now Mary, let me give you a hint, not to be quite so forward with these soldiers, it's not becoming in my niece.

Mary. I forward with the soldiers! there's not one among 'em I would give a dry lemon for!

Wid. Maybe not—I know where your cap is set, Miss Mary. Didn't I see Pat Carey last night when he kissed you behind the kitchen door?

Mary. Well, and how was I to keep myself, I'd like to know?

Wid. How indeed! I'd like to find him kissing me, I'd help myself fast enough.

Mary. I dare say you would; nobody doubts you.

Wid. No more they ought, for if I chose to derogate any licentious liberties to the male sex, would I have remained a lone widow, summer and winter, come next Michaelmas two years.

Mary. That may be no fault of yours, Aunt.

Wid. Really Miss Pert, whose fault is it then? Was it the Belfast pack, Mr. Duncan? McNab's fault, whose proffer I dispelled in the most despicable manner; though he vowed my cruelty weighed heavier

on his heart, than the pack on his shoulders. Was it Cornelius O'Donoghue's fault? Didn't he proffer himself to my hand, and offer a drove of sixty fat Cork hogs, for my espousal? and did his pigs save his bacon? No! I sent him and them to another market.

Mary. And when Pat Carey offers, Aunt, what market will you send him to, eh?

Wid. Not to your's, Miss Forward!

Snap. [*behind flat.*] Holla Mary, Widow, more punch here! [*sings behind.*

And away she rode,
With her gallant young Hussar.

[*chorus behind.*

Wid. Do you hear the Serjeant? Go, and [*crosses, L. H.*] mind your work; don't disperse my character with any delusions to young Pat; he's for your betters, and let me tell you for your comfort, if I'd been so minded, I might have been Mistress Carey long ago.

Mary. [*going.*] I know that, for did not Pat's father court you thirty years since? [*Exit, D. F.*

As Mary goes off, a loud laugh is heard behind flat. WIDOW *screams.*

Wid. Oh, what a vixen! that girl's veracity will kill me. If it wasn't for the promise Carey extorted from me, with his coaxing tongue, I'd pack her off. But I must contrive to lead Pat to be a little more duplicit, and to come to the interesting point. I'll not endure his round about way of doing nothing much longer, and so I'll let him know. [*Exit, R. 1 E.*

Enter from, L. H. D. F. SERJEANT SNAP *of the 5th. dragoon guards, Corporal Casey.*—POTT *and* MICKEY *as recruits, drink.—Drummer and fifer, and two or three soldiers.*—POTTS *has hold of* SERJEANT SNAP'S *arm; and* MICKEY *that of the corporal.*

Snap. Come along my hearts of steel, my sprouts of shamrock, my sprigs of shillelagh, you're the right stuff to make bold dragoons of. Ha! ha! ha!

Potts. (R. H.) The fighting 5th for ever. I'm a "heavy." Damn the "lights," I'm a "heavy."

Mickey. Damn the "lights," I'm a hussar. [*singing.*]

"A gallant young hussar."

Snap. To be sure you are. Now carry away the brave boys to the captain.

Corporal. Come along, my pets. [*Exit to* L. H.

Mickey. Mind, I wear mustachies! [*singing.*] "And away the lady rode, &c.

Snap. [*singing.*] "With her gallant young hussar." That's you, my boy. Mustaches to be sure, and tips, whiskers, and lady killers, into the bargain.

Potts. I say Snap, old boy, mind, I'll wear no such grease traps *about my mouth.* My Peggy says she'd as soon be kissed by a *scrubbing brush. I* stand no must-a-ches.

Snap. No, to be sure not: you don't mind whiskers and tips, eh?

Potts. No, no tips; tips be dam'd. I'll stand whiskers, but no—[*hiccups.*] So, come along Casey; I'll be a general. I'm a man of desolute habits, and fit for a dragoon, but mind, mind, no tips.

[*Exit with soldiers,* L. H. 1 E.

Casey. Come Mickey, my darlin', and be sworn in.

Mickey. Swearing be damn'd; I never swear, it's not decent. I'm considering, stop a bit, here Pat Casey. I'll ask Carey about the tips.

Enter PADDY CAREY, L. H. 1 E.

Carey. Ha, ha, sergeant, at the ould trade! Is that Mike? Oh, by my soul, your wife's waiting outside; I'd not wear your wig for all the pay you'll ever get, if she lays her ten fingers in your hair.

Mickey. Stop, I'll consider; tips!

Carey. Be off to your turf-kish, you slobeen, and don't be making a goosterum foodle of yourself.

Mickey. Damn the turf! I'm a hussar, that for my wife. [*sings.*]

"And away the lady rode
With her gallant young hussar."

Huzza! huzza! [*Exit,* L. H. 1 E. *with soldiers.*

Snap. Well Pat, you thief of the world, when do you mean to make up your mind to it?

Carey. That's hard to guess, sergeant, dear, but when I do, I'll send you word.

Snap. You're the very cut of a fellow we want.

Carey. I know what you want—cut and come again.

Snap. Why Pat, it's heart breaking to see a fine fellow like you, growing mouldy here, like a lost cheese on a damp dresser, when you might have a horse to ride, and a sword by your side, drinking and fighting without end.

Carey. Snap, my jewel, go easy, I'm a weazel, and when you catch me asleep, I wish you luck, that's all. If I was to 'list, wouldn't I lose the prettiest girl in the county, whose mother, when dying, swore her never to marry a soldier, and wouldn't I rather marry Kate McClure, than to be captain, or a *kurnel* either—no offence to the army. As for the horse, to be sure I love that, but when onc't I mounted, I've a great notion it's pleasantest to ride where I like; and I'm afraid if I heard the tongue of a hound, all the drillers in the army wouldn't keep me from following at the heel of the hunt; then, as for fighting, which, to be sure, is fine diversion; a boy that has a taste after it, can always find enough when his blood's too hot for his skin, besides, I've a notion the powder spoils the fight entirely. You can't see who's up or down for the smoke, or hear a word for the noise and shootin', but the black-thorn has such a nasty, natural twist wid it, and fights on so quiet and so aisy, seein' the fun on all sides; then the click of a stick has something so sociable and friendly in it—whack! crack!! smash! dash! hurl! whurl!! whoo! Och, that's the fightin'—bates sojerin' all to tatthers.

Snap. Pooh! Carey, you'd tell another story, if once you knew the difference, and, as for what the girl Kitty has sworn, let her only see

you well set up, your sword by your side, and a red jacket on your back. She'll [*sings*]

Pack up her tatters, and follow the drum.

Carey. Well, indeed, that's what I'd be glad to bring her to, by any means, and yours is a tasty jacket, to be sure, sergeant, dear, but it takes a plaguey deal o' cleanin', and I don't sees but wid this bit of Connaught frieze, and the tail o' the top-coat tuck'd under my arm, and the caubeen set over the right eye, a red vest, a white shirt, a blue Barcelony, wid a slingin' bit o' black-thorn in the hollow of one's fist, a boy has as gay and rollickin' a look of his own as a sojer, that says he's standin' at aise, and looks all the while as he'd swallowed the handle of a hay-fork.

Enter CORPORAL CASEY, L. H.

Casey. Sergeant, here's some of our chickens want their wings clipt; they refuse to be lock'd up till they get sober, and, as we've to march to night, you know——

Snap. Why it's as well to have them sober enough to lie on their backs, without holding; show me to the tatterdemallions. I'll clap a soldier's kit on each of their backs, and stand them, faced to the gable end of the house for an hour or two. Good bye, Carey, you must make up your mind to-day, to night we march, and embark for Cork, when you'll lose a glorious chance of making your fortune.

[*Exeunt* SNAP *and* CASEY, L. H. 1 E.

Carey. Oh! to be sure, a glorious chance of being faced to the gable end of a house, with a kit on my back; now, I'd rather face the turf fire, with Kitty by my side—to be sure, glory's a fine thing, but love beats the world; every one has his taste, but if I had purty Kate and a farm, I'd have my fancy I'm thinkin'.

SONG.

Some boys they love this, and some boys they love that;
And others can't tell what the divil they're at.
Some follow the sea, and some follow a trade.
One shoulders a hod—t'other mounts a cockade;
One goes a rollickin, courtin', and fighting for life;
T'other vows to live dacent, and marries a wife.
Now I, too, have my fancy, there's no use denying, sir;
And if I don't get it, I mean to be trying, sir.

I want to begin, just by trying my hand
Wid a farm, of at least forty acres of land,
A house wid glass windows, and aisy-goin' door,
And for dancing, one room, and a well-boarded floor.
A fiddle, for playin' reels, hornpipes, jigs.
A horse and five cows, and a handful of pigs.
A big pot for the praties—a keagh and a ladle;
And in case we might need it, a nate rockin' cradle.

I'd have for each winter, of turf, a fine store:
For the priest and the wife, tay and coffee galore.
And I'd like, when we christen'd the dear little joys,
A gay galouge of whiskey, to stir up the boys.
Give me health and good luck, and these few other things,
I'll envy no squires, nor bishops, nor kings.
Now this is my fancy, there's no use denying, sir;
And if I don't get it, I mean to be trying, sir.

[*speaks.*] Och, only let purty Cauthleen McClure be changed by the priest into Mrs. Carey, and —— [*crosses down to* R. H.]

MARY *during* CAREY'S *speech, has entered from,* L. H. D. F. *and now advances to* CAREY.

Mary. And when she is, I'll be changed into Lord Mayor of Cork, Pat.

Carey. And divil a tighter leg than your own was ever slipped into a Lord Mayor' breeches. Mary, darlin', so you've been listenin' to me buildin' fairy castles!

Mary. Fairy's castles! fool's castles. Pat, you know very well, since you've been away, Katty McClure has made a market of her own, without asking her father's leave.

Carey. Oh! leave that bastershin jewel; don't be malvatherin your purty mouth wid such stuff. You mean Mr. Fitzroy; and do you think the boy stands in that chap's brogues would drive me out of a girl's heart, jewel!

Mary. It doesn't take much to drive that out of the heart, that never was in it. Your wild ways never suited Miss Kate, and so I've heard her say, before ever James Fitzroy came here at all; but it's the way of all the men, they waste their thoughts on your fine flirts, that don't care a button about them, and leave hearts that truly love them, to break without a look of kindness, or a word of consolation.

Carey. And that's no cap for me to wear, my dear; for married or single, if ever I refuse you a trifle of consolation, may ould Nick invite himself to my first christenin'.

Kisses MARY, *as* MCCLURE *enters and peeps at wing,* L. H. *taps* CAREY *on the head.*

McC. Hollo, Pat, there's mother Leary coming! [MARY *screams, and runs off,* D. F.] Leave the girl alone, Pat; and you another woman's man to be caught in this way.

Carey. That's it! it's the bein' caught that troubles me—it plays the divil wid one's character; but mums, Father Dan, not a word about the pig—you look a little comflustrated yourself; have you had the ill-luck to be caught, or what ails you, at all, at all!

McC. That's what I'm come here to know; my lor's steward, has sent word for me to come here, to Phil Tims, the agent, who has heard some news of my brother Mike, which it concerns me to know. Cauthleen's all alone at my place; do you be off there, and wait till I bring you the news. If all has gone well with Mike at Bristol, and his

venture well sold, I'll have you for a son before nine days are over your head.

Carey. A bargain to that; and I'll promise you shall have a grandson before nine months are over your head. I'm off—not a word to the ould widow about my whisperin' to Mary, because you see, somehow or other she had the accident to see me sarving ditto repeated on those same lips an evening or two back, and if she knew of this, she'd maybe, suspect the poor girl. [*Exit*, L. H.

McC. Now to see if Potts is come with the news of my brother; pray heaven it prove of the light color, for if this turns out badly, I'm not only ruin'd myself, but I've made a beggar of this honest lad here, but no faint heart; courage till the worst comes. [*Exit door*, L, H. F.

Enter WIDOW LEARY, *and* PHIL TIMS, R. H.

Tims. The case is clear—I arrest old McClure instantly, on this suit, for forty nine pounds, seventeen shillings, and seven pence, three farthings, send down my men to seize the premises. I secure the body, they the goods and chattels. You appear like the goddess of plenty, give bail for the goods. Pat will ask you for the money to release Kate's father, or he'll get drunk; in either case he's sure, if you part with the money, he gives a bond for payment. with a purse which is empty as my bag after term, or his person, which you hold of value, if he gets drunk, Snap snaps him up, and he can't marry Kate McClure, who is sworn to marry no soldier; no reason why you should not! You buy his discharge, pay old McClure's debts, issue is joined. You earn the gratitude of all parties, and a young husband, and I incur the universal obloquy from them, and touch £20 from you, per con——

Wid. But mind, Mr. Tims, I musn't be supposed to have any knowledge or hand in this, for Carey would never make allowances for the influence of love, or a susceptible head.

Tims. Don't fear! I can carry all the disrespectability of the transaction without breaking down. No man moves easier under disgrace, no matter how heavy the load, if the carriage be only well paid.

Wid. (L.) But we must be quick Mr. Tims, or if he hears of Mike's shipwreck, he may be off.

Tims. I'm prompt as a fiery courser. I'll step into the next room at once. [*crosses*, L. H.] Two of my bailiff's are already there. I'll break his brother's fate to him, tenderly, and present him with my tipstaff touchingly. You be off with the news to Miss Kitty, as soon as I've made caption, and whilst you're there, the officers shall appear.

Wid. I'll attend, Mr. Tims. [*Exit* TIMS, D. F.] I don't half like to have poor McClure arrested under my roof, tho' the debt's none of mine, but what am I to do? if I don't open their eyes Pat will marry the daughter of a beggar, and that would be a sad thing to happen to the son of my old friend Dan Carey, the first man that ever perspired for my hand; and really this Pat is so like his father, that I can't help looking at him as my own property. Oh, it's a sad thing to be a poor, lone, unprotected widow, with no man of one's own, to stand by one, *when it's a little preliminary.* [*Exit* WIDOW, R. H.

SCENE II.—*Inside of* McCLURE'S *cottage, window in,* L. H. F.—*Door with bolt,* R. H. F. *back'd by a country landscape; table and two chairs on.*—CATHERINE McCLURE, *and* FITZROY *discovered.*

Cath. I have now explained to you, how deeply my father is indebted to Carey; if my uncle Mike's venture succeeds, and he sells his cattle well, Carey will be repaid, and I can then with a stouter heart, state my objections to my father.

Fitz. I see; and if the venture fails, you'll be handed over to Carey, to balance that part of the account.

CAREY *looks through the window,* L. H. F. *listens, then pushes it open, and steps quietly in.*

Fitz. Nay, never look angry, dear Catherine, I know that loving me, you are too honest-hearted ever to marry another. But I dont like for ever sneaking out of the way, whenever Carey is expected; it makes one feel like a coward, especially, since I am sure he has been told of my having been courting you, during his absence.

Cath. If so, be sure he doesn't give ear to the report. You'll remember we have been betrothed since we were children together, and poor Carey never doubts but the contract made by our parents, will be at a proper time cheerfully fulfilled on my part; as indeed it might have been, but ——

Fitz. But for me, eh? Well Kate, confess I wooed and won your heart fairly, and all I desire is to bring matters to a fair footing, every soul that knows Carey, declares him to have a sound heart.

Cath. Aye that he has; sound as Irish oak, and soft and clear as the waters of Killarney.

Fitz. Then let me roundly disclose to him, how matters have changed during his absence.

CAREY *comes forward.*—KATE *screams, and rushes apprehensively between them.*

Carey. [*comes forward.*] You'd best not try that, Carey might not hold patience 'till the end of such a story from your tongue.

Fitz. (R.) Carey, I'm glad to meet you here.

Carey. That's a welcome I can't return, uuless I lie, which I'm not inclined to do just now, not bein' overstrong of compliments; but may I trouble you to put the thickness o' yan wall betune us for five minutes or so?

Fitz. And wherefore should I leave the place?

Carey. Oh! only bekase I ax'd you civilly, that's all.

Cath. (L.) Look not so fiercely, Carey; speak not in such a tone, or look, and speak to me alone, since I only am to blame.

Carey. Will he leave us?

[*Walks up stage—bolts door—brings down two chairs, and motions* CATHARINE *to sit, then seats himself, after a pause.*

Cath. (C.) Yes, yes; James, I entreat you for my sake, speak not a word, but leave us, if you love me.

FITZROY *presses her hand, and rushes out,* D. F.

Carey. Don't look so downcast, Cauthleen, you're not afraid of poor Carey here; don't think I come here, to be listening and eaves-dropping at your back; 'tis little I waited to hear, Cauthleen, but indeed too much intirely, if my ears didn't deceive me. I'm not goin' to upbraid you, Cauthleen; but have you forgotten for how many a long day I've loved you, when I was a slip of a gossoon, and you a little tottherin fairy, some four years younger; maybe I mind me you wouldn't sleep, unless I was rockin' your cradle. When I was wild to 'list, didn't your mother swear you were never to marry a soldier? Did I ever lend an ear to a drum from that day? When she was dyin', she put your hand in mine, and bid me be true and good to you that she left. At Pattherin and fair, did I ever quit you for the best that was there beside? True, I would gosther and laugh about love and nonsense to others, but for you only had I a full heart and few words. Well, I leave you for seven months, and come back to find you've given your ear and your heart to the stranger that has not look'd to you for as many weeks as I have doted on you years.

Cath. Don't speak so, Carey; the sound of your voice terrifies me.

Carey. And the sound of my voice terrifies you? Well, that's new to me, but maybe I'm hasty, without much need after all; maybe the blarney of the Saxon hasn't sank so deep in your soft heart, but that an honest boy may root out the passion; only say the word, and I'll rid you of him in the turn of your fingers.

Cath. Do not think it, Carey. Fitzroy is as incapable of deceit as yourself.

Carey. Indeed! Well, Cauthleen, one honest answer, and I am done. Do you still love me?

Cath. I still love you as I have ever done, Carey; love, and look upon you as a dear brother.

Carey. [*rises.*] That word's enough; and now, Cauthleen, have no more thought for me, the worst's past—mine's a tough heart, and won't break, never fear; I'll do all I can to bring ould Dan round, and make short of the agreement between us, and leave you to the boy of your heart: only one thing—let him keep out of my way for a while, 'till I get used to the thought of him, for if I come across him, full of drink and devilment, I'd not answer for the hand by my side.

Knocking at D. F.—CATHERINE *goes up, and opens.*—CAREY *puts chairs back.*

Enter MARY *in haste,* D. F. *down* C.

Mary. Oh, Kitty, don't be frightened, but here's two of Tims ugly bailiffs coming here directly.

Carey. What! to look for ould McClure.

Mary. Oh, dear, no. Tims has arrested him at our house, and he's off to prison.

Cath. My father to prison? what has he done?

Mary Nothing at all, only they say your Uncle Mike's cast away, and so Tims has come on your father for all sorts o' debts, and arrears, and has sent two men here with his clerk, to make inventory of every *thing in the house.*

Carey. I'll infantry them, and cavalry too. Where are you goin', Cauthleen?

Cath. To my poor father, to prison.

As she is going up to door, the CLERK *enters, D. F. accompanied by two bailiffs—they stop her.*

Clerk. [*with book and pencil.*] Beg pardon, Miss. Don't stir, only come to make inventory of all the chattels, and furniture; won't alarm a fly. Have you the keys of other rooms, beaufetts, &c.?

Cath. Here are my keys, take them. anything, all, but do not keep me from my father. [*throws down keys, and exit,* D. F.

Clerk. Bob, pick up the keys. [*bailiff approaches to lift keys, Bus.*

Carey. [*pushes* BAILIFF *back with shoulder.*] Lave them still. Who the divil made those keys yours?

Clerk. The will of the law.

Carey. [*picks up the keys on end of stick.*] There, let the arm of the law help you to them. Come, which of the three of you will take them off the end of my stick?

Clerk. Will you resist a sheriff's warrant?

Carey. No, but I resist an attorney's dirty chap, and that's yourself. What! you'll not touch the keys? then I'll pocket them; and now, let the man that wants his hair combed, lay hands or fingers on stick or stone within these four walls.

Clerk. Mr. Carey, beware of a rescue. Here's my warrant. Can you resist this legal instrument?

Carey. Faith, I can—here's my warrant; and now, will you resist this legal instrument. How do you know, you dirty chap, but I'll put my hand in my pocket and pay the debt. How much is it?

Clerk. Forty nine pounds, seventeen shillings, and seven pence, three farthings.

Mary. Have you so much money, Pat?

Carey. I have not, nor as much as would buy a string to lead home a pig, or hang an attorney's clerk.

Mary. Now Pat, I have got seventeen pounds, besides a bed and blankets, and other combustibles of my poor mother's, all of which you may do what you like with.

Carey. [*kisses her.*] Blessins' on you, and your feather-bed, my darling; no, I'll not rob you of your little estate—I'll go to the widow after I clear the house o' these robbers—this is kind-hearted. Now, boys, will you walk out, or shall I lend you a hand? [*widow passes window.*] Oh! talk of the divil—here's the widow, gay as a kitten.

Enter WIDOW, D. F.

Wid. Here's a pretty extermination of your affairs. Old McClure arrested for my lord's arrears. His brother Mike drowned, and all the money he sold his cattle for, gone to the bottom of the sea.

Carey. Well, that's money well taken care of; the sea is a bank—it would take a hard run to break. I'm done out clean, by the trick, anyway

Wid. To think of cheating his creditors by getting drown'd. But I have old McClure's bond, that's some security!

Carey. Faith! the girl is good security for him; but widow, dear, I've a trifle to coax out of you.

Mary. Coax her to lend money to release McClure, that's all you want from her, I know.

Wid. Indeed, sauce box; how do you know what he wants from me. I fancy I can give him more than you can.

Carey. Indeed! and that's what you can, widow; but I'm thinkin' you'll be looking to security, and, sirra, the bond o' mine would be worth having: I'll be arrested myself, I suppose, unless I can get made a member of Parliament.

Wid. And who knows what may happen; I'm in need of a member to represent me, at the "St. Patrick" yonder, as good a freehold as any in Ireland.

Mary. Oh, fye, for shame aunt, well, if I couldn't get a member without bribery and corruption, I'd do without one.

Carey. Asy, my darlin', would you make a close borough of yourself? Well, come widow, you'll lend me the money to let poor Mac again into daylight; and if I don't pay it back before morning, I'll give you my own note-of-hand, with the priest for a witness.

Wid. A bargain, Pat; come along, and I'll give you the money, and as much more if you want it.

Mary. And a shameful bargain it is, to sell himself to an old woman, for forty pounds. [*cries.*]

Carey. Oh, come, don't disparage me, Mary—£49 17 7½—knock me down to my full valy.

Mary. Don't go, Carey, I'll give you all I've got for nothing. I'll sell my mother's feather bed, I'll pledge my clothes, to get McClure out, and never ask you for a kind look, rather than see you drudging all your life for that old cockatrice.

Wid. A cock-a-what? I'll give it to her! Let me come at her, the minx, I'll——

Rushes and slaps MARY.—MARY *slaps the* WIDOW.—CAREY *tries to prevent them striking each other, in the midst of the battle, enter* PHIL TIMS, D. F.

Tims. Widow, what's the matter? a new case, Bellona, versus Venus. Ladies, be placid, calm your furor, listen, oh, listen, not to the voice of love, but law, more persuasive than Plato. Mrs. L. most devoted, Mary, yours. Pat, how do you do? Miss Kate not here, sorry for it—love to be the bearer of good news, sorry whenever my official office interferes with my softer sentiments. Here Gregson, take this release up to the jail, and get Mr. McClure out of prison.

[*Exit* CLERK, D. F.

Carey. What is that for?

Tims. The old reason, ready money. That Fitzroy's a fine young fellow, will make a good soldier, worth every shilling of the bounty.

Carey. Soldier! bounty! what do you mean?

Tims. *Don't you know* how he raised the wind? all for love. Love

settles all scores, eh, Pat—take the joke! Widow does; don't blush.

Carey. Speak plain, you little lepperachaun, and don't be puttin' your idle commethew on any here, or tetteration to me but I'll lend you a patterara on the but o' your lug, that you shall think 'tis the divil beating tattoo there. [*crosses to* TIMS.]

Tims. Pat, patience, all I mean is, in brief, the young fellow Fitzroy, has enlisted with Captain Gore. Told him a tough tale, touched his heart first, then the rhino.

Carey. What, the English gardener!

Tims. The English gardener that was! The royal Irish hussar that is!

Carey. Then he's a fine fellow, and deserves Cauthleen. Stop, I may yet be in time; widow, come along—give me the money; come along, and we'll see if an Irish boy is to be once outdone, when the question is to save a friend he trusted, or a woman he once loved. Come, my jewel of a widow.

Wid. Pat, you are so violent.

Carey. Come along, widow.

Tims. [*crosses, L. H. then turns to* MARY.] Miss Mary, shall I escort you home?

Mary. I've no home; I'll never go home again.

Tims. Has been served with a particular notice from the blind god. Love, like law, is irresistible, each to his choice, I stick to the last. Men follow me! Miss Mary, observe, be witness. [*to bailiff.*] I give up possession, leaving all things in statuo quo.

[*Exit* TIMS, *and Bailiffs,* D. F.

Mary. I'll quit the village this very hour. I never could bear to call Carey uncle. My old aunt's a rogue, and he's a fool. I know he'll never love her, and I'm sure for all Miss Kate, he always had a sneaking kindness after me. Oh, that rogue, Paddy Carey. [*Exit,* L. H.

SCENE III.—*Outside of the St. Patrick, a public house, sign—"The Public House, by* WIDOW LEARY."

Enter FITZROY, MCCLURE, *and* CATHERINE, *from door in flat,* R. H. U. E.

McC. Your generosity has proved you worthy of my daughter, and I regret from my heart, I cannot give her to you.

Fitz. Never think of me, I have at least been able to show, that mine was no selfish love. Cheer up, my dear girl, be happy, once more with your restored father, and your early friends. I bequeath your heart back to the worthy fellow, from whom I unconsciously stole it.

Cath. Oh, Fitzroy, were it not for the pledge I made my dying mother, I would partake your fatigues, and dangers, and follow you through the world; let my parting with you, prove how firmly I keep the vow, which is past, and by my pledge, when I promise, that if this hand cannot be claimed by you, it shall never be given to another.

Enter WIDOW *and* TIMS, *from house,* R. U. E.

Wid. But where's the use of being in a rage, Mr. Tims! he's off, and there's an end, be composed like me.

Tims. I'll not. I'll raise the hue and cry; there's ground for criminal proceeding, to ride away with my grey mare, worth forty pounds. Horse stealing's hanging: no joke, widow.

Wid. He'll soon overtake the captain, and a little gentle trot will do the mare no harm.

Enter SERGEANT SNAP, *and* CAREY, D. F.

Tims. Gentle trot; call a gallop of sixteen miles an hour, a trot with ten stone on her back. Widow, you don't know what it is to be over weighted.

Snap. Well, old blue bag, is the captain off? Why you're looking blue too; what's the row?

Tims. Felony! horse stealing, that's all, sergeant. You've seen my mare, well, just as I rode up to my door, a while ago, who should come up, but Pat Carey, to enquire after your captain, my lodger. I have just seen him off for Cork, on my own car, not five minutes since, [*civilly.*] says I, the devil you have, them come down out of that, says he, and before I could enter one word of protest, he whips me out of my saddle, jumps himself into it, digs the hard heels' of his brogues into the mare's sides, and away he scours over ducks, dogs, pigs, and poultry.

Snap. After the captain a charging pace, eh, Mr. Tims?

Tims. I'll charge him before a jury. Oh, Mr. McClure, how dy'e do? glad to see you, your own man again, painful practice, proceeding against friends, but law has no liking. What! Fitzroy just off? Miss Kate not going to follow the drum?

Snap. Come Casey, turn out the party. Widow, my jolly old lass, give us a stirrup cup for luck.

Wid. That I will, sergeant, and of the best in the house. Now luck go with you. [*Exit* WIDOW, D. F.

Snap. Spoke like an angel. Come boys, fall in, and drummer, strike up, "The girl I left behind me."

Enter drum and fife, playing,—Recruits,—soldiers, villagers, girls, some crying, others laughing, some taking leave.—they form across the stage, from, R. H. 1 E. *to* L. H.—CAREY, *and* MARY, *rush down,* C.

Carey. Stop, stop Snap, quick—you must whip that bunch of ribbons out of that boy's caubeen, and let him stay where he is.

Cath. What say you, Carey?

Snap. Let him stay! for what?

Carey. For fun, to be sure: the truth is, Snap, I've just come off a gosther wid your captain. Captain, says I, you would want but one boy to be the tightest corps that ever cried, "Faugh a ballagh"—and that one's myself, says I. Then, says I, instead, you've got one Fitzroy, a poor gardener, says I: there he stands—a cabbage-cutter—son of a foggy turnip, widout the heart of a beggarman's flea, besides being in love; he hasn't a day's fightin' in his breeches; and, if he's marched *off,* he'll die by the way, like a sick kitten, says I.

Fitz. I'm obliged by the character you gave me.

Carey. Och, be aisy, you havn't heard the half that I said to recommend you; let him stick to his shovel and spinnage, captain, says I. There's his smart money—write a discharge, and 'list a boy, worth ten such tailors—and that's myself—in his place. Done, says the captain—done, says I; I'm the boy will pray, fast, and fight for you, whilst there's life in Pat Carey.

Snap. Then I'm to take you for a substitute, Pat?

Carey. No, you'll take me for a soldier—a Royal Irish Hussar. Take a squint at that order. Here, give me that hat—[*exchanges hats with* FITZROY.] it doesn't set well on you. There, Snap, my dear, you've got something worth lookin' at for your money.

Snap. This order's all right; where's the discharge? Give it to me.

Carey. No, thank you, sergeant; I'll give that here [*gives it to* CATHERINE.] Cauthleen Mavourneen, I promised your poor mother, to make you happy. There, be witness, I've kept my word. [*places her hand in* FITZROY'S.]

Cath. Dear kind Carey, you've indeed made me happy.

Fitz. And sacrificed yourself to do so, generous hearted fellow, I envy you your feelings, give me your honest hand, and say you'll forgive me.

Carey. Forgive? aye, from the bottom of my heart, and that's mighty deep. But don't talk so mavourneen, for you'll make my heart sad, and that's what I wouldn't have now, that I'm goin' to part wid you all forever; and that God may bless yees, and make yees happy, shall be the last wish o' poor Pat Carey. Come, come Paddy, boy, sure you're makin' a water spout o' your eyes that will drain your heart. Come, come, brighten up—be more yourself; sure, there's plenty of girls in ould Ireland, and it shall never be said that one of them broke Pat Carey's heart. Mary, darlin, come here; you've always been good and kind to me, and now I'll repay you. Will you follow the fortunes of poor Pat Carey?

Mary. Yes, Paddy, to the end of the world.

Carey. Let's put our seal to that bargain. [*kisses her. Enter* WIDOW.] Widow, there's your money; you're a kind, good-hearted soul, and I wish you luck; and I'm sure you'll agree wid my father's son, when he says you're too old to marry; and I hope our kind friends will emulate my Mary's example, and smile on the fortunes of

POOR PAT CAREY.

CHORUS.

"The Girl I left behind me."

CURTAIN.

A Glorious Change.

Medical treatment has been revolutionized. The Drastic purgatives with which it was the fashion to scour the system for every ailment, twenty years ago, have been abandoned. At last the discovery has been made that RENOVATION, NOT PROSTRATION, IS THE TRUE MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY. The introduction of *PLANTATION BITTERS* opened the eyes of the world to this great fact. The life-sustaining principle embodied in this great Vegetable Restorative is manifested in the weak and desponding by an immediate and most encouraging change. A pleasant glow, the precursor of returning health, is diffused through the system, and every day the invalid is conscious of a new accession of vital power. If the appetite has failed, it is quickened; if digestion has been painful and imperfect, it becomes easy and thorough; if the liver is torpid, it is roused and regulated; if the nerves are relaxed, they are strengthened and restrung; if the brain has been haunted by morbid fancies, they are put to flight, and hope and cheerfulness return. The old practice was to convulse, and rack, and strain the feeble patient with powerful cathartics. It was like clubbing a man after he was down. Happily, this false and fatal mode of treatment no longer finds favor with the enlightened members of the faculty. In the face of the extraordinary cures of general debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation and mental despondency, wrought by Plantation Bitters, no practitioner, not in league with death and the undertaker, could persist in it. The terrible evacuents which were once prescribed as Spring and Summer Medicines, have utterly lost their *prestige.* The sick will not take them—and Plantation Bitters, in which are combined the elements of a stomachic, an invigorant, a mild *laxative,* a nervine, and an anti-bilious specific, reigns in *their stead.* Plantation Bitters are sold by all respectable *Druggists* in the United States.

THE NEW FOOD.

Office of the RAND SEA MOSS FARINE CO.,
No. 53 PARK PLACE.

In order that the public may be as fully informed as possible, in regard to the Sea Moss Farine, we submit as much information of its worth and merit as space will admit. It is exceedingly gratifying to the Company to know that their efforts to place a really good article of food in the market is so fully appreciated; and we trust that in the future, as well as in the past, we may continue to merit the appreciation of all.

[*From the Weekly Tribune of Dec.* 15, 1869.]

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB,

Session of December 7, 1869, held at Cooper Union. Alderman Nathan C. Ely in the chair, John W. Chambers, Secretary. The first subject introduced was—

"A NEW ARTICLE OF FOOD."

The "ex-Mayor of Boston," Hon. J. V. C. Smith, M. D., distributed some parcels of SEA MOSS FARINE, which he said is offered to the public as the most nutritive, delicious and cheap article of its class ever manufactured in this country or in Europe. The ex-Mayor gave a lengthened professional evidence in favor of the preparation, and detailed like opinions of medical gentlemen in Europe.

To ascertain if these claims are well founded, the following ladies—who are distinguished for their intelligence and social position, and as acting under the authority of the Institute—were appointed a Committee to examine it and report: Mrs. L. E. Lyman, Mrs. J. W. Chambers, Mrs. D. T. Conner, Mrs. D. B. Bruen and Mrs. M. J. Cushing, M. D.

[*From the Weekly Tribune, Dec.* 22, 1869.]

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB,

Session of Tuesday, Dec. 21, 1869, held at Cooper Union. Nathan C. Ely, Chairman; John W. Chambers, Secretary.

Report on the New Article of Food—Sea Moss Farine.

The Committee of Ladies, Mrs. Lyman, Mrs. Chambers and others, requested to report on Carrageen, or Irish Moss (from which SEA MOSS FARINE is manufactured), as a dish for the table, finds that the substance grows on rocks and stones on the sea-coasts of Europe, and in peculiar abundance on the Atlantic coast of Ireland, where it is chiefly gathered. It is said to be a native of the United States, and is found in limited quantities on the coast of Massachusetts. It is picked from the rocks at low tide. After being washed, it is dried in the sun. Chemists and doctors who have analyzed it, find it is nutritive and demulcent; and, being easy of digestion, it forms a useful article of diet as a substitute for grain foods, and is particularly recommended in chronic pectoral affections, scrofulous complaints, dysentery, diarrhea, &c. Carrageen is very gelatinous, and very valuable as food. It is recognized as superior to all orders of moss as demulcent, and in its nutritive qualities. It is said that Napoleon Bonaparte said to Dr. O'Meara, at St. Helena, that it was employed as an article of diet by physicians in Corsica, in the treatment of tumors and cancers, on account of the iodine it contains. It is used in England and France as a light and nourishing article of food.

A NEW FOOD SOURCE.

The moss, as it comes from the sea, is filled with sand, pebbles, small shells, &c., and very saline in taste: and, prepared as food in its original state, is very troublesome to the housekeeper, while it is very easy to prepare when made from SEA MOSS FARINE. By this process, it is first thoroughly washed and deprived of its extreme saline taste. It is then picked over by hand and desiccated, after which it passes through several mills and machines, by which it is cleaned perfectly, and reduced to a powdered and concentrated condition without being deprived of its refreshing ocean flavor. A packet of Corn Starch, Maizena or Farina costs 16c. at retail, and makes, combined with milk, without eggs, only from four to six quarts of Blanc Mange Pudding, while SEA MOSS FARINE, costing 25c., will produce full sixteen quarts. The Committee are satisfied that as a cheap, simple and ready dessert, or a dish for young children and for invalids, it will be found, *as thus prepared*, a valuable addition to articles more generally known and widely used.

(Signed,)

MRS. L. E. LYMAN, (wife of the Agricultural Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

MRS. J. W. CHAMBERS, (wife of the Secretary of the American Institute.)

MRS. D. T. CONNER, 5-Mile Run, N. J.

MRS. D B. BRUEN, Newark, N. J.

MRS. MARIA J. CUSHING, M. D., 231 East 40th St., N. Y.

ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, Jan., 1870.

RAND SEA MOSS FARINE CO.:

Gentlemen: We commenced the use of your Sea Moss Farine at your earnest solicitation, but very reluctantly, and without any faith in it, from the fact that so many new articles of food are daily offered, and prove, in almost every case, to be utterly worthless. We are very happy to say that yours has not only proved an exception, but is a *decided success*. It not only possesses *real merit*, but makes a *delicious dessert*. We shall continue to use it for two reasons: *first*, the guests of the Astor House like it; and *second*, *we* like it, because it is *by far the cheapest article in the market* for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Creams, &c.

Very respectfully yours,

C. A. STETSON'S SONS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1869.

My Dear Rand: I have submitted your "Sea Moss Farine" to the "kitchen cabinet," and the decision is decidedly favorable. It quite surpassed my most sanguine expectations. There is a slight and yet positive sea flavor—just a hint of the ocean—in it, which is rare and delightful. My wife liked it, the children liked it—took to it naturally—and all at the table passed up their dishes twice. The peoples' proverb was verified, that "*the proof of a pudding is in eating it.*"

Your friend and brother,

J. HYATT SMITH,

Pastor of the Lee Ave. Baptist Church.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, Jan. 25, 1870.

RAND SEA MOSS FARINE CO., New York:

We are using "Sea Moss Farine," and find it just what you state it is—real, pure Irish Moss, so refined, desiccated and condensed that we can prepare dishes for dessert from it in a few minutes, instead of hours, when made from the crude moss.

We very cordially recommend it (as prepared by you) far superior and much cheaper than Corn Starch, Maizena, Farina, Gelatine, or any like article for Blanc Mange, Creams, Puddings, Charlotte Russe, &c., &c. We hope that its delicate and elegant appearance on the table—and more than all this, its well-known healthfulness and delicious flavor—will command for it millions of consumers.

Respectfully yours,

H. D. PARKER & CO.

A NEW FOOD SOURCE.

We have received the following characteristic note from the celebrated Dio Lewis, A. M., M. D., Principal of the Lexington Young Ladies' Seminary for Physical Education, author of "Weak Lungs, and How to Make Them Strong," of "The New Gymnastics for Men, Women and Children," and "Lecture on Physical Culture:"

17 Beacon Street, Boston, January 25, 1870.

RAND SEA MOSS FARINE CO.:

My wife says that your new preparation, "Sea Moss Farine," is *worth its weight in* GOLD; *no trouble, so sure,* and so *delicious.*

Believe me, in addition to my "better half's" testimony, when I add that *my most toothsome tooth* is very thankfully yours. DIO LEWIS.

FROM THE PRESS.

No such sensation has been created in the food market during the present century, as that occasioned by the introduction of the *new staff of life,* known as Sea Moss Farine. It is difficult to tell the truth about this extraordinary article of diet without being suspected of exaggeration.—*Boston Post.*

A still greater number of distinguished physicians and scientific chemists indorse it as a nutritient of the very first class, while every housekeeper who uses it admits that it is fully fifty per cent. cheaper than Maizena, Farina, Corn Starch, or any other kindred preparation.—*Boston Times.*

Housekeepers declare that the quantity of exquisite Custards, Blanc Mange, Light Pudding, Creams, Jelly, &c., producible from the Farine, exceeds by one half that obtainable from any other glutinous agent used in cooking.—*St. Louis Republican.*

One experiment will convince the most skeptical that with Sea Moss Farine they can produce unequalled Custards, Puddings, Jellies, Charlotte Russe, Creams, Soups, &c., &c.—*Express.*

Here, then, we have an entirely new article of food of the most delicate and inviting character, adapted to the use of the table for Blanc Mange, Puddings, Charlotte de Russe, &c., and almost invaluable for use by the invalid. It is simple, delicate, nutritious, harmless, remedial and economical, as it can be furnished for one-third to one-half the cost of Corn Starch, Maizena, Farina, &c., for all of which it is more than a substitute. It is made up without trouble, and will always be good. Try it; and our word for it, you will continue in its use.—*Independent.*

The Company state at least fifty delicious dishes can be made from the Sea Moss Farine, and give in their circular the recipes for many of them. We consider Mr. Rand's discovery a highly-important one for the millions, and indeed for all classes of society, in these stringent times.—*The Weekly.*

It has been placed, so to speak, in the front rank of our food staples, and all that has been said of it by the patentee (Mr. Rand), and the Company interested in its sale, appears to be approved and confirmed by public opinion.—*The Mail.*

As to its deliciousness, the "proof of the pudding is in eating it;" and we feel confident that no man or woman who has once eaten of a Blanc Mange, Pudding, Custard. Cream, Charlotte Russe, or any other delicacy prepared with this marine Godsend, will deny its claim to rank among the table luxuries of the period.—*Tribune.*

This apparently impossibility has been overcome—experimental science overcomes almost every obstacle, now-a-days—and Irish Moss, purified, concentrated, and rendered an absolute luxury, as SEA MOSS FARINE, will hereafter *be quoted as a food staple* in the markets of the world.—*The World.*

Hence it will be cheap as long as the sea and rocks last—which will be long *enough for all practicable purposes.* Our main object in this article has been *to place what we believe to be* a subject of great importance, in its true light; *nothing more, nothing less.—Home Journal.*

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
The Acting Edition.
No. LXVII.

THE

TWO GREGORIES:

OR,

LUCK IN A NAME.

AN OPERATIC FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters,

AS PERFORMED AT

	National, N. Y.	Bowery, N. Y., 1866
John Bull, - - -	Mr. J. Dunn,	Mr. Leffingwell.
La France. - - -	" Watson.	" Barry.
Mr. Gregory, - - -	" J. Herbert.	" Fitzgerald.
Gregory, - - - -	" G. L. Fox.	" Lamb.
Mrs. Gregory, - - -	Mrs. Wray.	M'me Deuville
Fanchette, - - -	Miss Fanny Herring	Mr. Cooke.

(Two Gregories.)

Costume.

MR. GREGORY.—Body coat, plaid pants, red striped vest.

JOHN BULL.—A brown shad-bellied coat, brass buttons, plaid vest, buckskin breeches, boots, and fair tops.

LA FRANCE.—A livery.

GREGORY.—A grey bob-tailad coat, red vest, brown breeches, shoes, &c.

MRS. GREGORY.—A flashy silk dress, flounced extravagantly.

FANCHETTE.—Blue boddice, orange colored skirt, clocked hose, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

THE TWO GREGORIES.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter La France, L.

La F. Aha! pauvre La France, valet de place, for one month, to my Lord Mister Jean Bull, here in Paris; I must speak bad Anglais by way of practice—he never understand my words, and I cannot understand his actions; he is an etourdi, a young Anglaishman; dat is, he is foggy in de head, mad, distrait, comme un dandi—he has given away, yesterday, a tousand pound sterling, and an annuity of fifty more, because a man save his life, and may be to-morrow he shall shoot himself in de head—he cannot blow off his brains, because it is not possible for him to have any at all—a tousand pound! bless me, bless me!

John Bull *sings without*, L. H.

There was a jolly miller once
Lived on the river Dee.

La F. Diable emporte de river Dee, and for the jolly miller, I wish ne was in it; I hear of him every two, tree, six, five minutes.

Enter Mr. Bull, L.

Bull. [*Singing*, "I care for nobody," &c.] Well, La France, have you seen my preserver?

La F. Sir, me—a la distance.

Bull. Has money made him happy?

La F. Eh, bien!—no, he is miserable to know where it is come from.

Bull. And what he shall do with it, perhaps; nay, but he can't be at a loss to guess who sent it, when he remembers his gallant behavior to a stranger—but how does he bear his sudden prosperity?

La F. Oh! comme un homme de bien—very well—he make de most of it—you have given him tousand pound; promise him one hundred every year: in France dat is great deal of money—tree times more as in England; and so he has dress his wife pretty, engage a little maid, and is going to hire a man, and build his house.

Bull. Hire a man!

La F. Oui—yes—here is an affiche; a bill he has published.

Bull. [*reads.*] "Wanted at No. 26 Rue de —." Well, well—how I do *envy* this honest fellow; he has a right to make the most of his luck;

for even superior to the possession of good fortune is the consciousness of having deserved it—Oh! how I long to see his little merry laughing face, and the good humored hilarity of his spouse.

[*Drops the bill while he is speaking.*

La F. He no laugh at all, and for Madame, de good humor went away wid de pauvreté; she no like de gay dress he buy for her; she is jealous as de devil of de little maid, she is impatiente for de new man to come, and she cannot bear to build de house.

Bull. She's a d——d sensible fellow, then, and her husband ought to know that fools build, and wise men buy.

La F. But your reconnissance is too great—you have given too much—bless me!—a tousand pounds!

Bull. Why, zounds! he saved me forty; so away with you—keep an eye on them; I shall visit 'em myself directly.

La F. I go, sair—a tousand pounds Anglaish! If a man was ever so sensible, it is enough to put his head all round; and to give so much away at once—absolutely I shall never understand Anglaish.

[*Exit,* L.

Bull. Perhaps not, but Englishmen understand that if the pleasures of giving and receiving are fairly balanced, the donor has, nine times out of ten, the largest share of heartfelt satisfaction. [*Exit,* R.

Enter GREGORY, L., *calling after* MR. BULL.

Greg. Sir! sir!—no, he's gone, and poor Gregory is again disappointed; dear me, what a sad thing it is to be out of place; one would think it was written on one's forehead; all my old acquaintance cut me, and I can't even get a mutton chop to cut in return; when I had a good table every day I was asked out, because I couldn't go; and now I want a hot dinner all my friends look cold on me; even my sweetheart, Fanchette, who has helped me to many a tit bit, has gone, I don't know whither; well off, I dare say; a pretty face gets a good place; I wish I was pretty, or rich, or something; all thrive but Gregory—one picks up one thing, one picks up another, but I never pick up nothing, except a—[*sees bill on the ground,*] eh! —what's this—well, it isn't every body can take up a bill now a-days. [*takes it up and reads,*] "Wanted, at No. 26 Rue de ——," eh!—why this is the very street, "a smart good looking"—I'm the very boy to serve a kind master; he's the man, and a mistress who shall do just what she likes with me; oh Gregory, Gregory, grumble no longer, luck lies in the way when we least look for it, and when things come to the worst, its ten to one if they don't get better. Oh dear, dear, I want nothing now but to find Fanchette, and tell her all the good fortune I am going to meet with.

Song.—GREGORY.—TUNE "*Ca ira.*"

Dear what a thing,
Like a pig in a string
Is the heart of a lover by Cupid laid hold on;

And since I have met
With my darling Fanchette,
All other beauties are lost upon me.
Do my little deary have me, says I,
I won't till I like it, she answers so sly:
Well, says I, Miss, to be sure you're a bold one,
Oh when we wed
'Twill be said, what a head
Or a heart that must be that must venture to scold one,
For loving Fanchette,
When I lay any bet
I was made to be her's and she made but for me.
Once at the church
We shall leave in the lurch,
Every jealous quiz who would try to forestall me;
And I, like the man,
Shall protect saucy Fan,
When I march at the head of my family;
Half a dozen pretty boys
And six little maids,
When brought up to follow
Their Pa and Ma's trades,
Dear daddy Gregory, I hope they'll all call me;
For oh when we wed,
'Twill be said, what a head
Or a heart that must be that would venture to scold one,
For loving Fanchette,
When I lay any bet
I was made to be her's, and she made for me. [*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the house of Mr.* GREGORY.

FANCHETTE *discovered sweeping, and setting the room to rights.*

Fan. [*sitting down.*] O dear, how tiresome it is to be sweeping, and scouring, and dusting in a house where, the moment I have put all to rights, master and mistress put all wrong again, working as I do, and slaving, and never taking a bit of rest if it was ever so. I've been looking out of the window this hour and a half in hopes of seeing my old sweetheart and fellow servant, Gregory, a kind soul that he was; I should like to know what's become of him; he gave me this ballad, but I have so much to do, I don't think I shall ever be able to learn it. Eh! no that's not it; that's the love letter I had from the one-eyed wagoner, and that's a powder to make me dream of him who is to have me, and this is a charm for the tooth-ache, and, aye, this is it, and while master's out, and missus lying a bed, like an idle thing as she is, I'll try what old tune I can make it go to.

SONG—FANCHETTE.—AIR, *French.*

I fell in love one April morning
When sweetest blossoms began to spring,

And from that day but one song could sing,
While milking my cows at the dawning,
Or folding my sheep at the pen.
From that hour each other swain scorning,
I thought him the nicest of men.
But silly girls find
That first love is blind.

Soft blew the breeze, all nature cheering,
When first I met him in the vale.
And his sighs seemed to echo the gale,
His ditty enchanted my hearing,
He carolled so sweetly, oh then
Each word of his song so endearing
Made me think him the sweetest of men,
For true love is blind,
As silly girls find.

[*At the end of the song* GREGORY *peeps on*, L.

Greg May a body come in?

Fan. Not till you knock at the door: who is it frightening a person so?

Greg. I want the gentleman of the house.

Fan. Why surely—oh no!

Greg. Ah ha! Fan!

Fan. Greg!

Greg. My dear little—

Fan. Fellow-servant, who—

Greg. Lived with you at—

Fan. Mr. Puffpaste, confectioner—

Greg. And cook-shop man, No. 16—

Fan. Pattypan Place, next door to—

Greg. The owl in an ivy-bush; O dear, dear, dear, here's luck upon luck; here's evolutions, here's the works of nature; I dream'd last night of breaking my shins over a stewed fillet of veal, and here's the good fortune I knew would follow.

Fan. But my poor Gregory, you've got mortal thin since you left the eating-house—

Greg. Most people do when they leave eating: yes! got thin, and that's all I *have* got.

Fan. And what brought you here?

Greg. Brought me—I found it—look—[*shows the bill.*] it lay in my way; this is No. 26, isn't it?

Fan. Yes—

Greg. And the master of the house wants a man?

Fan. He does; and it will be a man of his own name if he hires you—for he is Mr. Gregory.

Greg. An unlucky name, it is—the Gregories, somehow never do what's right—but I am lucky for once, and should like this place if I only had a character—

Fan. Won't your last master give you one?

Greg. Yes—and that's the reason I won't ask him—it would be such a bad one—perhaps my namesake will take me without one—

Fan. Why, as you say, the Gregories never do right, perhaps he may—

Greg. Or you can give me one—

Fan. That I can—so industrious—at dinner-time, that you do the work of any three men in the parish; so careful, that you *never* break more than half the glass and china you attempt to carry—so sober, you wont touch even wine, when you can get brandy; and so quiet, you always get up last in the house, for fear of disturbing the rest of the family.

Greg. Well, I wish they'd ask me your character.

Fan. What would they say of me?

Greg. Nothing, because the least said is—

Fan. Is it? and if you say no more good than you do—

Greg. Good! why it isn't a month since I beat three thieves, saved a man's life, and got—just nothing for my trouble.

Fan. I dare say—a fine idle tale—but if you come here, I must promise master to make you work as hard as I do—so sit down and let us hear this wonderful story— [*they sit.*

Greg. Well, then; one night I happened to make a false step—

Fan. I dare say.

Greg. In coming down three stairs of a dark entry, and fell headlong among a set of civil gentlemen who were crying murder, and at the same time belaboring another, who had a large portfolio in his hand, on whom I tumbled; he ran away and left me to be soundly drubb'd in his stead.

Fan. How comical!

Greg. Very!

Fan. And you didn't run away, too?

Greg. I never do when I can't, so picking up one of their bludgeons, I shut my eyes, banged away to the right and left, bawl'd out lustily John! Peter! Harry! as if I had comrades at hand, and when I was quite worn out with the blows I thought I gave to others, I ventured to look round, and the devil a soul was near me—

Fan. Aye—you woke from your dream.

Greg. Not I; I knew too well I was awake, and while boldly peeping about to see whether there were any more rogues—not that I was afraid—another voice said—

Fan. Lud have mercy on us!

Greg. No, it didn't—it said—something, in English, about a jolly mill.

Fan. A jolly mill!

Greg. Yes, and said, who are you? what's your name? where do you live?

Fan. Any thing more?

Greg. Yes—it said you're a lucky rascal; for you have saved my life and property to a vast amount, and I'll provide for you—so thinking it my turn to speak, says I to him, tho' I couldn't see him,

my name is Gregory, I live in Pattypan Place, and—from that time to this, I never heard one single word more of the matter.

Fan. Ah Gregory! Gregory! you were, as you say, born to be unlucky; but call again in half an hour, and I'll—

Greg. You'll be my friend, speak for me—give me a good character; the things I broke in my last place, you know are now good for nothing; the mistakes I made ought not to be repeated, and the—

Fan. Little boy that they did say was——

Greg. A poor little insignificant thing not worth mentioning; so do your best to help a poor lad, and where is the kind thing I won't do for you in return.

Fan. Well, I will then, for you often have been kind, and I never shall forget it.

DUET.

Fan. Since we last met,
Little Fanchette,
Somebody's kindness will never forget.
Greg. And Gregory, too, has oft thought of you,
Day and night his delight, was his Fanchette.
Fan. Without knowing why, I have sighed.
Greg. For my part I'd like to have died.
Fan. Pray tell me for who?
Greg. Why only for you.
Fan. Nonsense! you surely are joking.
Greg. No, do, 'tis your eye so provoking.
Fan. Dear me, dear me, fie, don't, Gregory!
Greg. Dear me, dear me, what a nice lass you be
Greg. Not long ago,
I am sure you must know,
You promised to marry me.
Fan. Gregory, no;
I only, 'tis true, said if so be you
Were constant, perhaps you
Might find me as true.
Greg. And wouldn't I make you my wife?
Fan. I can't tell indeed till I've tried:
Greg. When shall it be?
Fan. Wait and you'll see,
You surely are joking, &c. [*Exit* GREGORY, L.

Fan. Well, now; for all I teaze him, I shall be so happy if he comes here.

Mr. G. [*without.*] Very well, I'll take the law, see if I don't.

Fan. If here isn't my master, Mr. Gregory! looking as if he had been tumbled into a dust cart.

Enter Mr. GREGORY, *whimsically drest, his hat and dark coat covered with dust,* L. H.

Mr G. Here! here! here's a figure! why the people who saw me, when I was last in this house, will hardly know me again!

Fan. What's the matter, sir.

Mr. G. [*walking about.*] Because I dont chuse to forget I was once poor, and am now easy——

Fan. Under that load of dirt, sir!

Mr. G. Because I was once a servant, and am now a master, and not forgetting how I was obliged to help others, I, out of mere good nature, took up a poor man's basket to put it on his shoulder, not seeing what it was; he like an ungrateful rogue, turns it over on my head, and because sudden prosperity couldn't blind me, I must be blinded by a dust-man!

Fan. I'll just get a cane that— [*runs off.*

Mr. G. It beats every thing—and then to call it a joke too—Oh, Gregory! Gregory! thine is the unluckiest name and race in the world; even the *good* intended thee comes to harm, and when kindness is meant, it falls so as to make one feel it.

Fan. [*returning with a cane.*] It does indeed, sir—[*beats his coat hard.*]

Mr. G. Does indeed! what the devil are you at now!

Fan. [*striking.*] Turn t'other side, sir—I can hit harder that way—

Mr. G. Hit harder; be quiet; why didn't you bring a brush!

Fan. Dear sir, why did'nt you say so before—there, that will do.

Mr. G. Do; yes, I think it will, Fanchette; come here, come here, I say, hussy; what's the use of my keeping a servant for the first time in my life, if she wont do as I bid her—dear me, what a nice little girl you are—

Fan. That's more than your wife thinks, sir

Mr. G. [*takes out a paper.*] What does she know about pretty girls! See, here's the plan of my new house—I made it myself; here's the first story, this is the second, and that's the third, with your room at the top, where you may see all over the city.

Fan. Indeed! well, give me the top story, and you may pull down the other two for what I care—and what's that black place!

Mr. G. That's the cellar, where I shall keep all the wine I mean to drink your health in, and that's the parlor, and—

Fan. And where are the stairs to get to it!

Mr. G. Stairs! eh—oh—lud I forgot the stairs—but here's where they will be—[MRS. GREGORY *enters*, L. U. E., *at the back.*] look, my dear Fanchette, how I got from the cellar up to the second floor, then leaving your mistress' bedroom on the left, I comes right up into your chamber

Fan. And then what does missus say to that!

Mrs. G. [*coming forward, c.*] Why, that you are a very forwary saucy hussy to suffer my husband to be such a—a—brute.

Mr. G. (L.) Me, my dear.

Mrs G. You, Mr. Innocence! did not I overhear you coming out of the cellar, leaving your poor, dear lawful spouse's bedroom, and going up to the maid's! and you to encourage him!

Fan. (R.) I'm sure I only wanted to see how far his impudence would carry him!

Mrs G. Out of my sight, minx!

Fan. Why, lud, ma'am, it's only a plan.
Mr. G. That's all, my love—a plan of my own, too.
Mrs G. I see it's a plan, but one you shan't follow—begone, madam, pack up and plan your way out of my house.
Fan. I said how it would be, sir; and now here's missus giving me warning, because you wont take it.

TRIO.—TUNE, "*Voulez vous danser.*"

Mrs. G. Voulez vous march, my pert ma'amselle;
Mr. G. Dear Javotte, why so hot?
Fan. Nobody cares, 'tis vastly well,
So keep your passion under.
Mrs. G. You must quit me, miss, to-day;
Fan. Please my wages first to pay.
Mr. G. Fire and furies, why these airs,
And all for what, I wonder.
All. Never { get married, / be jealous, } ladies, pray,
Still take care, of men beware,
Calm and sunny, tho' to-day,
'Twill change to rain and thunder.

Fan. Pay me before I quit my place;
Mr. G. Dear Fanchette, don't go yet;
Mrs. G. Courting the girl before my face;
I'll go and call assistance. [*going, he stops her.*
Mr. G. Prithee be quiet.
Mrs. G. Let me loose,
You brute, you minx.
Mr. G. You child.
Fan. You goose.
Mr. G. Death and the devil, 'tis no use;
I'll make you keep your distance.
All. Never { get married, / be jealous, } ladies, pray, &c. &c. &c.

[*Exit*, FANCHETTE, R.

Mr. G. My dear!
Mrs. G. My love!
Mr. G. Do you know I think you've made a great fool of yourself?
Mrs. G. That I have, for bemeaning myself to marry a servant.
Mr. G. Why, wasn't *you* a servant?
Mrs. G. No, not exactly a servant; I was a sort of—
Mr. G. A sort of what? Wasn't you laundry girl, cook, and—
Mrs. G. Never, sir: I never was even—
Mr. G. Wasn't you a maid at the house of—
Mrs. G. Never, sir; never was a maid in all my life; I was always a companion.
Mr. G. Worse and worse! never a maid, and always a companion. Well, well; we were both poor when we married, and now we are suddenly made rich by we don't know who, and got a little fortune,

though we can't tell where it comes from; surely we shouldn't be unkind to those who are now what we ourselves were—consider that poor Fanchette—

Mrs. G. Is all you think of; you don't love me now you are grown rich, but Fanchette is never out of your head. When I dropped my fan at the play, it was, "Allow me to pick up my dear Franchette." If I ask what you'd like for dinner, it's, "Oh, I should prefer a well-dressed Fanchette;" and at church—

Mr. G. At church, if you were to preach a sermon, the text would be Fanchette. Come, come, give me a kiss, and own you are a jealous wiseacre; when we were fellow-servants, you were jealous of me with your mistress, and now *you* are mistress, you're jealous of the maid.

Mrs. G. Mr. Gregory, Mr. Gregory, keep in your proper *spear*, and remember you are now a master.

Mr. G. Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Gregory, my being a master, ought never to make me forget I am a *man;* besides, I was so lately a servant, I can't help talking to folks in my own *spear*, as you call it; if a knock comes to the door, I run and open it from habit, am always ready to answer your bell every time you ring it, and only yesterday I actually caught myself waiting at table behind my own chair.

Mrs. G. Well, well, only send that puppet Fanchette about her business, and that's all I care for.

Enter GREGORY, L.

Mrs. G. Hush! here's company; you forget, now we're rich, how many visitors come to us, whether we know 'em or not.

Greg. Sir, I—I have the honor to—

Mr. G. Sir, the honor's mine.

Mrs. G. Yes, sir, we both have the honor—

Greg. Then the honors are easy. Could I see the master of the house?

Mr. G. Sir, pray sit down, and I'll fetch him directly. [*going*, R.

Mrs. G. Husband!

Mr. G. Lord, I forget I am the master myself; indeed, while *you* are by, my dear, I always do. I believe I ought to sit down myself.

[*Pulls away the chair just as* GREGORY *is going to sit down; he falls.*

Greg. Why, there now!

Mrs. G. What's the matter?

Greg. [*on the ground.*] Nothing; you bid me sit down, and here I am.

Mrs. G. For shame, husband. [*helps up* GREG.

Mr. G. Pray excuse the accident; I did it promiscuously, and hope you'll—I wish I had my book of compliments—I hope you'll honor me with your commands.

Greg. Oh, what, then, you're master of the house?

Mr. G. Yes, and here's my dear little Javotte.

Greg. Lord, what a lovely kreter!

Mrs. G. Dear me, what a clever little man! [*aside.*] I'm sure he's one of the gentry.

Greg. Only let me please that dashing daughter of yours, and I am your man. [FANCHETTE *enters,* (R.) *listening, and occasionally retires.*

Mr. G. Daughter! why, damme, it's Mother Gregory, my wife.

Mrs. G. For shame, to swear so—if I *have* the misfortune to be your wife.

Greg. Only let your husband hire me, and you have the happiness to be my mistress.

Mrs. G. How! what! want a place—why, by your talk, I took you for some great man.

Greg. And where's the great man that does not want a place—didn't Fanchette speak for me?

Mrs. G. There, Fanchette again, she has 'em all in tow.

Mr. G. Yes—Fanchette did speak of you, she abused you—harkee! [*aside to him.*] my wife hates Fanchette, and if she thinks you a friend of hers, out you'll go—I like you, so if you wish to stay you must abuse Fanchette now, and explain it to her afterwards.

Mrs. G. How rude to whisper—what are you telling him?

Mr. G. That Fanchette says he's good for nothing.

Mrs. G. Then hire him directly; I should like to have one man in the house she don't set her cap at.

Greg. Set her cap at me? she needn't do that while her missus is by—when I went to England I was sworn at Highgate—she's no more to compare to you, ma'am, than a farthing candle to a flambeau—she indeed!

Mrs. G. [*gives him money.*] Young man, there's earnest that you're engaged.

Mr. G. Keep your dignity, Mrs. G. Now, young man, stand further off—and answer me—

Mrs. G. O! he'll answer, I'll be bound.

Mr. G. What's your name?

Greg. [*taking out apples and munching them.*] Sir!

Mr. G. It's not right to eat before your master; [*snatches an apple and munches also.*] how old are you?

Greg. Hey?

Mr. G. How old are you, and where were you born?

Greg. Don't speak with your mouthful—I was born at home, and lived last in Pattypan Place.

Mrs. G. Well, I declare, so did we—we lived at a fruiter—

Mr. G. Do stop your mouth—[*gives her an apple, which she pares and eats also.*] can you wait at table?

Greg. Yes, and take away a plate before you're half helped.

Mr. G. Are you as good at breaking plates as Fanchette?

Greg. Better—that is I never break anything on purpose, except now and then by accident—I speak the truth, plain, fair and above board, upright and downright.

Mrs. G. Then send away Fanchette and hire him directly.

Mr. G. Well, let's see how you can lay a cloth; go tell Fanchette to give you the dinner tray—

Greg. I will, sir.

Mr. G. He won't do it as I used, the moment any one called Gregory!

Greg. [*returning.*] Sir.

Mrs. G. Why your name's not Gregory.

Greg. It was when I came in, whose is it now?

Mrs. G. Your master's.

Greg. What! have you hired my name too, eh, missus!

Mrs. G. When you speak to me, you mustn't say missus, but madam—

Greg. Yes, missus, I'll say madam.

Mrs. G. Tell Fanchette I want her

Greg. Yes, missus, madam, and now you shall see how soon I can get rid of the dinner things. [*Exit,* R.

Mr. G. Will he suit, wife?

Mrs. G. We shall see that when he has a character, tho' I think he must be honest, by Fanchette's not liking him.

Mr. G. Why look, he's coming already.

Greg. [*without.*] Stand clear! out of the way! here they are.

Enter GREGORY, *loaded with plates, bottles, bread-basket, &c.*

Mr. G. Here they are, indeed; why the devil do you take so many at once?

Greg. [*putting them awkwardly on the table.*] To make the greater despatch; when I go to work I like to do things by wholesale.

[*drops about a dozen plates*—MRS. G. *screams.*

Mr. G. Damnation! is that the way to carry things?

Greg. No that's the way to let 'em fall—

Mr. G. The stupid fellow never can have been in service: look at me [*takes a pile of plates from table.*] there, I could carry these from one end of the town to the other, and not break one of them.

Greg. Oh, but let's have fair play, master. I carried this bottle, and this basket, and this cover, and—

[*puts them on the plates as he speaks.*

Mr. G. Well, and look here, I could carry these for an hour and never—[*walks about,* GREGORY *following him close, so that on* MR. G's *suddenly turning round, he tumbles against* GREGORY, *and lets all fall together.*]

Greg. Damnation! Is that the way to carry things?

Mrs. G. I shall go mad!

Mr. G 'Tis devilish provoking, to be sure.

[*taking a pinch of snuff.*

Greg. It be, sir, devilish provoking indeed.

[*takes a pinch out of* MR. G's *box.*

Mr. G. How dare you take that liberty?

Greg. Liberty! I took it for rappee—there it is again—

[*puts it back.*

Enter FANCHETTE, R.

Fan. Did you want me, ma'am?

Mrs. G. Yes, ma'am: you must quit your place, because your *master's too fond of you.*

Fan. You'll keep yours a long while, then.

Mr. G. Hush, child.

Fan. Hush, yourself; d'ye think I didn't overhear how you all abused me, and you too. [*to* GREG.] What! you've been at your old work, [*pointing to the broken crockery.*] and tho' I shan't break my heart at losing your place, ma'am, I wish you joy of your new man; and I'll forfeit all the wages due to me, if at staying of an errand, lying abed in a morning, idling all day, getting tipsy at night, and breaking everything at all hours, you'll ever find a more complete man than that fool, Gregory. [*Exit,* R.

Mrs. G. There's insolence, but I'll follow and make her pack up, in good earnest. [*Exit,* R.

Mr. G. [*ruminating.*] 'Twas a little too bad—that fool Gregory.

Greg. [*ruminating.*] That fool, Gregory?

Mr. G. The impudent!

Greg. Saucy!

Mr. G. Fool, Gregory!

Greg. Aye, fool, Gregory!

Mr. G. Who do you call fool?

Greg. 'Twas she called me so.

Mr. G. Bless me, why you lived lately in the same street I came from, as my master used to say? is your name similar?

Greg. No, it's Gregory?

Mr. G. Of what family?

Greg. My father's, by the mother's side.

Mr. G. Hem! is your family name Gregory paternally, maternally, or aunternally.

Greg. No, sir, it's Gregory eternally. Why, sir, in respect to my generology, you see my great-uncle was, as a body may say—[*a loud rat tat at the door,* L.] somebody knocks.

Mr. G. [*starting.*] I'll run to the door. [*Exit,* L.

Greg. Do—my master would make an excellent servant. Well, who is it?

Mr. G. [*returning.*] A very well-drest, gentlemanly man.

Greg. Well, ask him in, but don't let him stay, because dinner's nearly ready, and its time I saw the goose dished. [*Exit,* R.

Mr. G. That's a cursed free and easy chap—Pray walk in, sir.

Enter JOHN BULL, L. H.

It's the first time of meeting, and d—n me if ever I saw such an impudent rascal in all my days.

Bull. I'm very much obliged to you—meaning me, sir?

Mr. G. You, sir! O no; I meant a fellow that's a disgrace to the name of Gregory.

Bull. That s a pity; I honor the name of Gregory, and no Gregory more than he who lately lived in Pattypan Place.

Mr. G. That's me.

Bull. You received the packet, the annuity, the money, and the letter I sent you?

Mr. G. And the promise of—

Bull. Not more than you have earned; you guess, of course, who it came from?

Mr. G. Not I, nor where; but poor as I was, and as rich as it made me, I hope I'm honest enough to try to deserve it.

Bull. Why you have deserved it—did not you save my life?

Enter FANCHETTE, *with a bundle*, R.

Fan. Good bye, sir! I little thought I should go so soon.

Mr. G. Hush! here's a gentleman—I'll speak to you presently.

Fan. Very well, sir; I don't mind going—only as things were like to be so comfortable with my new old fellow-servant, I thought—oh dear! oh dear!

Bull. Why, what's the matter, pretty maid? I was in hopes no one was unhappy in this house.

Fan. [*crying.*] I am only go—go—going away, sir, that's all; I've taken leave of Greg—Greg—Gregory, and now I mustn't—stay any longer.

Bull. But you *shall*, though, if I have any interest; shan't she, my brave boy?

Mr. G. Yes, she shall, if you'll ask my wife.

Bull. Well, wait, my pretty maid, and I'll set all right, or if not, I'll get you a better place.

Fan. [*sobbing.*] Thank'ye, Sir; it isn't because of the n—n—new m—m—man, but I had rather stay where I am, if you please, Sir.

Mr. G. Well, stay awhile; Javotte will be here presently.

Fan. Y-y-yes, sir. [*retires to back and sits on the table.*

Mr. G. Now, sir, pray do tell me what you mean about saving your life?

Bull. It was a very ridiculous thing, tho' it had like to have ended so seriously; and as it would be dry telling the story, and you French folks love music, I've put it in lines to an old English tune.

AIR—BULL.—TUNE, "*The Thorn.*"

From my well cramm'd portfolio, three ruffians requested
I'd yield every note I had got;
But I told them to yield was a thing I detested,
And for my part I'd much rather not;
No, by Heaven! I exclaimed, may I perish,
If ever I give to such rascals a jot.

Then I chalk'd out a ring, and implor'd them to tarry
And take one by one a fair round:
But they all came at once with what weight they could carry,
When a friend I most luckily found:
And now, by Heavens! I swear, may I perish,
If e'er my preserver shall be left aground.

Mr. G. And so you were preserved?

Bull. By the courage of honest Gregory—by your's, my good friend; and when I forget it, may dear England forget me.

Fan. So, so—this is worth listening to.

Mr. G. Well! I dare say you wont forget it; but curse me if I remember a word of it.

Bull. Impossible! when I happened to have a fortune in my portfolio, three men attacked me; they tried hard for that and for my life—you came—they fled, and I remain your debtor.

Mr. G. I remember one night being uncommoly tipsy, but that couldn't be it, neither; three men, did you say?

Fan. [*coming forward.*] Sir, did you say you were attacked by three men, in a place where there were three steps down?

Bull. Yes.

Fan. And one man tumbling down those steps came to your help?

Bull. Yes.

Fan. And saved your life?

Bull. Yes; and all my property—and there he is—the honest, plain, good-looking, smiling Gregory.

Fan. Gregory!

Bull. Do you say it was not Gregory?

Fan. Oh! no! [*calls.*] Why Gregory! Gregory! Gregory!

Bull. What the devil's the matter with the girl.

Enter GREGORY, *with a goose on a spit*, R.

Greg. What's the matter? is the house falling?

Fan. Make haste, make haste, make haste.

Greg. Let me dish my dinner.

Fan. [*knocking down the goose.*] Never mind your dinner, but look at that gentleman;—did you ever see him before?

Greg. No;—did you?—what's he to this dear little animal, when one's so hungry?

Fan. Did you ever hear him before? pray, sir, do you know anything about a jolly miller?

Bull. [*sings.*] There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee.

Greg. Ah! oh lud! oh dear! that's my man. Sir, do you remember—what's your name? where do you live? Sir, my name is Gregory, and I live in Pattypan Place, and I thrash'd the three men till I couldn't see 'em, and ——

Mr. G. And my name is Gregory, and I lived in Pattypan Place, and I never thrashed any body in all my born days.

Bull. [*to* MR. G.] Then you have received the reward due to this brave lad.

Mr. G. That's a misfortune, and not a fault. There's the direction of the parcel, and your own Valet de Place brought it.

Greg. Don't mind; he looks very cross, but I'll stand your friend; and if he says three words, I'll ——

Mr. G. No! you're a good lad, you're a true Gregory; I wasn't proud when I got this fortune, and he that hasn't made an ill use of good luck, need'nt blush when it forsakes him. I'll seek Javotte; I was angry with her, but now, and at this moment, I feel so sorry for her disappointment, that I'd give all I thought I was worth, ten times over, to bring her comfort. [*Exit*, R.

Bull. My worthy lad: then it was you who did this generous act?

Fan. Yes, sir, it *was* him.

Bull. And all I have done and meant to do for your namesake, belongs to you.

Fan. Dear, dear,—Gregory, I—I have a sort of a respect—a sort of something for you—but I'm sorry too—

Greg. Fanchette, I have had a sort of a something when a—you know what I mean, for you, but now, if I wasn't ashamed, I'd say, I love you still better, for considering master and missus; they will be sadly disappointed—we were their servants.

Fan. She turned I away, to be sure—but that was because master was kind to me.

Greg. And I was kept because missus liked me—let 'em go halves.

Bull. In what?

Fan. Aye, in what?

Greg. In your goodness, sir—I know you won't think the worse of us, tho' we are not English folks, if we say—you say it, Fanchette.

Fan. That the happiness that's built on the disappointment of another is—what is it, Gregory?

Greg. Why it is—what do *you* think, sir?

Bull. Think! that if happiness doesn't reward you, she is a false, fickle—who the deuce is this?

Enter MR. GREGORY, *and* MRS. G., *in very plain clothes*, R. H.

Mr. G. [*to* MRS. G.] Don't fret—I never knew how much I loved you before, and while I've hands to work, you shall never be dependent on man, woman, or child.

Mrs. G. Oh Gregory, how ashamed I am to have been jealous of so good a husband; or to have thought that hussy, Fanchette—

Fan. What?

Greg. Hush! a true heart respects the unfortunate: [*aside to her.*] master—missus, madam, I mean—what would you please to have?

Mr. G. I wish to be man of all work—Mrs. G., that is, Javotte, to be maid of all work; and if you'll take back your own, which we have possess'd by mistake, we'll charge you nothing for all you have broke and destroyed already.

Fan. Dear, dear missus, do—do let us be your servants.

Greg. Dear master, for our namesake, let me be your man?

Mr. G. I'll—I'll—I'd see you and myself d—d before I'd rob a rogue, let alone an honest man—here, here is your balance—see, sir, what it would be in English money? Eight hundred and seventeen pounds, six shillings, and three-pence half-penny farthing.

Bull. All which you shall keep; [*crosses to* R.] I'll take care of them, that is, provided Fanchette marries her fellow-servant.

Fan. For the good of master and missus, I'll do anything.

Mrs. G. And will you forgive me, Fanchette?

Fan. Yes, if you won't be so civil to Gregory.

Mr. G. I'll answer for that.

Bull. And if we all forgive unintentional faults, we shall finish *with a happy evening.*

FINALE.—TUNE, "*La Belle Isabel.*"

Mr. G. Dear Javotte, I tell you what,
We never will, again set up for gentlemen.
Greg. And dear Fanchette, we'll care forget,
And who so gay as you and me.
Mr. G. While each jovial evening passes,
Merry may you meet us,
With good humor greet us,
Greg. Happy all kind lads and lasses,
Cheery, airy, frank, and free.
Cho. While each jovial evening passes, &c.

Mrs. G. And sir, to you, our thanks are due;
Fan. [*to* BULL.] Happy may you see,
Your land of Liberty.
Bull. There was a jolly miller once,
Lived merry on the river Dee.
Mrs G. And while each jovial evening passes,
Merry may you meet us,
Fan. With good humor greet us.
Happy all kind lads and lasses,
Cheery, airy, frank, and free,
Cho. While each jovial evening passes, &c.

BULL.
0

MRS. G. FANC.
0 0

MR. G. GREG.
0 0

R. H. L. H.

THE END.

No. 66.

KING CHARMING:

OR, THE

BLUE BIRD OF PARADISE.

A GRAND

COMIC FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY J. R. PLANCHE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

Fortunio; The Fair One with the Golden Locks; The White Cat; The Sleeping Beauty; Gracioza and Percinet; The Birds of Aristophanes; The Golden Fleece; The Invisible Prince; The Golden Branch; King of the Peacocks; Cymon and Iphigenia; The Island of Jewels; Beauty and the Beast; Queen of the Frogs, &c.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON,

On Thursday, December 26th, 1850.

NEW-YORK:

J. PERRY, 384, BROADWAY.

Cast of the Characters,

AS PERFORMED AT MISS LAURA KEENE'S VARIETIES, NEW YORK.

Charming the First, (*King of the Fan-sea Islands, an immortal personage*), - -	Miss Laura Keene.
Henpeckt the Hundredth, (*King of Cockaygne*)	Mr. Harry Hall.
Tyrana, (*his Queen and Second Wife*), -	Mrs. Abbott.
Princess Florina, (*Daughter of King Henpeckt by his First Wife*), - - - -	Miss Ros. A. Durand
Princess Troutina, (*Daughter of Queen Tyrana by her First Husband*), - - -	Mrs. Hough.
Tinsel, (*Ambassador from King Charming*),	Mr. Frank Rea.
Pages, - - - - - - - - -	Mlle. Sarah Bishop. Mlle Henri. Mlle Carman.
Officers, *Colonel Firebrand*, - - -	Miss Annie Walters.
Major Fury, - - - -	Miss Minnie Scott.
Captain Cutemall, - - -	Miss Clara Cushman.
Lieutenant Slashem, - - -	Mrs. F. Lyster.
Cato Bullseye, - - - -	Mr. Watson.
Knobby, (*King Charming's Porter*), - -	Mr. T. B. Johnson.
Hocus Pocus (*a Magician, Friend, and Physician Extraordinary to King Charming*),	Miss Dean.

Sal Volatile, Spirit of Nitre, Spirit of Hartshorn, Spirit of Ether, his assistant Bottle Imps.

Azurine, (*God-mother to Charming*), - - Mrs. Carpenter.

Nobles, Ladies of the Court, Guards, Servants, &c.

KING CHARMING;

OR,

THE BLUE BIRD OF PARADISE

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Palace of* KING HENPECKT.

KING HENPECKT *discovered on his throne* R. CHAMBERLAIN, LORDS, OFFICERS, GUARDS, AMBASSADOR, L. H.

King. (R.) Now, say my Lord—what you have got to say.
Ambass. (L.) May it please your Majesty—
King. We hope it may!
Ambass. From great King Charming to your Court I come.
King. Who may King Charming be, when he's at home?
Ambass. A Monarch who has long been famed in story—
No child, but must have heard tell of his glory.
King. Well, now you mention it—I think I do.
Remember hearing something of him, too;
But zounds—if he's still living, he must be
At least two hundred! Two—more likely three!
He was two hundred, when I was at nurse.
Ambass. Sire—for his age he's not a whit the worse!
The Fairy who presided at his birth,
Endowed him with unfading youth on earth;
Time adds but to his beauty, and his power—
He is as charming now, as in the hour
They crowned him, full two centuries ago.
King. Gad! I wish some kind Fay had served me so.
Two hundred years old, and as good as new!
Cham. Like Count St. Germain, or the Wandering Jew?
King. Is he rich?
Ambass. Inexhaustible his treasure—
And to help others with it, all his pleasure.
King. Immortal such a King deserves to be!
Cham. King Charming must be quite a sight to see!

King. An Exhibition worthy "Fifty five!"
Ambass. We hope to see that Exhibition thrive.
But first he seeks a partner for his throne—
Weary of reigning centuries alone;
And having heard you have a daughter fair,
In his great office offers her a share.
King. The very husband for my girl I wanted.
My compliments, and I shall be enchanted.
Ambass. I hasten with these tidings to my Master;
King. Tell him to come—fast as he can—and faster!
[*Exit* AMBASSADOR, L.
Here's luck! away—make every preparation,
March down a guard of honor to the station!
Set all the tailors in the Kingdom stitching,
Set all the cooks a cooking, in the Kitchen:
Set all the bells a ringing in the Steeple—
Fling sacks of Sugar-plums amongst the people;
With gooseberry-wine let all the fountains run,
Hoist every flag, and fire off every gun!
With his balloon let bold Tomfoolatamus
Make an ascent upon the Hippopotamus!
In short, let every one do everything,
That can do honor to this Charming King! [*Exeunt* OFFICERS, L. 1. E.

AIR.—*With a bewitching mean, ah.—Rossini.*

What a bewitching queen, ah!
Will be my dear Florina!
Just turned of sweet fifteen, ah;
Enchant him well she may!
I can't refrain from dancing
With joy, this happy day!

Now with this news Florina's ears to bless!

Enter USHER, R. [*announcing.*]

Usher. The Queen!
King. [*starting.*] My wife! zounds! here's a pretty mess!
Away by my paternal feelings carried,
I quite forgot that I again had married,
And had a better half—or rather more—
I may say full three quarters, if not four!
She comes!

Enter QUEEN, *followed by Ladies,* R. 1. E.

Queen. My love!
King. [L.] My angel! [*aside,*] Oh! the devil!
There's mischief brewing, when she is so civil.
Queen. You've given an audience?
King. Yes, my darling—no—
That is—I just—saw somebody, who—

Queen. [*to attendants.*] Go!
We would be private. [*Exeunt* ATTENDANTS, R.
King. [*aside.*] Now the storm begins—
I've scarcely strength to stand upon my pins.
Queen. You are a lucky man!
King. I am, my life!
In having such a woman for my wife!
Queen. Of course! But that is not what now I mean.
King. In what else am I fortunate, sweet Queen?
Queen. In chancing from Dame Fortune's wheel to draw
So great a prize, as this rich son in-law
That is to be—if all is true I hear.
King. Ah! you *have* heard—my love?
Queen. I have, my dear!
King. And you approve—I trust, or else—oh! never—
Queen. Don't be alarmed, I do!
King. [*aside.*] Well, if I ever!
[*Aloud.*] You do?
Queen. Completely.
King. [*aside.*] Can I trust my ears?
[*Aloud.*] Oh! rapture! I confess—I had some fears.
Queen. And well you might! Act of your own accord!
Decide without my sanction! 'Pon my word!
King. I only ventured—just to give permission!
Queen. Just!
King. It was wrong—I own—let my contrition—
Queen. Enough! But don't let this occur again.
King. It shan't—it can't—and if you entertain
The least objection to this match—
Queen. Depend on't,
That if I did, there soon would be an end on't!
But you are also fortunate in this—
I should be sorry such a chance to miss.
Such Kings of Trumps don't turn up every day,
So win the trick with this one, whilst you may.
King. Florina I am sure, will quite adore him!
Queen. Florina! no! I'll no Florinas for him!
King. No Flo—odso! I don't quite understand—
Queen. Charming proposes for your daughter's hand:
King. Exactly!
Queen. Well, he has our joint consent.
King. Then why to wed Florina him prevent?
Queen. Have you no other daughter, Sir, I pray?
King. Not that I recollect, love, I must say.
Queen. Had *I* no daughter, when you married me?
King. You! Certainly—yes—you had—Ah! I see—
You mean your daughter, by your former spouse!
Queen. What's mine is yours—or what are marriage vows?
And as our elder child, I mean Troutina
To be provided for, before Florina.

King. [*aside.*] Confound it! here's of work a pretty spot!
Just as you please—of course—but—
Queen. But! But what!
King. Suppose King Charming should not quite agree
To this arrangement!
Queen. You'll leave that to me.
King. Oh! with the greatest pleasure. [*aside.*] There's no doubt of it
I shall be glad to see myself safe out of it!
[*aloud.*] But is Princess Troutina now at court?
Queen. I sent for her, upon the first report.
The Fairy Soussio, her God-Mamma
Will send her hither in her Magic Car;
Dressed in such style adorned with so much splendor;
King Charming's heart must instantly surrender.
King. Then we must keep Florina out of sight.
Queen. I think 'twill be as well to do so—quite.
[*Bells Ring—Guns Fire.*
King. Hark! by those sounds—King Charming must be near!
Queen. Then where's my child? Troutina?

Enter TROUTINA, L. H. 1 E.

Ah! she's here!
Come to thy Mother's arms! [*crossing to* L. C.
Troutina. Oh! don't mamma—
You'll spoil my dress!
King. [R. *aside.*] Ye Gods! to be Papa;
Even Step Papa, to such an ugly thing!
Queen. [L. C. *admiring* TROUTINA'S *dress.*]
Superb! Magnificent! what say you, King?
It puts one's eyes out almost, to look at her!
King. [*aside.*] I almost wish it would do, for that matter,
For then one shouldn't see her any more!
[*aloud*] There never was seen such a [*aside.*] fright [*aloud,*] before.
Queen. Charming completely dazzled you will find!
King. [*aside.*] There's no chance, if he's not completely blind.
[*Flourish.*
That Flourish! He is entering the Gates!
Queen. Come my Troutina—let us take our states!

QUEEN, TROUTINA, *cross to* R. H.—*March—The Court—Re-enter, the* KING, QUEEN *and* TROUTINA, *place themselves* R. H.

Enter CHARMING, *attended.* L. 1. E.

King. Welcome, King Charming, to our Court and arms!
[*they* embrace] My Queen! [*presenting her to him.*]
Queen. My daughter! [*presenting her to him.*]
Charming. [*starting.*] Heavens! [*aside*] Are these the charms
I heard so vaunted!
Queen. [*aside*] Struck, just as I said!
King. [*aside*] Struck! he looks knocked completely on the head!

Charming. Impossible!
Queen. That maid should be so fair?
Charming. Madam—the lady's feelings I would spare;
But have you not another daughter?
Queen. Sir!
None that can be at all compared to her.
King. Certainly not!
Charming. I'm a bad hand at riddles—
But if I've not been told great tarradiddles,
There is another Princess, called Florina—
And if I'm not mistaken, I have seen her.
Queen. Seen her! when—where, Sir?
Charming. Here, 'tis scarce a minute,
Passing yon tower, at a window in it,
I caught a glimpse of a bewitching face,
Exactly like the picture in this case. [*producing a miniature.*
King. [R. C.] In this case! Oh! in that case!
Queen. (R. C.) Hold your tongue!
[*To* CHARMING] Oh! a mere child—a simple-witted, young,
Untutored thing, she wont be out for years.
Charming. [*aside*] Not if you can prevent it, it appears.
[*aloud*] Mere child or not, her eyes my heart went through.
Queen. 'Twas distance lent enchantment to the view.
Charming. Let then a nearer sight dissolve the spell,
Or to your Majesties, at once, farewell! [*retiring,* L.
King. [*To* QUEEN] My darling!
Queen. Peace! [*aside*] We must not lose him so.
Troutina. (R.) Oh! Ma! the gentleman is going to go!
Queen. Be not so hasty, Prince! if you desire
To see the girl you think you should admire,
See her you shall, with all my heart, I'm sure;
Of your delusion it may work the cure.
Run, one of you—bring hither the Princess
Florina—say, she needn't stop to dress,
Let her come in her morning frock and pinafore,
[*Exit* LORD CHAMBERLAIN, L. H.
A garb, no doubt, you've seen young ladies in, afore.
Charming. It matters not how pretty girls are drest—
"Beauty when unadorned"—you know the rest.

Re-enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, *with* FLORINA, L. H.

Page. [*announcing.*] Princess Florina!
Charming. Ah! that smile so sweet, [*crosses to* L. C.]
Completes my conquest! Fairest, at thy feet,
King Charming tenders thee his tender heart,
If you have no objection to the part.
Florina. None in the least, if it's well stuffed with love,
I should prefer it every thing above.
Charming. Delicious candor!
Queen. Oh the shameless minx!

She says, I do believe, just what she thinks!
Florina. I always do. I'm sorry, good Step-mother—
But I can't think one thing and say another.
Queen. You hear, Sir, she's not fit to come to court!
King. [*aside*] In some, at all events, she'd make rare sport!
Charming. Oh! pardon me—to beauty and to youth,
She adds the priceless quality of truth!
Without more ceremony, I demand,
In marriage this enchanting maiden's hand.
Troutina. Oh! Ma!
King. [*aside to* QUEEN] We can't refuse.
Queen. Silence! [*To* CHARMING] Great Sir,
This matter to our council we refer.
So grave a step demands some consultation.
Charming. Nothing can alter my determination.
I'm fixed as fate—if you've objections, state 'em,
But I'm her mate—and that's my ultimatum!

MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE.

AIR—*St. Petersburg Polka.*

QUEEN.

We by our counsel must be guided,
Always by them we are decided.

KING HENPECKT.—[*aside*]

Always—that is to say, provided,
They to her own opinion bow.

KING CHARMING.

You can proceed to consultation.
I but consult my inclination;
Love, I have in, to desperation,
Tumbled, I scarce know how.

FLORINA AND TROUTINA.

I've in his favor quite decided;
Into my heart at once love glided;
Prince so enchanting, never I did
E'en in a picture see, till now!

QUEEN.

We by our Council, &c.

KING HENPECKT AND NOBLES.

Always, that is to say, &c.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, TROUTINA FLORINA *and suite,* R. H

Charming. My pretty page—look out, sharp as a needle—
And try if that soft tongue of thine can wheedle
Florina's lady's maid just to connive at

My saying two words to my love in private.
Page. Your Majesty shall have no cause for grief—
Sure as I am your Page, I'll get her *leaf.* [*Exit* R. H.
Charming. My soul's on fire, the flames are in my heart pent,
Don't ring the bells; not all the Fire Department,
Though led by brave Alf Carson, our bold Chief,
Could stay destruction, or e'er grant relief.
All opposition makes the blaze the greater,
It would annihilate the Fire Annihilator!

KING CHARMING.

AIR—*Vaga Luna, or Katty Darling.*

O Florina, my dear, my duck, my darling!
I for love could go swing upon a tree;
And spite of your step-mother's cruel snarling,
I'm a bride-"groom in waiting" for thee!
The sun will soon be setting,
And the stars wink at our flight,
Then haste and bolt the moon, pretty darling,
Ere morning with your own true knight.

Re-enter PAGE, R. H.

Charming. Now, what success?
Page. You couldn't wish for better—
I've made the lady's maid for life your debtor.
As soon as ever it is dark to-night.
She'll bring the Princess down, without a light,
To a small window on the parlor floor.
Charming. See, at a window, her whom I adore!
Oh! I could dance like twenty Taglionis!
Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed ponies,
Towards the West end of the town, and pitch
Bright Phœbus into Night's profoundest ditch!
Turn Day as black as Day and Martin's jet,
Whilst I play Romeo to this Juliet! [*Exeunt* R. H

SCENE II.—*Garden of the Palace—Night.—On one side a Tower, with practicable window on lower floor, and postern door.—Enter* QUEEN, L. *from the door.*

Queen. So, I am the first at the appointed spot,
Florina's maid has told me all the plot!
A fortunate occurrence—which enables
Me, on King Charming, just to turn the tables!
He shall a Lady at this window find,
But not the one to whom he has a mind.
At match making, 'tis hard if I can't match him,
And in his own trap cleverly I'll catch him.

AIR.—*When the heart of a man.*

QUEEN.

For the heart of the man
A fig I don't care;

But his crown, I'm determined
My girl shall share;
By this trick we shall diddle him neatly, neatly,
Catching him in his own charming snare!

He to Florina must needs propose!
At my Troutina turns up his nose!
Like to her I'll dress her,
He'll press her, caress her,
And off to the parson with him she goes.

[*The* QUEEN *retires into Tower* L. 2 E.

Enter KING CHARMING, R. H. E.

Charming. He jests at scars who never felt a wound,
I hope there's no spring gun set in this ground!
Queen. [L. *aside at the window*]
Only a man-trap to catch garden-rakes!
[*Places* TROUTINA *at window muffled up in a veil, and then disappears.*
Charming. But soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
Where there's no light!—It is the Eastern Quarter,
Florina is the Sun, or rather, daughter!
Who takes the shine out of all Suns and Moons!
It is the lady upon whom I'm spoons!
At least I've every reason to suppose
Tis she—though muffled to the very nose!
Fairest Florina!
Troutina. Hem!
Charming. She "hems!" 'Tis plain!
Signal of love! Bright angel, "hem" again.
Troutina. Ahem!
Charming. The family she fears alarming!
Troutina. Oh! Charming Charming! why are you so charming?
Charming. Shall I hear more—or shall I speak at this?
Troutina. Who's there?
Charming. A man—oh! think it not amiss!
That I have found you out by love's direction,
To give you this small proof of my affection.
Troutina. A ring!
Charming. Oh! let me on your finger place it!
This opportunity—why not embrace it?
I have a magic Brougham here hard by,
Will waft us anywhere you choose to fly.
It was a present from a Necromancer,
A friend of mine—oblige me with an answer!
Or let me take your silence for consent.
Troutina. Ahem! well, if to love me you are bent,
'Pon honor—and your purpose really marriage—
Suppose you do—just order round the carriage.
Charming. In half a minute I will drive it smack up—
So haste, if you have anything to pack up!

Troutina. I have packed up! [*Throws out a bundle.*
Charming. Oh! flattering foresight! see!
Her bundle made—to bundle off with me!
What ho! my posters of the sky and land!
[*Music.—A Car appears drawn by flying frogs.*
Now in, my lovely Princess let me hand!
[*Assists* TROUTINA *out of the Window into the Car, and gets in himself.*
Home! to the Fansea Isles!
Troutina. Stop! I would call
First on my Godmother at Silver Hall.
Charming. Where'er you please, make but the least illusion,
My Fairy Frogs will lead to the conclusion.
[*Music.—Exeunt in Car. Clouds work on and off, and discover*

SCENE III.—*Abode of the* FAIRY SOUSSIO. *The Fairy is discovered reclining on an Ottoman, in the centre of the Stage.*

Fairy S. [*rising.*] I have been looking in the Crystal Ball,
That hangs up yonder in my Magic Hall;
And in it I can see—nothing at all!
So I suppose nothing will come to pass,
Unless some Bottle Imp has spoiled the glass. [*Bell rings,* R.
Heyday! who rings so late the visitors' bell?
My God-daughter, returned with some young swell.
[*Enter* TROUTINA *and* KING CHARMING, R. H.
Why, child, what brings thee back to me so soon?
Art wed—and come to spend the honeymoon?
Troutina. (C.) Not married yet—but soon I hope to be. [*Unveils.*
Charming. (R.) [*Starting.*] Murder in Irish—what is this I see?
Troutina. Troutina—your affianced wife.
Charming. My wife?
Troutina. Havn't you swore you loved me more than life?
Charming. Oh! horror! I'm the victim of some treason!
Troutina. Didn't you go to me your bended knees on;
And begged me not to let you hopeless linger,
And put this ring upon my wedding finger!
Charming. I'm struck all of a heap, as if by thunder!
I've made a most abominable blunder.
A wife like this, I could not live a day with!
She's one to run away from, not away with!
Hence let me fly. [*Crossing to* L.
Fairy S. [*Touching him with her wand,* L. H.]
All in good time, young master;
You seem a fast man—but I'll make you faster.
Charming. [*immoveable.*]
My two King's feet to two Queen's head's are turned;
And but to make adhesive stamps have learned!
My boots have surely gutta-percha soles!
My stockings feel as if they'd fallen in holes.
My legs, for the first time on earth, are sticks!

Fairy S. So slippery a swain, 'tis hard to fix—
But in a fix I think we have you now,
My gay Lothario—I'll teach you how
To turn a poor girl's head with your base blarney,
And then desert her, a la Don Giovanni!
This is my g d child, off you've dared to carry her,
And you shall keep your promise, sir, and marry her.
Charming. I marry one, who, not to mince the matter,
Gives you the uglies, even to look at her!
Never!
Fairy S. Refuse my pet, in this rude fashion!
Take care you don't put me in a passion—
Or I may put you into such a pickle,
That you'll be cured for life of being fickle!
Charming. Fickle! I scorn your words, imperious Fairy!
I'm so far from it, I'm quite the contrary;
Florina is my love! with her alone,
Will constant Charming share his heart and throne.
Fairy S. If like a man you will not keep your word,
For seven long years, I'll change you to a Bird.
Charming. With all my heart!
Troutina. With jealousy I burst.
Fairy S. Then tremble!
Charming. I defy you—do your worst!

TRIO.—SOUSSIO, TROUTINA, KING CHARMING,—"NORMA."

SOUISSIO.

O fie for shame, you naughty man!
How could you so deceive her?
Have sure the face you never can,
Thus in the dumps to go and leave her!

TROUTINA.

Did you not vow you'd mary me?
From my mama me stealing!
I, by your double dealing,
Shuffled and cut must be!

CHARMING.

Nor ma nor pa would I distress,
By stealing such as her there;
So far I've seen her I confess,
But ere I wed I'll see her further!
Her's is alone the fault, and no
Promise to her I'm breaking:
I, in the dark mistaking,
Shot at a pigeon and killed a crow!

SOUSSIO.

Thou shalt feel my power so mighty!
Deeply rue thy broken word!

Seven long years, since thou'rt so flighty,
Shalt thou fly, indeed, a bird!
Over mountain, over wave,
A Bird of Paradise, all blue!
Like a king till you behave,
All dicky it shall be with you!

[*Touches* CHARMING *with her Wand. He falls senseless on the ottoman, which sinks, as a golden cage rises, and in the place of* CHARMING, *is seen a* BLUE BIRD.—TABLEAU.—*Bird flies out of cage.—Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*Chamber in the Tower.—Window to* C. *Doors* R. *and* L.
Enter QUEEN *with a paper* L.

Queen. "Elopement in High Life," yes, here's the article,
Of which I have concocted every particle;
And had inserted in a late edition
Of our "Court Journal." This without suspicion
Florina will be sure to read—and then
Burst out into abuse of all young men,
Particularly Charming—tear her hair—
Sing "Crazy Jane"—and, rising in despair,
Send for some poison to the 'Potecary,
Or fling herself headlong into the area!
She comes! I'll place the paper where she'll find it,
And listen—ah, this curtain, I'll behind it.
[*Places paper on table, and hides behind the curtain.* L. H.]

Enter FLORINA, R.

Florina. My bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne—
King Charming soon will claim me for his own;
And in Fan-sea we shall enjoy, no doubt,
A life of linked sweetness, long drawn out!
I wonder, though, I hear no news from Court—
Ah! here's the Journal—which may some report.
"Latest Intelligence—Express Edition—
Elopement in High Life," what meets my vision?
"Last night, between the hours of seven and eight,
Princess Troutina, near the garden gate,
Was, with King Charming, in a carriage seen,
Starting upon the road to Gretna Green;
The pace they drove at all pursuit defied—
And we've just heard, the nuptial knot is tied."
The nuptial knot! oh! no, it cannot be!
Marry Troutina—and engaged to me!
Impossible! yet the heading read—
"From our own Correspondent"—Then indeed
It must be true! To doubt it none would dare;
Time has no Chloroform for my despair!
I will not live to be of Cupid thought a butt,
But fling myself at once into the water-butt! [*Crosses* R.

Queen. [*aside*] I'll haste and see there's enough water in it—
I would not have thee linger half a minute. [*Exit* L. H.

FLORINA.

AIR.—"*The Cavalier.*"

What a pitiful plight!
It serves me right,
But a very base trick I've been play'd;
That a cavalier
Of his rank, should e'er
A lady have so betrayed!
With softest sawder every chord
Of my tender heart touched he;
And o'er and o'er, by jingo swore,
"Sweet maid, I'll wed but thee!"
Sweet maid, &c.

He turned his eye
On my rival sly,
When his promise had raised my hopes;
With amazement I see,
Though he vow'd to wed me,
With somebody else he elopes!
Off, off he has cut, and the water butt
Now my bridal bed must be!
There's an end of our loves,
Wedding-cake and white gloves;
He's off—and it isn't with me!
White gloves, white gloves,
Nobody will wear for me!

The BLUE BIRD *appears at the window,* C.

Bird. (C.) Florina!
Florina. (L.) Ah! who breathes that wretched name?
Methought the sound in at the window came.
Bird. Florina!
Florina. There again! my name I heard!
Who calls?
Bird. 'Tis I!
Florina. A beautiful Blue Bird?
Bird. I would I were thy Bird!
Florina. Sweet, so would I!
But it's no use—because I'm going to die!
Bird. To die! you wouldn't think of such a thing!
Florina. Oh! wouldn't you, if you'd lost such a king
As I have!
Bird Nay—Take comfort, gentle maid!
Your King's not lost—he only is mislaid—
And if he hears himself thus sweetly cried,
It won't be long, before he's at your side.

Florina. Oh! comfortable Bird, can this be so?
Bird. Does not my voice then, fair Florina know?
Florina. Your voice! good gracious! no, it never can!
Bird. Yes! I'm that poor, unhappy little man!
Condemned for seven long years, and in all weathers,
To hop about in this blue suit of feathers.
Florina. By whom, and why this metamorphose strange?
Bird. A fairy changed me 'cause I wouldn't change.
Florina. But did you not elope then with Troutina?
Bird. I took her by mistake for you, Florina!
But never from my love's own colors flew—
As man or bird, you'll find me still "True Blue."

FLORINA *and* CHARMING.

DUET.—"*Over the hills and far away.*"

CHARMING.

Were I perch'd on Greenland's coast,
And blue with cold my talon's tips,
Warm my heart would be as toast,
If chirrup'd to by those sweet lips!

FLORINA.

Should some Indian juggler turn
Me into a bird as well,
Not the least 'twould me concern,
If with my Charming I might dwell!

CHARMING.

And I your nest would feather, too!

FLORINA.

Every day we'd bill and coo!

CHARMING.

And I would fondly fly with you
Over the hills till all was blue!

Florina. Sweet Bird, to thee I pledge my virgin troth.
Bird. May I be made into blue chicken broth,
If ever I on other hand alight!
Florina. But we must keep a look out very bright,
For should the Queen find out that such the trick is,
She'll wring your neck like any common dickey's!
Bird. In the dark Cypress Grove across the green,
Lodgings to let for single Birds I've seen;
I'll take apartments, furnished, in some Tree,
From whence this dear old window I can see—
And when the coast is clear of the community,
I'll hop to you at every hop-portunity.

Florina. And what shall be the signal?
Bird. Just one verse
Of this old song—I learned it from my Nurse.

CHARMING.

AIR.—"*Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home.*"

Pretty bird, pretty bird, blue as the sky!
The sun has gone down in the west;
Then hither to solace your lady love fly,
And sing her the song she loves best.

Florina. Hark! some one comes! away, away, my poppet.
Bird. Fear nothing—long e're they can twig, I'll hop it!

Enter QUEEN, L. H. BLUE BIRD *disappears* C.

Queen. [L. *aside.*] I ha'vnt heard a tumble, or a squall—
I hope her heart's not failed her, after all!
Florina. (R.) Who's there?
Queen. The Queen!
Florina. My Royal Step-Mamma!
Madam, your most obedient!
Queen. (*aside.*) Smiling! Hah!
What may this mean? Has fate cut some new caper,
To foil my vengeance? [*aloud.*] I sent you the paper.
Florina. Your Majesty's too kind!
Queen. Important news!
Florina. Important, ma'am, if true—the doubt excuse.
Queen. Talk'st thou to me of "ifs?" with proof in print!
Florina. A Printer's proof, that may have errors in't;
When 'tis revised, I'll read it, ma'am, again!
Queen. The tidings surely must have turned her brain,
Or else this impudence too far is carried;
Dare you deny my daughter's gone and married?
Florina. Gone, she may be—but married I think not.
Queen. Wretch! on her honor would'st thou cast a blot?
Florina. No—on *my* honor, but I've heard—
Queen. You've heard
What? who could tell you?
Florina. Oh! a little Bird,
As people say:
Queen. [*aside.*] So cool, and so contented!
She something knows, beyond what I've invented.
[*aloud.*] What have you heard? Speak e'er my patience fails.
Florina. I won't tell stories, and I don't tell tales.
I should regret your Majesty to grieve—
Therefore respectfully I take my leave.
[*Curtseys to* QUEEN, *and exit* R. H.
Queen. 'Tis well! But for this conduct she shall smart;
I'll break her spirit, or I'll break her heart!
Oh! were she not the pet of all the people,

I'd have her hanged as high as the church steeple;
Or smothered as King Richard did the babbies—
But heir presumptive to the throne, the drab is!
And for high Treason I should be attainted!
Is she with some disastrous fact acquainted?
Or does she only hope? I must make certain—
So by your leave again, convenient curtain
[*Conceals herself behind Curtain.* L.

FLORINA *peeps* R. *then re-enters.*

Florina. She's gone! now once again my eyes rejoice,
Bluest of Birds! Oh! for a Falconer's voice;
To lure this tassel gently back again:
Quick let me warble forth the signal strain!

FLORINA.—*Sings.*

Pretty Bird, pretty bird, blue as the sky,
Here to thy Lady-love, pretty bird, fly.

Queen. [*aside.*] What's that about some Bird the creature sings!
Florina. I hear the flutter of his pretty wings!
He comes!

BLUE BIRD *appears,* (C.) *with bracelets in his bill.*

Bird. My love!
Florina. My life—my Dicky Darling!
Queen. [L. *aside.*] A talking bird! A Parrot or a Starling?
No, 'tis a Bird of Paradise I view!
That somebody has shot with powder blue.
Florina. (R.] Where hast thou been?
Bird. (C.) Home to my Palace, where,
I picked out for my love, this matchless pair
Of bracelets—wear them for my sake!
Florina. I will.
Bird. They're a free gift, though brought in with a bill.
Queen. [*aside.*] That bird's a thief! Who'd make so bad a pun,
Would pick a pocket, and that's what he's done;
He never came by those fine bracelets fairly—
Oh! won't I have his toby tickled rarely!
Florina. And have you settled where you mean to stop?
Bird. Yes! I have got a snug room at the top
Of an old cypress tree—it's rather high,
A sort of first floor parlor, next the sky;
Up twenty pair of boughs—but very airy,
The last who lived there, was a wild Canary,
And from it I've the finest birds eye view,
Imaginable—for it is of you!
Florina. Oh! I'm afraid my pretty dicky flatters!
Queen. Faster than forty Magpies the fool chatters!
From this tell-tale Tom-tit, she gained her knowledge!
I'll have him plucked worse than a goose at college,

And roasted all alive, for my own eating! [*Exit.* L. H.
Bird. And now to roost I find I must be fleeting.
Florina. Wilt thou begone? It is not yet near day!
Bird. I'm very sorry—but I cannot stay;
Late hours do not suit my sort of Fowl,
I would for thy sake, I had been an Owl!
But in five minutes, I'll lay you an egg,
I shall be fast asleep, upon one leg!
Florina. Well then, farewell, love, since it so must be;
To-morrow, early, I will call for thee.
Good night, good night, a thousand times good night!
Bird. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. [*Exit.*
Florina. Ah! me, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see him scratch a bleeding pole!
Either my eyesight failed, or, as he flew,
He looked alas! particularly blue.

AIR—FLORINA.—"*My own Blue Bell.*"

My own blue bird, my pretty blue bird,
I hope you will be as good as your word;
Your plumes I view of a fine true blue,
And why should I doubt that your heart's so too?
I fear I must own, now away that you've flown,
The people about here won't let you alone;
They'll come with a gun, and shoot you for fun,
Then out of my dicky bird I should be done!
My own blue bird, &c. [*Exit* R.

SCENE V.—*The Cypress Grove. Enter* QUEEN, TROUTINA *and* PAGE, L. H.

Queen. Rejected, scorned—I can't believe my senses!
Troutina. And for Florina! that the worst offence is!
Queen. But what to all this, said your Fairy God-mother?
Troutina. Oh she in pickle had for him a rod, mother!
And for seven years, at least, his crime he'll rue,
She changed him to a bird!
Queen. A bird!—not blue?
Troutina. Yes! blue as Blue Beard's beard, with blue ink dyed,
Or the Blue Chamber his wife peeped inside.
Queen. Troutina, thou hast harp'd my fears aright,
And on this Blue Bird thrown a clear blue light!
But let me take advantage of the time—
Here, you young varlet, up that Cypress climb;
And in the nest you'll find quite at the top,
This hundred-bladed penknife open pop; [*Gives knife.*
So that upon the points the Bird must fly,
Who enters it—up quickly, sirrah, hie.
[PAGE *mounts Tree with knife, and descends again quickly.*
Troutina. What is the traitor here then, to be stuck?
Queen. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed just quiet be—

'Till daybreak, and you'll see what you will see!
Thou marvel'st at my words, but hold thee still,
For this Blue Bird, Fate makes a blue steel pill!

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, TROUTINA, *and* PAGE, R. H.

[*Music.—The* BLUE BIRD *flies in, and enters the Cypress Tree.*

Bird. Oh Murder! [*falls on the ground.*

Some kind soul a Surgeon run for.
I'm the new lodger, taken in and done for!

Music.—HOCUS POCUS *rises.*

Hocus. Where is this rich and most unfortunate man,
That was King Charming, e're he crazy ran
About a woman, and, like many a chap,
Traced to a Miss, the cause of his mishap?
Ah! here he lies, and wounded very badly,
By cruel blades, he has been cut up sadly;
His wings are clipped, his legs are amputated.
His merrythought, by falling, dislocated!
His gizzard stabbed in half a dozen places,
This of *fowl* murder, very near a case is!
But I'm a Doctor in the sable art,
And with one black dose succor can impart.
Ho! Sal Volatile, with all thy scents,
Help me to bring him to—and take him hence.

[Sal Volatile *and other Spirits rise.*

SONG—SAL VOLATILE.

AIR.—*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*

Hocus Pocus is his name,
Doctor of Physic and Juggler of Fame,
Black or white art's all the same
To him, upon sea or dry land!
At leger-de-main his hand's the best:
He's Wizard of the North, South, East and West;
There's not a conjuror, I protest—
McAlister, Anderson, or the rest—
Who half such wonders as he can do;
And now he'll show you a trick worth two,
For he'll drive the devils blue
From the King of the Fan-sea Island!

Chorus of Spirits.

Soon will this silly Bird again a man see,
Hey, presto, pass! to his own realm of Fan-sea!

[HOCUS POCUS *waves his wand, the scene gradually changes to the Fan-sea Island. A Fairy Boat appears, into which* HOCUS POCUS *and Spirits enter, bearing* BLUE BIRD. *A grand magical change of scene to the Fan-sea Island.*

TABLEAU.—END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Haunt of the Fairies. Enter* FAIRY AZURINE, U. E. L.

Fairy A. Great as of Elfin Queen's may be the powers,
There is a magic which surpasses ours;
A grand Enchantress, who for sovereign sway,
And transformations bears the palm away!
Her name is Fashion, to her wild vagaries;
I bow as humbly as all other Fairies!
But for my enemy, the Fairy Soussio,
I'll make her know her power's but so, so.
In time of peace prepare for war—for ye must know,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.
And so, lest our brave standing army will,
Through base inaction, prove our army standing still,
I'll bid my warriors to the tented field come out,
And put the State Militia to the rout.
My soul's in arms, and so discards all fear—
Bring forth my sword—send shield and spear.
[*Music—Sword, Spear, and Shield rise.*
I'll hue my way through all of Soussio's legions,
Though Pluto bid them from infernal regions.
[*Music.—She arms herself.*
Let Fairy Puck sound 'larums through our realm.
[*Music.—Alarms sounded.*
The ship of State must answer to her helm.
To guide *our* ship safe through the sea's turmoil,
We'll keep our hand fixed on the tiller of the soil. [*Music.—Alarms.*
Wake, Fairy elves—wake from your morning dreams—
Leave slumber's couch, 'mid dells and forest streams,
Come forth from pearly shells, and blossoms sweet:
Wake earth with clinging arms and tripping feet.

Music Alarms.—A Pyramid of Shells sinks, and discovers a Troop of Fairies, armed cap-a-pie, in Tableau.

ADDRESS A-LA-ROLLA.

My brave associates! can hollow words add vigor
Unto your hearts, or help you pull a trigger?
No! you've judged the foulness of the plea alarming!
By which these villains have deluded Charming
So foul a wrong shall wrong no fowl of ours,
And Blue Bird shall be freed from Soussio's powers.
We'll rise *en masse*, and prove that we have, hence,
Not one for tribute, millions for defence!
We'll show, that not a world in arms
Can triumph over woman's conquering charms.
No pent up *Attica* contracts our powers—
They hate their ruler, but we're spoons on *ours*.
Charming they'd shield, as vultures would the lamb;
To save *his* bacon, we must cure *their* ham.

The man we honor is the *people's choice;*
The mandate we obey, the people's voice—
And Soussio'll find us in Prince John's geology,
We are the hard-shells of Political Conchology.
Then let's to arms, and battle hand and glove,
For that great first of "Woman's Rights," the Right of Love.
And now, to prove you twig these revolutions,
Just, *a la militaire*, perform your evolutions.

Music.—A Fairy Amazonian March. At the end of march—

Fairy A. Break off, break off, the sound of mortal feet—
Hence into pearly shells, or blossoms sweet!

Fairies disappear R. & E. FAIRY AZURINE, 2. E. L. H. *Enter* FLORINA, *in a Peasant's dress.*

Florina. [*Singing as she enters.*]

Pretty Bird, Pretty Bird, blue as the sky,
Here to thy Lady-love, pretty Bird, fly.

No Bird, no answer! all in vain I sing,
My notes will not a single sovereign bring!
Oh, Charming, art thou false! or art thou slain?
Some honorable gentleman explain;
Or gentlewoman—for I'm not particular.

[*The* FAIRY AZURINE *appears as an Old Woman, with a basket of Eggs in her hand,* R. 2 E.

Ah! here's one, though she's not quite perpendicular
In form, she may be upright in intent,
And answer straight, what I to know am bent.
Good morning, Goody.

Fairy A. Save you, Royal Fair.

Florina. Royal! How came you of my rank aware?
I thought beneath this garb—

Fairy A. Oh! though my eyes
Are old, they quickly saw through your disguise;
You're not accustomed to di-simulation.

Florina. You seem a person of some penetration.
And may be, as your sight appears so keen,
A fine Blue Bird of Paradise you've seen,
Which I have lost? I'm anything but sordid,
The finder shall be handsomely rewarded.

Fairy A. Yes, you would give a Crown for him, no doubt,
Now you're a Queen.

Florina. A Queen! you've found that out?

Fairy A. Why all the world knows of the revolution,
Occasioned by your step-dame's persecution;
How your weak father signed his abdication,
And how you were made Queen by acclamation!
And how you generously saved from slaughter,
The base Tirana and her ugly daughter;

The people would have torn them into pieces.
But for your presence.
Florina. Every word increases
My wonder! surely you must be a witch?
Fairy A. You might on something more unlikely pitch;
But which, or whatsoe'er I am—depend,
Whilst you are good and true, I am your friend!
Florina. Oh! prove it, then, by telling in a word,
Where I may find my sweet blue dicky bird?
Fairy A. Your bird's no more.
Florina. Dead!
Fairy A. No! don't be alarmed,
They've made a man of him again.
Florina. I'm charmed
To hear it!
Fairy A. But upon a hard condition,
Great Hocus Pocus, a profound Magician,
Rescued King Charming from assassination,
And through his well-intended mediation,
The Fairy Soussio her wrath abated,
And on his throne King Charming re instated,
With this proviso—he Troutina wedded,
In six months from this date.
Florina. Just what I dreaded!
And he consented! well, I cannot blame him—
He never thought his beak and claws became him;
Fine feathers make fine birds, but don't make happy ones,
They who think otherwise, are only sappy ones!
And so may joy be his, beyond all measure;
And I'll go back, and break my heart with pleasure.
Fairy A. Not so a generous heart like yours shan't break,
King Charming labors under a mistake;
He made against the bargain a brave struggle,
But Hocus Pocus floored him by a juggle;
He told him you, in secret, loved another,
That you betrayed him to Troutina's mother,
And lent the very knife that struck the blow, too,
Florina. Oh! where can such a person think he'll go to?
And Charming to believe that thus I'd use him—
Is there no way at once to disabuse him?
Fairy A. Yes, but 'tis full of danger!
Florina. Danger! Fiddle!
I'm not a girl, my thumbs to sit and twiddle!
'Dangers retreat—when boldly they're confronted!'
Fairy A. [*Appearing in her own form.*]
You are the heroine for whom I've hunted,
I am an Amazon!
Florina. That's quite alarming!
Fairy A. Oh, no! for we're the friends of you and Charming—
We've taken up the gauntlet and intend,

That Soussio, to our arms shall quickly bend—
Not all the black art of her boasted power
Shall aught avail her in the coming hour!
Strong in the justice of our holy cause,
And armed with truth, we'll crush her magic laws!
Florina. You shall not fight my battles *Scott* free—
When your back pay is due just call on me.
Fairy A. My aid you have, however you may take it,
Here, you will find three swan's eggs in this basket;
Break one of them, whenever friends you lack,
And sure as eggs are eggs, you'll find them crack.
Florina. May I not know to whom I am indebted?
Fairy A. Yes; in this deed you're aided and abetted,
By Charming's godmother, his name who gave him,
Made him immortal, and through you may save him,
From ceaseless sorrow—go! no ears nor eyes,
But his, your voice or face shall recognise;
Meanwhile to Hocus Pocus I will ride,
And strive to win him over to our side;
But if this fail, by all the gods of Rome!
Down to perdition we will hurl the gnome!
Thou shalt be queen of Charming's realms alone,
With love thy sceptre, and his heart thy throne. [*Exit Fairy A.* R.

AIR.—FLORINA.

Over the water and over the lea,
And over the water to Charming;
Charming does but whine and wail—
He loves you still I can see;
And Charming yet with joy may hail,
Florina, Queen of Fan-sea.

The first thing is to reach my love's abode,
And I forgot to ask our friend the road;
What must I do? There's nothing for't, i'fegs,
But sacrificing one of my three eggs.
So let us see what this one will produce.

[*Music.—Breaks Eggs, and a Car drawn by Doves, rises.*

Florina. A handsome Carriage, ready made for use.
[*Enters Car, and sings.*

Over the water and over the lea,
And over the water to Charming!

[*Music.—Doves draw off* FLORA *in Car*, 2 F. R. H.

SCENE II.—*The Gates of King Charming's Palace.—Enter* FLORINA, R. H. 1 E.

Florina. Once more on Terra Firma, safe and sound,
So far I've quickly got over the ground,
But now I've got to get over the Porter,
To make my way into the palace shorter;

I mustn't waste another egg about it,
But trust to what my brain can hatch without it.
He's there! and thinks himself a mighty great man,
A prouder Porter never served Lord Bateman. [*Rings Gate Bell.*

Enter PORTER, C.

Porter [L.] How now! how dare you at these portals ring!
Florina. [R.] If you please, sir, I wish to see the King.
Porter. You wish to see the King! a slut like you!
Go, get along with you—you hussey, do.
Florina. Do let me in to see the King, sir, pray.
Porter. The creature's crazy! troop, girl, while you may,
Or whether you are mad, or only sham,
You'll catch what here we call toco for yam.
Florina. I don't know what you mean by yam or toco,
But here's a bauble, some may call rococo,
[*Takes jewel out of her pouch.*
Which is worth pocketing, and yours to keep,
If at the King, you'll let me have one peep.
Porter. [*aside.*] Diamonds and Rubies! who the deuce could think it!
How could she honestly come by that trinket?
That's not my business though. [*aloud.*] Humph well, suppose
I should permit you just to pop your nose
Inside the gates—what will you say, if seen
By the new Regent, the great Foreign Queen,
Who rules the roast here?
Florina. There no harm can be,
In a poor girl wishing the King to see.
Porter. Oh, can't there? No—you'd best not say the King,
You wish to see the Palace, that's the thing!
The Gallery of Beauty, which people do
Obtain occasionally leave to view.
Florina. The Gallery of Beauty!—What, like that where Barnum
Has got the ugly portrait of old Mrs. Farnum.
Porter. Yes, only here your gambols you must curb,
For fear his majesty you might disturb!
Whilst down at Barnum's, they heed not your billings
Provided they but finger your two shillings!
Florina. What! would King Charming hear whate'er we said?
Porter. His chamber is directly over head.
And any secrets dropped there, it appears,
Run up directly to the Royal ears.
Florina. Oh! give me to that gallery admission.
Porter. You must the Queen herself for that petition,
She keeps it locked—the people say, for fear
Some ugly truths of her the King should hear.
Zooks! here she comes, [*opens gates.*] and with her the old King,
As usual, fastened to her apron string.
Florina. Disguise befriend me—and be your's the task
Good Fairy Egg, to gain me what I ask.

Music.—She takes an Egg out of her basket, and cracks it. A large Pie rises in its place, in a Golden Dish, adorned with Jewels.

Enter QUEEN TIRANA, KING HENPECKT, *and Attendants*, C. *Gate.*

Queen. Who comes between the wind and our nobility?
Florina. So please your Majesty, with all humility,
A poor girl, who has got a toy to sell,
Entirely made out of an egg shell. [*Showing the Pie.*
King. Made out of egg shell! Why it looks like gold!
Queen. Will you be kind enough, your tongue to hold?
King. I only spoke because—
Queen. Because you should'nt!
How often, Sir, must I desire you wouldn't?
[*to* FLORINA.] And what, pray, may you call this trumpery thing?
Florina. A pretty dish to set before the king.
A Pie, with four-and-twenty blackbirds in it,
Who sing a song of sixpence.

Takes top off, and discovers four-and-twenty blackbirds, with jewelled eyes and beaks, on boughs made of silver and precious stones.

Florina. Come, begin it!
[*Blackbirds sing the Nursery Rhyme*

Sing a Song Sixpence pocket full of Rye,
Four-and-twenty Blackbirds baked in a pie,
When the pie was open'd the birds began to sing—
Is'nt that a dainty dish to set before a King.

King. That well known song makes me a child again!
Queen. [*aside.*] You're in your second childhood sir, that's plain;
If the girl sees she's raised our admiration,
She'll raise her price beyond all calculation.
King. Of course, I never thought—
Queen. You never do!
'Tis fortunate you've me to think for you;
This wondrous pie King Charming may amuse.
King. I see—the blacks may drive away the blues.
Queen. [*to* FLORINA.] Suppose I was inclined this toy to buy
What is the price you set upon your pie?
Florina. I don't pretend to know what it is worth,
But I have wished before all things on earth,
To see the Gallery of Beauty so famous
Throughout the Fan-sea Isles.
Queen. Poor ignoramus.
Florina. And I will gladly give one curiosity
To satisfy the other—
Queen. [*aside.*] With Velocity,
I'll close this bargain. [*aloud.*] Well, it may divert
My son-in-law, so—
King. [*aside to her,*] It's as cheap as dirt!
The jewels in it are beyond all price!

Queen. I'll ask you, Sir, when I need your advice,
Carry the trifle in— [*attendants take pie up.*
And this young lass,
Into the gallery of Beauty pass!
Florina. Oh! thank you madam! [*Exit* C. G. *following attendants.*
King. [*aside.*] For it if I die,
I'll try to get a finger in that pie.
[*March.—Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, &c., C. *Gate.*

SCENE III.—*The Whispering Gallery. Enter* FLORINA, R. H.

I'm left alone the gallery to stray in—
'Twould be a pleasant place to spend the day in,
Almost as dreary, and about as dark
As the "Dark Lantern meeting" in the Park,
Whose light extinguished party calculations,
And in the shade threw Tammany's 'luminations.
But let me try to catch King Charming's ear,
They say that he is just above me here;
Alas! so far above me, I am fearing,
That my complaint he may be above hearing.

FLORINA.

AIR.—*Pretty Mocking Bird.*

Friendly echo—By your leave,
Let me my Charming undeceive;
Kindly carry up above,
A note of joy—a line of love;
Pretty Dicky Bird! pretty Dicky Bird!
That used to be,
Singing in the Grove on the Cypress Tree;
Remember me!—

A hurried footstep! he has heard me surely!

Enter VALET DE CHAMBRE, L. 1 E.

Valet. [L.] Holloah! young woman! are you taken poorly?
Were you not cautioned, when you came this Hall in,
That it was not a place to shout or squall in?
What do you think his Majesty would say,
If he should hear you?
Florina. [R.] If! alack the day!
Has he not heard me, then?
Valet. 'Tis well for you,
I gave him his composing draught at two!
Florina. Composing draught!
Valet. A potent preparation,
To calm down his great nervous irritation;
It locks him so fast in the arms of Morpheus,
To move him, I defy the strains of Orpheus.

Florina. Alas! that's not at all the way to cure him,
I know a charm, that would relief ensure him—
And if you chose, your fortune it would make:
Valet. My fortune! tell it me, for goodness sake!
Florina. D'ye see these bracelets?
[*Producing the Bracelets given her by the Blue Bird.*
Valet. Yes! to my surprise!
They're made of emeralds of the largest size!
Florina. They're yours, on one condition.
Valet. Name it quickly!
Florina. That you obey my orders very strictly;
Don't give the King his sleeping-draught to night,
And let him of these bracelets get a sight.
Valet. But if the King his medicine doesn't take,
As sure as fate, he will be wide awake.
Florina. Exactly! and will bless the new Physician,
Who made him wide awake to his position.
Valet. Give me the Bracelets, I the risk will run.
Florina. It is a bargain then?
Valet. Conclude it done. [*Exit* VALET, L. H. 1 E.

Enter QUEEN, KING HENPECKT, ATTENDANTS, R. H.

Florina. The Queen! 'tis well—she comes upon a wish!
Queen. Girl, have you got another pretty dish
To set before th. King, at the same price?
Florina. I have, and you shall see it in a trice.
[*aside*] Oh! my last egg, in you my hopes are cradled,
I shall go smash, if you should turn out addled.
[*Cracks the Egg, a Silver Goose appears, sitting in a Golden nest. Music.*]
There, madam, that's a very curious bird,
Of which perhaps the history you've heard.
King. Why, it's a goose, as sure as——
Queen. You're another!
Florina. This goose is that which gave the name of Mother
To the old Fairy, in the children's books.
King. This Mother Goose's goose! why then, odzooks!
It can lay golden eggs.
Queen. [*aside to him*] You cackling gander!
You'll drive me crazy, with your blund'ring candor!
[*aloud to* FLORINA]
What stuff—this bird's of metal, I should say.
Florina. Of course, or metal eggs how could it lay?
King. To think that story's been told o'er and o'er,
And no one ever thought of that before!
Queen. You would not have me credit such a fable?
Florina. Here is a sample, new laid on the table.
King. She reports progress to the house, 'tis plain,
And for the goose, asks leave to sit again.
Florina. Exactly, sir, I'd with this gift requite

The privilege of staying here all night.
King. As she's in petticoats who so beseeches,
She can't of privileges commit great breaches.
Queen. [*aside*]
The girl's an idiot—well, so much the better—
On such terms, the whole palace I would let her.
More by this wond'rous goose I shall by far gain,
Than by the blackbird pie. [*aloud*] Well, it's a bargain.
[*To* KING] This goose I'll draw on to a large amount,
And straight at Gosling's open an account.
King. [*to* QUEEN]
This bird is of the Californian breed,
And would, to eat, be very rich indeed!
With common ones let's try the breed to cross;
And dine on silver geese, with golden pippin sauce!
Queen. [*to* FLORINA.]
Good night.
Florina. [*aside*] I almost feared she smelt a rat
Queen. Take the goose in.
Florina. [*aside*] I hope I have done that!
[*March—Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and Attendant*, R. H. 3 E., FLORINA *remains. Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*The King's Cabinet. Enter* KING, QUEEN, TROUTINA, *and* ATTENDANTS, *hastily*, 1 E. R. H.

Queen. [C.] For Doctor Hocus Pocus send with speed!
[Attendants *Exeunt* 1 E. L. H.
Troutina. [R.] The King's much worse!
King. He's very queer indeed!
Queen. Woke from his nap, in a high state of fever!
King. Think he's a bird again, as blue as ever!
Queen. Screamed out in sight of me, a cat! a cat!
Troutina. Call'd me a scarecrow!
King. [*aside*] There's some sense in that.
Queen. Flung out of window the fine blackbird pie!
King. And threatened after it to make me fly!
Charming. [*without*] Traitors!
Troutina. He's coming!
Queen. [*to* KING.] Stand before me!
King. No!
I could'nt think of it! [*bowing and going* L.]
Queen. Where shall we go?
King. The nearest way down stairs—if you permit,
I'll run before. [*going.*]
Queen. [*crossing him.*] You would'nt think of it!
[*Exit* QUEEN, 1 E. L. H. *followed by* KING, *and* TROUTINA

Enter CHARMING, 1 E. R. H. *followed by* LORD *and* VALET DE CHAMBRE.

Charming. [C.] Don't talk to me of "pockets full of rye,"
And "Songs of sixpence!" who dared make a pie

Of black, or any colored birds? 'tis treason
To kill or catch a bird, in any season!
The feathered race, throughout my wide dominions,
Shall live in perfect liberty of pinions.
I'll have no bird-cage walks in any parks;
Whilst I reign, there shall be no end of larks!
Turkeys at Christmas, but themselves shall stuff—
To cook his goose, no cook be goose enough!
No chicken hazard foul play for its life,
No pigeon pout for his encrusted wife!
Grouse shall the moors skim safe as gulls the ocean,
And ducks behold green peas without emotion!

Valet. (R.) He's very flighty, vows he's beaked and clawed!

Lord. (R.) "These are but wild and whirring words, my lord,"

Charming. Throughout the poultry go, the will proclaim,
Of Charming, King, defender of all game,
Lord Paramount of every Fan sea Isle,
Cock of the walk, and supreme de Vollaile!

Valet. [*aside to* LORD.] Humor his fancy, meanwhile I'll repeat
The dose, which takes out of him the conceit.

[*Exit* LORD, 1 E. R. H.

Charming. Cornerakes and Fieldfares shall have double crops!
Honor all bills! take off the tax on hops!

Valet. Now then, in lieu of his old soporific,
I'll test the value of this new specific.

Charming. Come, to my perch, I'm moulting fast! somehow,
I've little left to plume myself on, now;
My wings are bare, in vain I would them spread,
I've lost my tail—no, here 'tis on my head;
Of course, my head was turned by my mishap,
And here's the only feather in my cap.

Valet. (R.) These emeralds seem those in your cap to match.

[*Showing them*

Charming. [*starting*] Hah! how came you those jewels up to scratch?
They were mine once! I gave them to a dove,
That turned into a vulture! cruel love!
She set a hundred blades on me to fall—
Ah! that was the unkindest cut of all.

CHARMING.

AIR.—*Go away black man.*

As I stole out one very dark night,
To see a fair maid whose eyes shone bright.
The sky was so black I was sadly misled.
And I ran away with an ugly one instead.
Her god-mother vowed that we married should be,
And when I said no, what d'ye think she said to me?
Get along base man, don't you come a nigh me,
And turned into a Bird of a bright blue die, me.

Then back I flew that very same night,
To my own fair maid, with her eyes so bright,
And took a neat nest in a cypress tall,
And meant every day on her to call.
I thought her as true, as true could be,
But what do you think was the way she served me?
Set a lot of sharp blades to stick upon the sly, me,
And cut me to the core, if she didn't, blue die me!

Valet. (R.) The sight of them has only made him sadder—
I'll give him his black drops, before he's madder.
Charming. Methinks again that fatal tree I fly by!
Valet. It's time to take your drops and go to by bye!
Charming. Throw physic to the dogs, and go to Bath!
I'm for the air! the Blue Bird's own blue path.

[FLORINA, *is heard singing,* R. H.

"*Pretty Bird, Pretty Bird,*" *&c.*

Valet. Is that the air, Sir, that you said you were for?
Charming. The only one that once I used to care for!

[FLORINA *sings again.*

That strain again! oh! it comes o'er my ears,
Like the sweet south—or music of the spheres;
Or the Drum Polka, or the Berlin Choir,
Or anything that judges most admire.
Valet. [*Aside.*] Put that air to these here, [*Showing bracelets.*]
I think I know,
Who's in the Gallery of Beauty down below!
Charming. It is some piping Bullfinch they have bought
For an old coat, and that tune to it taught!
Or does some nightingale, in corner snug,
Pour out that luscious strain from his own jug?
Or—oh! I never thought of that before—
Is it Florina, underneath the floor?
It is—it must be! and those jewels, speak,
Varlet! remember you're before a Beak!
How came you by them?
Valet. Sire, I didn't buy them!
A sort of Gipsy girl begged I would try them
Upon your Majesty, and if they fitted,
She vowed your flightiness would soon have flitted.
Charming, Where is the Gipsy?
Valet In the Whispering Gallery!
Charming. Open my Cage—and I'll double your salary!
Valet. Follow me, sire,—your wishes you shall crown them,
I'll kick the Page off the back stairs, all down them!

NATTY.

AIR.—"*Come down the back stairs.*"

Come down the back stairs, sir, if you'll follow me,
Come down the back stairs, of the door I've the key,

Come down the back stairs, and let nobody see,
And come as you were not coming to *she*,
Just whistle, and she'll come to you below,
Just whistle, and she'll come to you below,
Though father and step-mother, both should say no,
Just whistle and she'll come to you below.
Come down the back stairs, &c.

[*Exeunt* KING *and* VALET, 1 E. R. H.

SCENE V.—*The Whispering Gallery—dark.* FLORINA *discovered* C.

Florina. My heart suspended betwixt hope and fear,
Hangs like Mohammed's intermediate bier,
If Charming's ears against me still are barred up,
I've no more eggs to shell out, when I'm hard up.
But hark! again a footstep! fleeter, faster!
It is the man! that is, it is the master!

Enter CHARMING, 1 E. R. H.

Charming. (R.) Florina!
Florina. (L.) Charming!
Charming. 'Tis my long lost treasure!
Florina. My heart intoxicated reels with pleasure!
Charming. My pulses all ecstatically tingle!
And art thou true?
Florina. As truth!
Charming. And single?
Florina. Single!
Charming. Come to my arms, and be as dear as ever!
But did you never love another?
Florina. Never!
Charming. Nor lend sharp knives to lacerate my breast?
Florina. No, never, not by no means whatsomedever, I protest!
Charming. Enchanting fact, although indifferent grammar!
They told me, then, a most outrageous crammer,
But I believe you, my sweet girl, with joy!
Florina. And I—oh! I, believe you too, my boy.
Charming. I hug my little, but my precious store!
What now shall part us?
Florina. Nothing, never more!

CHARMING AND FLORINA.

DUET.—"*Suono il trombe intrepida.*"

So now we'll trump intrepidly,
Each trick Miss Fortune plays us!
If some bad hand betray us,
Honors at least we'll score!
Cards may run cross repeatedly.
Still we'll cut in together!—
Double and Rub to weather,
And never sever—No!

Partners we'll be for ever!
Partners to part no more!

Enter KING HENPECKT, QUEEN, TROUTINA, ATTENDANTS *and* GUARDS, R. H.

Queen. [C.] Indeed! we'll soon see that!
Charming. [L. C.] The Queen!
Florina. [L.] My father!
Charming. Madam! I am surprised!
Queen. You are, sir, rather!
And in good time to frustrate all your plans!
Henpeckt, I bid you to forbid the banns.
King. [R. C.] Daughter, [*to* FLORINA] you hear my wife is quite forbidding—
That is, for bidding me—
Charming. I'll soon be ridding
The palace of these meddlers—make them sing
Another song—'sdeath! am I not the King?
Queen. But I'm vice-regent over you, you'll see.
King. Yes—'gad, she was that always over me.
Charming. By this affront, I quite aback am taken.
Florina. And I have no more eggs to save my bacon.
Charming. Well, I'll die game! my guards!
Queen. They will not stir,
You quite forget that you're "non compos," sir;
Great Hocus Pocus soon will make you mum.
King. And here I take it is the doctor come.
[*Music.*—HOCUS POCUS *rises*, R. H.
Hocus. Yes. I have come from a long consultation,
Upon this sad case of hallucination,
And am compelled to give the patient over,
No medicine, Ovid says, can cure a lover,
So let them marry, if they wish it still,
If that won't cure them both, why nothing will!
Charming. You hear the learned Doctor, what he says!
King. I must admit it answered in my case!
Queen. What, let King Charming marry any other,
Than my Troutina!

Enter FAIRY SOUSSIO, 1 R. L. H.

Soussio. [L.] Never!
Troutina. Here's God mother!
Now we shall see!
Soussio. Is Soussio's power defied!
Six Moons have passed! Troutina is the bride
Of Charming!
Charming. No!
Florina. No!
Hocus. No!
Soussio. What! do you back
Out of your own proposal? Hence vile Quack!

Hocus. Quack! vengeance!
Soussio. Upon you mine first shall fall!
Quake earth! down palace! crush them one and all!

[CHARMING *and* FLORINA *rush behind pedestal*, C.

[*Thunder, Lightning, Crash—Pillars fall,—Pedestal sinks,—Scene changes to the Throne of Fan sea.* CHARMING *and* FLORINA *protected by* HOCUS POCUS *and* FAIRY AZURINE.]

Hocus Pocus. [*to* SOUSSIO.] Ah! would you? that is easier said than done.
Fairy A. The odds are 'gainst you, sister, two to one!
Ruin may seize all else the earth above,
But indestructible are Truth and Love.

FINALE.—*Morris Dance.*

Florina. Our trials o'er, but one fear more
Is now my heart alarming—
It is, that those in yonder rows,
May not approve King Charming.

King Charming.
Say "yes," for merry Christmas' sake,
And nightly here come swarming;
Your magic hands can truly make
Immortal, our King Charming!

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Oro-may-jah, a high official . . . . . Mrs. Norton.

Soldiers, Sailors, Indians, Members of the Tuscarora Light Guard, &c

PROLEGOMENA.

THE deeply interesting incident upon which this Drama is founded, occurred in Virginia, on Wednesday, Oct. 12, A.D. 1607, at twenty-six minutes past 4 in the afternoon, according to the somewhat highly colored and boastful narration of Capt. John Smith, the famous adventurer, backed by the concurrent testimony of contemporaneous history; but subsequent research has proved that either he was mistaken, or that *circumstance* had unwarrantably plagiarized an affair which transpired at a much earlier date; for, upon examining the contents of a wallet found in the vest pocket of the man in armor, dug up near Cape Cod, an entire *epic poem* was discovered upon the very same subject, which was written by a Danish Poet, the Chevalier Viking, *Long Fellow* of the Norwegian Academy of Music, who flourished Anno Gothami, 235.

The poem contains several square yards of verse, a fragment of which is subjoined to show its peculiar *Finnish*.

THE SONG OF POCAHONTAS.

Ask you—How about these verses?
Whence this song of Pocahontas,
With its flavor of Tobacco,
And the Stinoweed—the Mundungus,
With its pipe of Old Virginny,
With the echo of the Breakdown,
With its smack of Bourbonwhiskey,
With the twangle of the Banjo;
Of the Banjo—the Goatskinnet,
And the Fiddle—the Catgutto,
With the noisy Marrowbonum.
By one JONSMITH it was written,
JONSMITH, the valiant soldier,
Sailor, Buccaneer, Explorer,
Hero, Trader, Colonizer,
Gent, Adventurer, Commander,
Lawyer, Orator, and Author,
Statesman, Pioneer, and Bagman.
Years he fought against the Moslem
Years he wore the captive's fetters,
Until, from a fond sultana
He received a Habeas Corpus.

Then, by way of relaxation,
He took passage on a steamer
With a crew of Fillibusters,
Each with matchlocks and revolvers,
To take peaceable possession
Of some transatlantic region,
Sailed they on, they knew not whither
Until, one October morning,
They incontinently blundered
On the shores of Tuscarora,
Near to Werowance, the palace
Of King POWHATAN, who flourished
In that section of the country,
Whereunto they were invited
By this hospitable monarch,
And remarkably well treated;
Until, fat with rice and pumpkins,
Buckwheatcake and sweetpotatoes,
Squashes, Hominy and Doughnuts,
They began to wax audacious,
And put on such airs and graces
They were perfectly disgusting.

Now, the natives knowing nothing
Of the benefits intended
By this foreign congregation,
Who had come so far to show them
All how much they'd been mistaken;
In what darkness they were dwelling,

And how much obliged they were to
These disinterested people,
Who had journeyed to enlighten
Their unfortunate condition.
Through these potent triunited
Anglo-Saxon civilizers,
Rum, Gunpowder, and Religion.
Now, the natives, as I mentioned,
Didn't see the joke precisely
In the way it was expected,
They believing, simple creatures,
They could manage their own matters
Without any interference—
Thought the shortest way to settle
Those gratuitous advisers,
Would be quietly to knock them
On the head, like Bulls of Bashan.

It was then JONSMITH was taken
To be treated in such fashion,
Lying in a pleasant posture
On the ground, his head supported
By a chunk of Russ's pavement.
He looked round him with emotion.
King POWHATAN stood beside him,
With his battle-club tremendous,
Which around his head he flourished
To accelerate its motion,
So that when it swift descended
Upon JONSMITH's pericranium,
Then he wouldn't know what hurt him
Thrice the fatal club was brandished,
And Jon. thought upon his mother,
Thought upon the prayer she taught him
When he first, a tiny urchin,
Bent his knee in simple wonder.
In that moment, all his childhood
Stood before him like a vision,
And he thought he was a "goner,"
When the King's remorseless purpose
Was immediately arrested
By a scream from Pocahontas.
Pocahontas, his own daughter—
She, the dove of Worocomoco,
The pride of Tuscarora,
Quickly laid her lovely tresses
On the pale cheek of the victim.
This mute eloquence of nature
To the heart of JONSMITH whispered
You have yet a squeak, old fellow
Now, &c. &c.

POCAHONTAS,

OR

THE GENTLE SAVAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Palace of Weramocomoco. Grand march of the Tuscarora Court. King enters with a great flourish.*

OPENING CHORUS.

AIR—"*King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

KING AND CHORUS.

Oh! how absurd of people to prate,
About their mighty Kings so great,
They'd open their eyes to see the state
Of the King of the Tuscarora's.
As happy is he as King can be,
For from his Palace he can see,
The whole of his subjects merry and free,
So he takes his pipe contentedly,
Singing,
Smoking, joking Powhatan,
Tobacco it is the solace of man,
So let { subjects / us } puff as long as { you / we }
The King of the Tuscarora's.

King. Well *roared* indeed, my jolly Tuscaroras.
Most loyal *Corps*, your King *encores* the *Chorus*.

(*Repeat Chorus.*)

Bravo! We would with Shakspere say, "*that Strain again,*"
But it might strain your lungs, so we refrain.
It sooths my ear, like niggers from the South,
Stealing and giving odor; *they* sometimes do both,
Or like a pipe of the Nicotian leaf,
The true Nepenthe balm for every grief,

While other joys one sense alone can measure,
This to all senses gives extatic pleasure.
You *feel* the radiance of the glowing bowl,
Hear the soft murmurs of the kindling coal,
Smell the sweet fragrance of the honey-dew,
Taste its strong pungency the palate through,
See the blue cloudlets circling to the dome,
Imprisoned skies up-floating to their home.
I like a dhudieen myself.

Col-o-gog. I do not doubt it.

King. I'll volunteer and sing a song about it
To me 'twas by a wily Paddy whack sent,
Who had an axe to grind, hence the broad accent.

SONG—KING.

AIR—"*Widow Machree.*"

Oh, wid a dhudieen I can blow away care,
Oh hone, wid a dhudieen!
Black thoughts and blue devils all melt into air.
Oh hone! wid a dhudieen!
If you're short any day,
Or a note have to pay,
And you don't know the way,
To come out of it clean,
From your head and your heart
You can make it depart,
Oh hone! wid a dhudieen.

Oh, wid a dhudieen you recline at your ease,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
Shut your eyes and imagine what pleasures you please,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
In dreams without sleep,
All your senses to steep,
While you're playing bo-peep
Through each fairy-like scene,
Undisturbed, I declare,
By a single nightmare,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!

Oh, wid a dhudieen I'm as truly content,
Oh, hone. wid a dhudieen!
What the rest of the world does I don't care a cent,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!
Let some folks desire,
To set rivers on fire,
While some others admire,
To run "wid de machine,"
I've ambition enough,

Just to sit here and puff,
Oh, hone! wid a dhudieen!

Now that we have smoked ourself to proper dizziness,
Let us proceed at once to public business.
We must advance, though in the usual way,
Therefore, all laws that we made yesterday
We now repeal. We take the tax off Soap.
Opo. Soft Soap, so please your majesty, I hope?
King. No, no, that saponaceous article escapes,
We've analyzed it with Professor Mapes,
And he told us, in terms quite scientific,
Soft Soap's considered a soft soporific
Oph. Sire, it's a lie!
All. Order! order!
King. Can we believe our eyes?
We mean our ears.
Opo. Are *not* soaps made from *lyes*?
King. Oh! ah!
Col. May it please your majesty, I rise
To a question of privilege. My honorable friend
Being a *hard* himself, does not intend
An insult. May I ask in the word *lie*,
What vowel do you use sir, *i* or *y*?
Opo. *Y* sir, or *i* sir, search the vowels through,
And find the one most *consonant* to *you*.
All. Order! Order!
Col. To keep within the limits of debate.
Who stole the funeral cloth and coffin plate?
Opo. Shut up, switch off, dry up, or go to bed!
Col. I'll fling an inkstand at your honorable head!
If you had your desert you'd *dine* in prison?
Opo. And you'd have an asphyxiated weazen!
King. Hollo.! no more of this! at once have done!
Confound you, do you think that you're at Washington
Opo. My liege, in some authority I've read,
That it's within the rules to punch his head!
King. How is it Mr. Speaker, were in doubt?
Speaker. Grotius, cap 5, sec. 3, says, fight it out.

Business, they prepare to fight.

Out, out of this, some spot that none can trace,
Or *see* a *clew* to the *secluded* place.
Col. Con*clude* it done! the deadliest weapon I can find,
I'll name!
Opo. Nuff said, old top, I'll go it blind!
Col. Blind you've been all your life, and deaf and dumb!
Opo. Dum vivimus vivamus, what's your weapon?
Col. *Rum!* [*A row outside.—Enter sergeant at-arms.*
King. Sergeant at *arms*, say, what a*larms* the crowd?
Loud noise annoys us, why is it allowed?

Ser. My liege, there is a band—
King. [*Starting up.*] Of Minstrels?
Ser. No!
Of foreigners, just cast on Castle Garden.
King. Oh!
For this relief, much thanks, it wouldn t pay.
That endless *bar*carole of poor Dog Tray!
Who are those folks come here, without permission.
Something a *kin* to *Kinney's* expedition!
This ranche they'd better vamouse mighty slick,
Old Nick's their destination, or *new Nic*,
Arauga, here they must not bore us,
As at *Sonora* with their bash *Sonorous*,
Conquering lands without a single resident,
Such a *Republic's* clearly without *precedent*!
Ser. Their leader is at hand, sire, at his back,
Four Knaves at least!
King. They're fonnd in every pack.
King. Produce this bold *adventurer*, whose *advent* here,
With our self-*interest* must *interfere*.
Meanwhile, we'll dip in Hoyle, and when you're back,
Know how to *deal* with such a dirty *pack*.

[*Exit Sargeant.*]

Speaker. How shall we receive them?
King. As at the Opera House,
With a Chorus: there cannot be so proper a house
To set the fashion.

SONG AND CHORUS.

AIR—"*Rosin the Bow.*"

King.

Come forward here every rapscallion,
And spread yourselves out in a row,
While I ask that harmonious Italian
La Manna to rosin his bow.

Chorus.

La Manna, come rosin your bow, oh, oh,
La Manna, pray rosin your bow,
We aint got no forte-piano,
Old beeswax, come rosin your bow.

King.

Wake up, Mr. Trombone and Trumpet,
And give us a jolly good blow,
Like steam-engines out you must pump it,
La Manna *will* rosin his bow.

Chorus as before.

King.

You chap with the blazing big fiddle,
And you with the small one also,
Keep your eye on the man in the middle,
La Manna can rosin his bow.

Chorus as before.

King.

My friend of the side-drum and kettle,
Be sure, and don't spare your *elbow*,
But give us a thundering rattle,
La Manna *will* rosin his bow. *Chorus.*

(*Enter Captain John Smith and Retinue.*)

King. What *manner* of *man are* you? A fillybustero!
Your *name* and *aim*, what brought you *there*, my *hero*?
Smith. Erratic King, I might say *operatic*,
And, as I see, as *mellow* as *dramatic*,
My name is—
King. Norval?
Smith. No, Sir! Smith—John Smith!
King. Of Arkansaw?
Smith. No, Sire, that John's a myth.
King. What *iron* fortune *led* you to our shores?
Smith. Ironic Monarch, 'twas a pair of *oars*.
Between ourselves, though, if the truth be told,
Our *goal* we'll reach when we have reached your *gold*.
But, stop, and I'll enlighten your community,
I see (*music in orchestra*) and hear a famous *opera-lunity*.

GRAND SCENA COMPLICATO.

In the Anglo-Italiano Style.

Smith.

As you are o,
The great cigar, o
And high top loco,
Among these folk, o
It is but fair, o
I should declare, o
What brought me here o.
'Tis easy told.
You know my name o.

Chorus.

Smith!

I hither came o,
Impelled by fame o.

Chorus.

Bravo! Smith!

Or all the same o,
The subtle flame o.

Chorus.

Go it, Smith.

The brilliant game o,
Man's only aim o,
To hunt up gold.

Chorus.

(*Abjure the Italian, and give themselves Ethiopian airs.*)

You're off the track, and you'd better go back.
The golden dream is o'er;
So order your hack and carry your pack
From old Virginny's shore.

Smith.

Oh, nar'ry a toe, will this child go,
But open a grocery store,
And I'll never go back, 'till I've filled my sack
On old Virginny's shore.

King. And what the *deuce* induced this scheme Utopian!
Proceed, we'll give *you rope* enough, *European!*
Though we don't relish being quite so *near*
As this, my *buck*, to such a *Buccaneer!*

Smith. Most potent, grave, and reverent old fellow,—
To use the words of that *black wight* Othello,
My very noble and approved good savage,
That we are come out here your lands to ravage,
It is most true: for this you see us banded.

(*Indians rush at him—the King restrains them.*)

King. I must confess, *sweet* sir, that you are *candid*
You'll probably excuse us if we doubt it.
Pray how, sir, do you mean to set about it?

Smith. Easy enough: we have full powers to *treat.*

King. If that's the case, we'll take some *whiskey* neat.
You cannot *dash* our *spirits*, we are *proof*
Against such weakness!

Smith. Well, that's clear enough!
Ma*jestic* Savage, I was but in *jest*
Just now, you'll find, I *guess*, that I'm a *gucs:*
It would be quite as *well* to *wel*come over.
The seas we *clove* in hopes to live in *clover.*
Befriend us, and we'll try and be of use,
Even to cooking of your royal goose!

King. Don't put yourself into a stew, my friend,
My *Kitchen Cabinet* to that attend.
They know my constitution just like lawyers.
Smith. *Soyer* himself must yield to such *top-sawyers!*
But say, Great *Sachem*, don't re*fuse* this *fusion;*
To now *ill-use* us would be base *illusion!*
Puissant potentate, a*bridge* our *sighs,*
We *call on you* to let us *colonize.*
If this, most verdant Monarch, you will do,
A course of Sprouts we mean to put you through!
King. Sprout me no sprouts, irreverent *Suckers* all!
You can't lodge here, my friend, in *Short, at all!*
I can no *reason* in such *treason* see!
What! *share* my realm with you, mon *cher* ami?
Smith. Why not? We have the *brads* to buy your land,
Nails are a legal tender, they're on *hand,*
With beads and bracelets you shall all be crammed.
King. If I sell land for brads, may I be d——ished!
Smith. In friendship with you we should like to tarry.
In proof of which I'm *ready* now to marry.
Any *red* queen that in my way should fall,
I would *accept* her *Sceptre,* Crown, and all.
My hand is hers!
King. Your hand? You'd better *pause!*
Among our *Indian maids* look out for Squaws!
If any jokers dare to run their rigs
Near our *wigwams,* we're sure to *warm their wigs!*
What shall we do with them, the sons of topers?
Speaker. Hang on the *outer* wall, the *inter*lopers!
All. Hang them! Hang them!
Smith. What *fault* have I committed? Halt!
King. Ha! Do you *falter?*
Smith. I fain would h*alt* before I reach the h*alter.*
That *cord* is not my *line* in any sense,
I'd rather *not* be kept in such suspense!
King. You *shan't* be long! prepare yourself! But stay!
You'd rather not be hanged, I think you say?
Smith. I'm really fearful it would be a *drop*
Too much for me!
King. Perhaps you'd like a *chop*—(*with axe.*)
Smith. Ill-manner'd *butcher,* you may *bet your* Crown
I'll fix your flint for you!
King. You simmer down!
Smith you must die, as well as all audacious
Birds of passage that may migrate here!
Smith. My gracious!
Alas! then, did our *Nests* at home content us,
We would not now have been *Non est inventus!*
Mercy!
All. No mercy!

King. Not by any means!
My wrath they can't *appease*, so give them *beans!*
[*Indians rush at Smi*
Smith. Stay! *Soft!* Hold *hard!* One moment, if you please,
Until his Majesty a *secret sees*!
King. A secret! What is it?
Smith. Behold! [*Showing pistol*
King. (*Taking it.*) We do! What's this?
Smith. (*Taking it back.*) A pistol, sire, I hope it will *suit* you
Should I *present* it!
King. Ha! I see your *aim!*
By this you'd *buy* our silence, eh?
Smith. The same!
King. It's *curious!* What does it contain?
Smith. Some potent pills,
And warranted to *cure* all mortal ills!
With a few doses we'll be undertakers
To rid you soon of all your *pains and acres!*
King. I'd grieve with favors to be overloaded,
But with us kings such *canons* are exploded,
And so will take your physic.
[*King fires pistol, drops it alarmed.*
Jarsey lightning!!
[*Rushes* off, *followed by Indians*
Smith. Hurrah! 'Tis clear, my friends, our skies are bright'ning!
Brown. Let us be off——
Smith. Be off! Recall that whine,
Or never more *be officer* of mine!
To leave our work half-done would be a pity,
And so we take possession of the city;
And as is usual in all such cases,
We'll nominate ourselves to all the places!
For Governor, John Smith!
Brown. I second that!
It's carried; so be *seated*!
Smith. (*Sitting*) Verbum *sat!*
I'd make a speech to you, but that's not needed,
For in to-morrow's Herald you can read it.
Be sure I'll make the best of this bad story,
To *gild* our *guilt* we've but to call it glory.
Success crowns every crime whoever bleeds,
Defies reproof and *sanctifies* misdeeds;
But pray excuse this personal reflection.
Unsuited to a primary election,
Propose your candidates.
Brown. Might I suggest,
A plan I've hit on that will be the best
To suit the present crisis. In this hat,
I've written all the names of all the fat
And juicy offices,—let each advance,

And in the *grab game* take an equal chance.
All. Agreed! agreed!

CONCERTED PIECE.

Grab away
While you may
In this game, luck is all,
And the prize
Tempting lies
In the rich City Hall.

Grab away
While you may;
For they say under Sam
Holds the "puss"
And the "cuss"
Is as mild as a lamb.

Grab away
While you may;
Every day there's a "job"
It's a fact
By contract
All intact you may rob.

Grab away
While you may;
For the pay never fear.
Justice winks
Aye, and blinks,
From the *dust* I scattered here.

(*Confusion at the Poll.*) *Brown*, (*To Jones.*) What are you Treasurer?
Jones. No, vicey varcy.
I'm Secretary of State!
Smith. I cry you *Marcy!*
And you? (*To Junk.*)
Junk. An Alderman!
Buntline. And so am I!
Another. And I!
Smith. (*To Brace.*) And what are you, old horse?
Brace. I'm Mayor!
Smith. No bed of roses is the Civic Chain?
See that your city fathers work their best,
When they're fatigued, why, let them have *arrest.*
Are you all satisfied?
Brown. Um!—pretty well!
Smith. Then let us try the tea—room for a spell—
Is there nothing we can do,
Meantime I'll chaunt the Marsellaise a la Rachel,
We heard the Yankees this time, pretty dears,
They'll have to wait a couple of hundred years.

SONG.—SMITH.

It is of a French actress I'm going to tell,
As came to America and her name it was Rachel,
To play in deep Tragedies, both new ones and old
All for to make a fortune in silver and gold.

Chorus.

(*Anticipative of the way in which she intended to shovel in the specie.*) Tol de dol, &c.

Now she had a handsome Brother, and his name it was Felix,
Who thought he was posted in play-house politics,
For said he to himself—"I am just the right fel-
Low, to manage these Yankees uncommonly well.

Chorus.—(*Indicative of the proposed Modus Operandi.*) Tol, de dol, &c.

"Oh" says he, "in the newspapers I'll come it strong,
All about the fine corps as I'm a fotchin' along,
They'll cost me some 5000 dollars a night,
And to see so much go, will be a dolorous sight."

Chorus.—Illustrative of the way he disbursed that large amount to the talented Company. "Tol, de dol, &c."

"When the public I've told the tremendous expense,
They'll think that the prices are again to be immense,
Twenty-five dollars a ticket at least they must be.
They'll jump out of their skins when they find they're—
only *Three!*"

Chorus.—Delineative of the mad intoxication of the delighted populace. Tol, de dol, &c.

Well, the doors they were opened, and the folks they walked in,
Think of *Felix's* feelinks, the domus was thin,
And it must be confessed that he looked rather *blue*,
When instead of *Three* dollars he had to take *Two*.

Chorus.—Exemplifications of Felix'es countenance as he reluctantly yielded to the pressure of the Press. "Tol, de dol, &c.

As the newspapers told him, the people flocked more,
And every one bought a French play-book at the door,
With their eyes on their books and their ears on the stage,
They thought they were *seeing* Rachel I'll engage.

Chorus.—Descriptive of the studious way the general public avoided seeing the Great Actress. Tol, de dol, &c.

Now all you nice folks as are fond of a play,
And like to be amused in a sensible way,
Don't you be deluded by fashion's sheep-bell,
But come *here* where our language you understand well.

Chorus.—Suggestive of the grateful return made by the audience for this disinterested advice. "Tol de dol, &c.

SMITH IS BORNE OFF IN TRIUMPH W.

SCENE. II.

Picturesque View in Jamestown, taken some time before it was built.—Savage Play-Ground of a Tuscarora Finishing Institution. Vociferous irruption of Juvenile Squaw-lers. Enter Poo-tee-pet, Di-mon-di. Lum-Pa-Shuga. Dah-Ling-Duk. Nys-kree-tah. O-you-Jewl. Hah-Jote- Lah. Osa-Charming. &c. &c. &c.

Chorus of Emancipated Maidens.

Sing-sing away!
Sing-sing away!
Schools, but prisons are they say,
Sing-sing away!
Sing-sing away
We'll have a *sing-sing* holiday. &c.

Poo-Tee-Pet.

I wish my Pa would send for me! Oh, dear!
I'm *tired* of living so *retired* here,
And I've had school enough, I know that well,
To set up any fashionable *belle!*
Heigho! How can one stay here with content,
The *present* time no *pastime* can *present!*
No one to talk to of the Upper Ten,
If it were even one of Brown's young men
Just to begin with, for indeed the *fact* is
I don't know how to flirt for want of practice.

Di-mon-di.

Is'nt that dreadful, dear, I'm just the same,
And for my part I think it's a great shame
That we've no more young master's to impart
The *rudest rudiments* of that fine art!
Now, what's the use of drawing?

Poo-tee-Pet.

I suppose
That we may have some skill in *drawing beaux,*
Let other people love to draw their spouses.
That's horses' work—I'd rather much draw *houses*
Here comes Miss Pocahontas, haughty thing!
Tossing her *crown* because her Pa's a *King!*
Hum!—I know something!

Di-mon-di.

What?

Poo-tee pet.

He must be *short*, or
He'd have paid up, my dear, for her last quarter

Music. Enter Po-ca-hontas, with Book.

INTERNATIONAL SCENA.—POCAHONTAS

Recitativo—Italiani doloroso.

Sport am I of Fortune, no kind soul near to cheer me
I'm on the verge of despair;
Where can I turn me for comfort!
Whence seek for sigh sympathetic?
Ah! me unhappy!
Most unhappy!
But my heart it will relieve, O,
To sing from Hernani
This recitativo!

INTER-ARIA NIGROQUÆ.

Where the idlers now are shopping
In gay Fashion's round,
And at Banks, that are not stopping,
You can hear the cold gold sound.
All the world seems bright and cheery
But sometimes 'tis mock,
Oh! dark his lot who deals with Erie,
For it's a fluctuating stock.

CANTATA VARIOSO.

Scenes that are brightest
No one can trust,
When money's tightest
Look to your dust.
Hope buoys, and carries us on
Carries us on through our days,
Carries us on like the pepper upon
"Massachusetts Bays,"
Oh! Heigh! ho!
Where is that beau
Pa said he'd bring me a long time ago,

INTRUSIVE CHORUS.

Oh! what a beau,
What? a beau?
Miss Pocahontas, you don't say so.

Pocahontas. Heigho! This *heated* term will shortly cease
And these *school*-days to *warmer* ones give place!
I know not why it is, but since I've seen
Napoleon's life in Harper's magazine,
My soul enthusiastic, yearns to paint
The blissful deeds of some such *warlike saint!*
Since these heroic pages I've perused,
The stories that my childhood have amused
Are varnished with the fashions of last week;—
Never again with rapture shall I speak
Of dear Red Riding Hood, or Cinderella,

Or valiant little Jack the Giant *feller*,
Robinson Crusoe, or great Thumb the Small,—
This is the greatest *story* of them all!—
Oh! that it were my future fate to do
Some deed of desperation nice and new,
Something would startle all the world with fright,
That is, provided it *left* me all *right!*

Poo-Tee-Pet. Girls, here come the teachers, hide your books,
Banish your smiles and put on your school looks!

Pocahontas. I hate that School-Ma'am, she does look so sly.
She always has *a pupil in her eye!*

[*Enter* WEE-CHA-VEN-DAH *and* KROS-AS-KAN-BEE, *Professors of haughty culture, and trainers of the flowers of fashion.*]

Weech. Heads up, backs straight, chests out and shoulders square!

Kros. Miss Pocahontas, just look at your hair,
I never saw it in so vile a state!

Poca. It *curls* so much that I can't keep it *straight.*

Weech. Now, ladies, if you please, you'll get your bows.

Poca. I wish I had one!

Kros. Do turn out your toes!
You walk just like a *duck*, my dear, that's *flat!*

Poca. Being a *duck*, you know, I can't help that!

Kros. Come, ladies, please to recollect *time flies!*

Poca. Fly time's too warm, I think, for exercise!

[*They try a Dance, and execute it with bows and arrows. Noise of war suit without: Smith appears behind fence. Indian Girls cry,* "A man!" *and run off screaming, all but Pocahontas.*]

Smith. Believe me, there's no necessity at all,
Delicious *Schreechers*, for this sudden *Squall!*
Ah! Aid me, Maiden, pray!

Poca. Who are you?
Are you a *fugitive* come here to seek
A railway, underground?

Smith. Not by a sight!
Alas! I'm only an unhappy *wight*,
Without a *shade* of *color* to excuse
Canadian Agents here to chalk my shoes,
Therefore my passage-money won't be figured,
For on that head Philanthropy is *niggard!*

Poca. Who is it this un*time*ly visit pays,
Breaking our school up before holidays?

Smith. I'll tell you, thou *unfair*est of the *fair*
American Institution,—take a chair,
While my o'erloaded bosom I unfreight,
And all my *early* history re*late!*

[*Gets chairs from entrance*

Most comfortable *chat*tels these to *chat* in,
Such chairs I ne'er thought to *sit* in here,—they're *satin!*
'Tis now some twenty years——'

Poca. I'll hear no more!
Smith. You've cut my tale off!
Poca. Long ones are a bore!
Brief it must be, however you bewail it!
Smith. I shall be *curt*, uncourteous beauty, and *curtail* it;
Beginning with the *end* I had in view,
Which, upon my *soul* was *solely* to see you,—
When from the *verge* of yon *Virginny* fence
I *saw* and *heard* a *sordid herd* advance!
From the *spot* I would have turned to flee,
But one of the Chief's shadows *spotted* me,
And at his *back* the savage, at whose *beck*
They have a *knack* of tightening one's *neck!*
Poca. Can you tell who he was?
Smith. The Chief? I can.
Poca. A King!
Smith. The same.
Poca. His name?
Smith. Is Powhatan!

[*Pocahontas screams*

Some near relation of yours, maybe?
Poca. Rather!
Nearer he can't be much, for he's my *Father!*
Smith. The deuce!
Poca. Have you been introduced!
Smith. Why,—No!
Not formally, but I have seen him though!
I visited his majesty's abode,
A portly savage, plump, and pigeon-toed,
Like *Metamora* both in *feet* and *feature*,
I never *met-a-more-a*-musing creature!
Now without fear my love I can avow it,
And *pop* the question boldly?
Poca My *pop* won't allow it,
I'll *bet* my life!
Smith. My chance that *betters* still,
For being the *contrary* sex, you will!
In *fact*, *rare* princess, there's such *rarefaction*
Within my heart, such "*passional attraction*,"
That we must live together spite of fate,
For all impossibilities that congregate
Around us, my *free love* despises!
Poca. Stop! One doubt within my heart arises!
A great historian before us stands,
Bancroft himself, you know, forbids the *banns!*
Smith. *Bancroft* be *ban*ished from your memory's shelf,
For spite of *fact* I'll marry you myself.
And happiness you'll have a better *show* for
With me, than should you wed that *low-bred loafer!*

DUET.—SMITH and POCA-HON-TAS

Smith. My love is like a raging hot volcano,
Ves*uvius* in a fit of indigestion,
And if you are so cruel as to *say no*
Insane, oh! I shall be without a question.

Pocahontas Such volcanic affection 'twere just as well
You'd keep, a little piano,
That too *burning* a *mount* would a Cinderel-
la make me and I'm not a soprano.

But where's the use of jesting
Or protesting,
With *you* this *union* never can take place.

Smith. 'Tis vain my claim arresting
Or contesting
To gain you every record I'll efface.

Both. Such an event must amusing be
We have no fear in asserting
For *chang*ing the current of History
Would certainly be *divert*ing.

(*Noise of women without.*)

Poca. How from those prying *eyes* can I dis*guise* you,
My father's *prize* you'll be should he sur*prize* you!

(*He puts on shawl and hat, and pretends to read. Enter all the school. He mixes with them, they proceed towards gate as for a walk, in couples. Enter Powhatan and suite, Savagely. The girls are thrown into confusion.*)

Weech. What is the meaning of this *rude* intr*ud*ing?

King. Rude! By the *rood* it means there's mischief *brood*ing!
We *seek* a sucker who's *secr*eted here!
*Prod*uce him or *ind*uce him to appear,
Or by the towel, silver *fork* and spoon
You *forked* from me, I'll settle with you soon!

Poca (*To girls*) Save him!

Girls. We will! (*They surround Smith.*)

King. You daughter come with me!
I'll settle you too!

Poca. How, Pa!

King. You shall see!
I've found a husband you must wed to night!

Poca. Oh! my prophetic soul, *Bancroft* was right!

Smith. (*appearing*) What's that?

King. Ha! we have you now, I guess!

Poka. Despair! Distraction!

Smith. Here's a precious mess!

Poka. Where is my Smith, my love, my only one?

Smith. My *Poca*hontas ain't you *pok*ing fun?

King. Here, dogs, we're in a snarl, so watch o'er us,
This blackguard guard and aid us in the chorus.

GRAND FINALE.—AFFETTUOSO.—FURIOSO.—E. CONGLOMEROSO.

CHORUS.

Come, let us now like watch-dogs bark,
Come, let us now put out this spark,
Come, let us raise a jolly row,
And like the dogs of war, bow, wow.

Smith. I am plucked from fairy bowers,
I am in misfortune's showers,
Quite enough to wet a fellow through,
Without an umberella too.
Oh! I love this old man's daughter,
Though inscrutable I've thought her,
As the song of Hiawatha,
Writ by Long-fel-low.

Pocahontas. Oh! a little outsider too,
A little outsider view,
A little outsider, your own child
Appeals dear dad, to you.

King. Mr. Smith, you're in a fix
With your Don Giovanni tricks.
But though you think yourself so much the dandy O
I'll bet you two to one
You're almost as good as gone,
For I'll use you up just like a stick of candy, O,

Omnes. Its all bosh and braggin
All bosh and braggin
All bosh and braggin
That you'll find, old "hoss."

Wait for the waggon,
Wait for the waggon,
Wait for the waggon,
And you'll soon catch "goss."

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Isherwood's View of the Interior of a Wigwam.* POWHATAN *pushes on* POCAHONTAS *with the parentally tyrannic air peculiar to brute potentates.*

DUETTO.—IMPETUOSO.

King.

Now Ma'am I have a notion,
You can no longer rave,
This son of the *ocean oh shun,*
A home on the salt sea, waive.

Pocahontas.

Your child, you thus may *seize sir,*
But sure as the *seas are* blue
I shall soon rescued be, sir,
From you, and your *cruel crew.*

Both.

The prospect is inviting,
Thus all my love requiting,
Of temper, you will find I have a share;
Since you're bent on fighting,
Thus all my prospects blighting,
I won't give in an atom, I declare.

Powhatan. How sharper than a serpent's tooth, if one could find
Such things in serpents' heads, is an ungrateful child!
But here you shall remain till you're resigned
To settle *down* as I've made *up* my mind!
You'll make me *furious* if you yet re*fuse,*
Or venture to *eschew* the man I *choose!*

Poca. The king who would enslave his daughter so,
Deserves a hint from Mrs. Beecher Stowe!
Who is the *man,* sir, I de*mand* to know?

King. Hey! day! Are we com*manded* by our daughter!
I *taught* your *teach*ers to keep you much *tauter*
In hand! If thus the rein you mean to shy,
A *shy-reign* will be mine, methinks, bye-and-bye!
You must be *curbed* a *bit,* your doom's a prison
If you don't quickly *hasten* to be *his'n!*

Poca. If thus you *wrong* my Woman's Rights, and mock
My griefs, your *offspring* will *spring off the dock!*
And mix my ardent spirits with cold water! [*Going*

King. Hold!
I did but jest, my *belle,* you shall be *told!*
The man's a Dutchman, deep as he can be,
In fact, as deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.
A first-class venture, cautious and acute,
A widower, and good *shoe*maker to *boot!*

Poca. A widower! the proverb's here surpassed,
A *shoemaker* who looks beyond his *last!*
"*Ne sutor*," sir, et cetera, so, you see
Such *suitor* is not likely to *suit* me! [ROLFF *sings outside.*

King. Here he comes, no counterfeit is he
Like Smith, whose very name's a *forgery!*

Poca. The other's worse by his own showing.

King. How?

Poca. I heard him *uttering false notes*, just now!

King. He's here! you see resistance now were idle,
His *bride* you shall be, so your temper *bridle!*

Enter ROLFF, *smoking.*

Rolff. Meine cootness gracious, was is das I see!
Is das meine loafley vrow as is to be?

King. Yes, there's the prize, my son, *go in* and *win* her,
While, to escape the *din*, guess I'll go in to *din*ner.

GRAND SCENA PERTURBATO.

ARIA "*Hibernoso affettuosamente.*

Poca.

Aurora, no more will I hail thy first dawn,
No more hear the soul-stirring cry of "hot corn,"
I have nothing to do now, but languish and die,
"Crushed out" as I am by my Pa's cruelty.
But I'm not so *domestic* a thing, on my life
As ever to be yon *brown Hollander's* wife.
No, rather than that, a deep hole I would bore
In my heart, and behold bright Aurora no more.
And oh! if I'm forced like poor DINAH, to die
By going, and taking a cup of cold *py*—
—*zon*, no VILLIKINS will I leave here to deplore.
That this child should behold bright Aurora no more.

CANTATA "*Giojoso et amoroso.*"

Rolff.

Oh peutivool girl,
Mein prave Indian bearl,
Love runs like a squirrel
Meine heart up and down
Oh don't look so freezy,
Uneezy and breezy,
Meine vrow you must be see
In spite of your vrown.

Oh peautivool creeter,
I'd fling at your feet your
Audacious beseecher,
Now bobbin around.

But you mustn't be freezy,
Uneasy or breezy,
Meine vrow you must be see
In spite of your frown.

SONG "*doloroso et petulento.*"

King.

'Tis a hard blow to suffer
When sad and alone,
Some poor aged buffer
Sits by his hearthstone,
No flour in his kitchen,
No fire-water nigh,
His complexion to nourish
By a drop in his eye

Together.

In our cane brakes of an afternoon,
We sometimes go for to hunt the coon,
And from experience I declare
He ain't an easy bird to snare.
Clar's his action,
Old coon, sly coon,
Old Virginia never tire.

Poca. Appeal is useless! what words could I utter,
To mollify this firkin of Dutch butter!
Oh! tell me, was that sentence that my pa
Made use of, true, that I'm to wed you!

Rolff. Yah!

Poca. But if I say I love another!

Rolff. Psha!

Poca. You wouldn't force me to espouse you?

Rolff. Yah!

Poca. Was ever maiden's love so sublimated?
Single, ere this, and now thus *doubly*-mated!
But, once for all, sir, know I'm not inclined
To wed a *beau* with such a *narrow* mind!
Dutchman depart! the honor I resign,
Leave me, or else, *believe* me, you shall rue it!

Rolff Nein!

SONG—ROLFF.

WITH TYROLEAN FIXINS.

Like the Tyrolese singers, so gallant and gay,
I'll sing you a song in the Tyrolese way,
Fol de dol, de dol lay—it's a very fine day,
It doesn't much matter—you know what I say.

Here follows an exhibition of tracheotomous gymnastics, which must be heard to be properly appreciated.

I wish from mein soul all de rocks round about
Would to *sausages* turn, and the trees to *sourcrout*
The ocean's vast bowl into *lager bier* roll
And I was an earthquake to swallow the whole.

[*More vocal gymnastics.*]

And then for mein pipe I'd *Vesuvius* fill full
Of *kanaster* and through a *pine tree* take a pull
And after that, p'raps, for fear of mishaps,
I'd toss down *Niagara Falls* for mein *schnapps.*

[*Gymnastics again.*]

Rolff. It ain't no use to crumble, zo you zee
Mein peauty, you must gome along mit me!

[*She struggles wildly with the destroyer of her peace, to corresponding Music, marked, and melo-dramatic.*]

Poca. Unhand me, thou *unhands*ome caitiff!
Rolff. Nein!
It's no good kicking now, you must be mine!
Poca. Where shall I turn?

[*Breaks from him distractedly—suddenly beholds the members of the Orchestra and appeals to them.*]

Can *you* look calmly on
And see this shameful *Overture* begun,
Yet take no part! I cannot call you *men*, or
You'd out-shout the *treble base*ness of his *tenor!*
Thou rude *assailer*, must I storm without avail?

[SMITH *jumps in at the window*

Avast! not when *a sailor's* within *hail!*

[TABLEAU *of triumphant innocence, and disconcerted Dutch villany* SMITH *continues ora-tar-ically.*]

Sheer off at once, you ugly-looking craft,
Or, damme! if I don't rake you fore and aft!
Perhaps I'd better kill him, love?—Here, stay!
What do you think?
Poca. It might be the best way.
Smith. Of course it will be. So, audacious rival,
Prepare, at once, to die!
Rolff. *To die!* der *Diefil!*
Help, murder! help!

[SMITH *proceeding to annihilate him, is intercepted by* POWHATAN
King. Holloa! what's the row?
Rolff. Dat dere tam Smit has dook away mein vrow!
And vos vant do gill me do pezite!
King. Dear me, is that all? I'll soon set it right.
Children, come here, I've changed my mind.

[*Shaking hands with* SMITH

Rolff. What's dat?
You shakes him by de hand!

[*King winks at* ROLFF

Oho! I smells a rat. [*Aside.*]
King. I'll fix him. [*Aside.*] Smith, we to our daughter's choice
Lend the loud sanction of our Royal voice.
Smith. Your *voice* allowed, but has your heart relented?
King. If in our simple *tent* you'll live contented.
Smith. To an *extent intense.* King, you're a brick!
Rolff. Mein vrow! mein Got! dis is a purdy drick.
King. Demmy John, cork up! Now, daughter dear, prepare,
With orange wreaths *array* your raven hair;
To *prove* I love *you*, Smith, before you wed,
We'll take a *proof* impression of your head,
In our approved new lithographic style.
Smith. With all my heart; but if you harbor guile,
My *tars* will make a *target* of your head.
King. Upon the honor of a king!
Smith. 'Nuff said.

QUARTETTE.

KING, SMITH, ROLFF, AND POCAHONTAS.

Fill now a flowing glass
We would, without doubt, sir,
But as we've none, alas!
We must do without, sir.

We'll live, never fear,
In harmony here.

King. (Poor John Smith is very grateful.)

Chorus

As lazy as monks in a cloister.

King. (Grief he's not now troubled with.)

Chorus.

Both soft shells and hard
We here disregard.

King. (He's gentle and resigned,
And resolved to go it blind.)

Chorus.

So we get our fair share of the oyster.

King. Oh, what a fool is poor John Smith!
(POCO A POCO DISCRETIONI.)

SCENE II.—*School Ground as before.* POO-TEE-PET *looking cautiously.*

Poo-tee-pet. Come, girls, we'll have our little confab here,
No prying principals can interfere.
I've dreadful news for you!

Di-dum-di. You don't say so!
What is it, dear, I'll die if I don't know.
Girls. And so will I. And I.
Di-dum-di. For my part, I can't guess
What it can be that gives you such distress.
Do let us know at once.
All. Do—do!
Poo-tee-pet. I will.
Imagine the extreme of human ill.
Lump-a-shuga. Are the new bonnets worn on the head?
Di-mon-di. There's been a fight, and all the *men* are dead.
Poo-tee-pet. Not quite so bad as either, but behold!
A tale of horror in this note is told!
Di-mon-di. Do tell!
Lump-a-Shuga. I want to know!
Di-mon-di. What can it be?
Poo-tee-pet. Miss Pocahontas tells me here, that she is going to marry.
Di-mon-di. What a heavy blow! [*All laugh.*
Poo-tee-pet. But not the man she's in love with!
All. Oh!
Poo-tee-pet. At Union Square, this afternoon, 'tis fated,
The wrongful *rites* are to be consummated!
The awful moment is almost at hand,
But as this *scand*alous affair I've *scanned*,
If you'll but *second* me in what I say,
Our hands will show them what's the *time o' day!*
You can *wind up* this business as you like,
If at the proper instant you but *strike!*
Strike! like the steel of Halleck's brave Bozzaris,
Strike! as the newest fashions do in Paris,
Strike! for your rights, your homes, and kitchen fires;
Strike! like a crowd of feminine Tom Hyer's.
All. We will! Hurrah! Down with mankind in general!
Di-mon-di. A very striking denoeument, indeed,
If we could only *see* how to proceed.
Poo-tee-pet. I have got leave, to-day, for our diversion,
To go *on* a toxopholite excursion.
A female target party—'twill be fine
Before they can suspect our deep design,
By stratagem to get them to desist, or
Else, by force of arms *assist* our *sister*.
The plan is dangerous, and now you know it,
Are you all game to see it through?
All. We'll *go it!*
Poo-tee-pet. Now, let's be off, as we've no time to *lose*.
Di-mon-di. Those gentlemen can keep time, I suppose. [*To Orchestra.*
Poo-tee-pet. Then, if you please, as we've good time before us,
We'll just take *time* enough to sing a chorus. [*Addressing Lemurr.*

CHORUS.

AIR.—"*Pop goes the Weazle.*"

As we're going on a train
We must see and load a
Hamper with the drink of *Maine.*
Pop goes the soda.

Hampered thus, no Indian corn
Can we now forebode, a
Bumper fill then, (in a horn),
Pop goes the soda. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE LAST.—*Union Square in the City of Werowocomoco. The assembled Upper Tendom of Tuscorora, discovered.*

CHORUS.

AIR.—"*Hark 'tis the Indian drum.*"

Hark 'tis the ingine bell,
Look out for the locomotive
We off the track must go.
Though
His majesty is rather slow.
He must be how come you so,
With Smith's New England rum:
The rum, the rum, &c., &c.

Enter POCAHONTAS, *evidently in very indifferent spirits, her overburthened soul bursts forth in melody.*

AIR.—*Notturne, Grazioso vel Filosofoso.*

Oh, some are right
Who don't invite
Within their vest
So dangerous a guest,
As *love* that hies
To this abode,
And heavy lies—
Dyspeptic load.
It sets one frying
And sadly sighing,
You can't lodge here, no way,
So *love* good day,
'Twill never pay
To let you stay,
So *love* good day, good day, good day,
I'm better off without thee
Verily.
And do not care about thee,
No, not I.

[*She goes off sadly*

Enter POWHATAN *and* SMITH. ROLFF *creeping cautiously after.*

King. Here's where my artists dwell, a race gregarious,
Cheering their up *hill* life with mirth *hilarious.*
Smith, where are all your sailors? Safe, I trust?
Smith. Yes! *Safe*, by this time, to be on a *bust!*
King. Do none of your brave *hands* about here linger?
Smith. I need no *hands* while I those *arms* can *finger.*

ROLFF, *who has stolen behind* SMITH, *suddenly snatches his pistols, one of which he hands to* POWHATAN, *producing a perilous and plagiarous situation, A la Rob Roy*—SMITH *served with a "ne exeat" at every opening, by the servitors of the* KING, *and finally bound over to a strong chord in the Orchestra.*

Rolff. Friend Smith, you're *double-sold!* You lose your wife!
King. Likewise, to a *dead* certainty, your *life!*
Smith. Such hospitality was ne'er surpassed,
Invited to a *feast* and thus *made fast!*
But, as to you, base cobbler, soon to pay
For what's *occurred*, I'll find a ready *way!*
There's not a *red* marauder in the land
But henceforth *seeks* your *hide* to have it tanned!
Think on't, and tremble to your marrow's pith!
Judas! you haven't yet subdued JOHN SMITH!!
King. Don't make a *Judy* of yourself!
Rolff. Meine friend!
Your *thread* of life is *waxing* to an *end!*

A Scotch Indian march, with variations and situations, singularly similar to those which have occurred in similar situations.

King. Now, that our finishing touches may be shown,
Bring forth our finest lithographic stone!

He is obeyed with servile alacrity.—Flourishes a huge club.

I said I'd take your head off!
Smith. But I swear,
You didn't hint about that sketch *club* there!
King. Disappointed in the likeness you can't be!
Smith. 'Twould be more *striking* if my hands were free.
But as I'm *bound* to let you have your way,
A few last words, I trust, you'll let me say?
King. We're *tied* to *time*, and *time* and *tide* won't wait,
You must *die early* so you can't *dilate!*
Our *Indian* laws are *some*, there's no receding!
Smith. Why what an *Indian summary* proceeding
King. A sentence, come, prepare.
Smith. Hold on a spell
Fell tyrant!
King. Ha! What's that!
Smith. I mean *old* "*fel*"

You wouldn't cut a *fellow's thread?*
King. That's *so!*
I do assure you, you shan't feel the blow!
Old *Tar*, to-night in *Tar*tarus you'll sup:
Smith. Life's a *conundrum!*
King. Then lie *down, and give it up!*
Smith. It's a hard *pill*—but a much harder *pillow!* [*Reclining.*

Pocahontas rushing in heroinically distressed and dishevelled, followed by sailors.

Poca. Husband! for thee *I scream!*
Smith. Lemon or *Vanilla?*
Poca. Oh! *Fly* with me, and quit those vile dominions!
Smith. How *can* I fly, beloved, with these pinions?

DUET.—SMITH AND POCAHONTAS.

"*Prima Donna Waltz*"

Smith.

Although a *bird* am I,
And sometimes do get high—
A pair of wings
Are essential things
Before a bird can fly.

Pote.

Oh! dearest, die I must,
My heart, just like pie crust
Is breaking in pie—
Ces, only to see
How *fowl*ly my *bird* is trussed.

Smith.

A verse to *add*, I'm not *adverse* to
Though *adversity's* a curse—so
Come what may—fate can't do worse, oh
Farewell.

Poca.

Loose him, and let him be my spouse!

King.

Not I,
Such an *alliance* would be all *a lie!*
On no ac*count*, can I run *counter* to
Virginia records which relate to you.
I'm very sorry, Smith, but you must die!

(*Music*)

Smith.

Wait 'till the Target Party passes by!

Enter Poo-tee-pet, and all the Indian women—they execute sundry manœuvres, and finally form a hollow square around Smith, very pointedly pointing their arrows at the King and company.

King.

Hollo! Stop that!—my goodness!—I do declare!
Those arrows make me *quiver*!—as you were!
What *are* you, that thus outrage all propriety?

Poo-tee-pet.

The Anti-marry-folks-against-their-will Society!

King.

Why come you here?—as sorrowfu. spectators?

Poo-tee-pet.

No! on the contrary, we're *very gladiators*.
For Freedom every heart with ardor glows,
On Woman's Rights we're *bent*, and *bent* our bows.
Your daughter dear, must marry whom she may,
Daughters you know, should *always* have their *way*.

King. What's to be done? I'm puzzled in good sooth,
I love my daughter, but can't warp the truth!
Smith. You've *ample* means, *examples* you don't lack,
Didn't Shakspeare give King Richard a crook back,
For fear bold Queen Elizabeth would frown
Whose grandpapa had cracked his Royal crown!
In our day, isn't every *corner* rife
With Hot Corn heroines, ne'er seen in life?
Don't Mr. Abbott make that bloody Tartar,
Napoleon Buonaparte, a Christian martyr?
If these don't satisfy you?
King. No, they don't!
Smith. I'll fight him for the maiden!
Rolff. No, you won't!
Smith. Draw lots, shake props, shoot pistols, or petards,
Or *stake* her *hand* upon a *hand* of cards!
King. Ha! ha! there's sense in that; you're on a track
That *suits* us to a *T*. Who's got a pack?

[*They all produce the documents.*

Stay! here's a table—sit upon the edge.

[*They sit upon a stone.*

He's done! (*Aside.*) What shall the game be, Smith?
Smith. Old Sledge!

[*All crowd round anxiously watching the game.*

CHARACTERISTIC CONCERTED PIECE.

Chorus.

Now for a jolly encounter at High, Low, Jack, and the Game.

King and Smith.

The Queen!
A trump!
A better!
The Ten!
That's good for my Jack.

Chorus.

Oh! what a jolly encounter at High, Low, Jack, and the Game.

King and Smith.

A trump!
Another!
That's low!
That's so.
And that's the best card in the pack!

Pocahontas.

Oh! Mr. Hoyle,
All his toil
Prithee spoil.
Chorus: Give him fits.
Oh! Master, pray
Mind the way
That you play.
Chorus: Give him fits.

Smith.

I've won the game,
Upon my life;
And better still.
I've won a wife!

At High, Low, Jack,
You cannot shine—
So take the pack,
The maid is mine.

I'm bound to play all night,
I'm bound to play all day;
I'll bet my money on the High, Low, Jack,
For ever, if thy hand's my pay.

King.

Mr. Smith, I must acknowledge, I'm a sure gone coon,
I'm dished, and feel exactly like a used-up spoon:
Though I thought the game to play to another sort of tune,
And beat you too, before you'd say Jack Robinson.

Omnes Coda.

He's won the game, &c.

Smith. Hurra! I've won the game!
King. Well, that's a fact!
Rolff. Der's sheating round dis board! de gards was backed!
Boo hoo! I'm zwindled! [*Cries*
King. Just you stop that blubber.
Bub, or cut in for an *Indian rubber!* [*Flourishing club*
Smith. I have *won fairly*, I appeal to you. (*To King.*)
And *fair one*, I have *fairly won you, too*,
So let us *two* make one

Poca. Papa, you've heard!
King. It likes me not, but I must keep my word;
There, take her!—that, I think 's the usual thing—
[*Joining their hands patriarchal.*
Now, let your voices *round* the *circle ring*,
Our son-in-law, three cheers, and make them tell!
Hip hip, hurrah! (*They shout.*) Tiger! (*They roar.*)
Indian yell! (*They scream.*)
Smith. Old King of Clubs, you are a jolly trump,
And don't you be so downcast, you Dutch pump;
All future history will see you righted,
With her, in name alone, I'll be united.
Poca. How long the union may exist, depends
On the impartial verdict of our friends.
King. Give your consent, and all dispute will cease,
A citizen's first duty is, to *keep the peace.*
Smith. So, pray *keep this one*, not in *bonds* too tight,
But suffer it to run through many a night.

GRAND FINALE.—*A la Grec.*

King.

And now wev'e done our duty here,
We hope and trust that you'll not fume, or
Fail to give a parting cheer,
But take our bad jokes in good humor—

Tow row row,
People will you now,
Take our bad jokes in good humor,
Now, now, now.
De Capo Chorus.

Smith.

Good people all, both great and small,
Now, you and your kind friends we *want*, as
Often as you please to call
On Captain Smith and Pocahontas.

Tow row row,
Lenity allow,
Captain Smith and Pocahontas,
Now, now, now.

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN.

FRENCH'S

AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. LXX.

THE

CLOCKMAKER'S HAT:

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

ADAPTED FROM "LE CHAPEAU D'UN HOROLOGER," BY MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN, AND TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business,

AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

NEW-YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters.—CLOCKMAKER'S HAT.

	Broadway, N. Y.
Colonel Capstick - - - - - -	Mr. Whiting.
Mr. Christopher Capstick - - - - -	" M'Donald.
Fubbs, a ticket porter - - - - -	" Cutter.
Mr. Duplex, a watchmaker - - - -	" Henry.
Mrs. Capstick, the Colonel's wife - - -	Mrs. Henry.
Jemima, her lady's maid - - - - -	" Seymour.
Sally Smart, her housemaid - - -	Mrs. J. Gougenheim.

The Character of Amedee, performed by Monsieur Lesueur, has been altered in the present adaptation, and also in the version played at the Adelphia, from a male to a female domestic.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Costume.—Clockmaker's Hat.

COLONEL CAPSTICK.—Frock coat, light waistcoat, black trousers, black stock, iron-grey hair, moustache.

CHRISTOPHER CAPSTICK.—Modern walking suit.

FUBBS.—Fustian suit.

DUPLEX.—Plain dark suit.

MRS. CAPSTICK.—Fashionable walking dress.

JEMIMA.—Light muslin, black apron, cap.

SALLY SMART.—Merino frock, short sleeves, large apron, white cap.

THE CLOCKMAKER'S HAT.

SCENE.—*A handsomely furnished Apartment.—Folding Doors*, C.; *Fireplace*, L.; *Chairs, Tables, &c., &c.*; *doors* R. *and* L.

Noise of something very heavy falling, C.

Enter SALLY SMART, C., *she throws herself into a chair overcome with emotion.*

Sally. Oh! oh! oh lud! I've done it—I've done it! I thought I should at last—oh! oh!—oh! when master sees it—when he sees it, and his cousin Mr. Christopher, oh, oh! I'm a ruined girl! [*Theatrically.*] Ruined by my own act! yes, I am lost! [*Tragically.*] Lost for ever! Somebody's coming. [*Looking off*, L. D.] 'Tis Jemima; if she sees me she will know all—if I cannot hide my guilt, let me at least hide my face. [*Exit*, C.

Enter JEMIMA, L. D., *a new gown on her arm.*

Jem. So I've got to finish this dress, which the Colonel has just bought for my mistress; if I get it done by to-morrow it will do—so I need not hurry, for it's not much past ten o'clock. [*Clock strikes without—she counts*, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. 12! it can't be twelve!—13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27! [*Laughing.*] Oh! it's that poor Sally.

[*Rattle and noise as if the pendulum and chain of a clock falling.*

Sal. [*Heard without.*] Oh! oh! oh!

Enter SALLY, *breathless*, C.

Sal. It's all over, Jemima—catch me!

Jem. What's the matter?—what have you done?

Sal. Nothing!

Jem. Haven't you broken the clock?

Sal. No, it broke itself!

Jem. But you just now knocked 't down?

Sal. No, it just now knocked me down.

Jem. Impossible!

Sal. But true, by the heavens above us! that magnificent clock!

Jem What a noise there will be in the house, when—the Colonel is so hasty

Sal. Hot-headed old military soldier, which has always been fighting.

Jem. What shall you do?

Sal. I know not—leave my place.

Jem. Nonsense—what, all for a broken clock?

Sal. How can I stay? didn't you hear the hours that it struck? Can I live in the house with that there clock, expecting every minute it will strike from 15 to 27! when every stroke above thirteen, or thereabout, will strike a funeral knell upon this guilty heart!

Jem. Pshaw!

Sal. My master can no longer trust me, since even the clock has left off ticking.

Jem. Is anything else broken?—the female figure——

Sal. She's all right, she fell upon her back, and Cupid put his knee out, but that I could set myself—it all comes o' dusting with a sperrit; when I dust careless, I break nothing—when I dust with a sperrit, I smashes lots.

Jem. But how could you throw over that enormous clock!

Sal. I'll show you: I was going to wash the glass—I got hold of it—so! [*Embracing* JEMIMA's *shoulders, and lifting her from the ground.*] As I've got hold of you now; all of a sudden I heard a bell ring—I let go! [*Lets* JEMIMA *go.*] So! but I had overbalanced it—it fell upon me—so! and I held it up—so! [*Holds* JEMIMA *up with both hands, as a carpenter does a flat when falling.*] And we both fell—so! [*Pulling* JEMIMA *on ground upon herself.*] Clock uppards!

Jem. Send for a watchmaker.

Sal. I will—and he must bring his pendulum with him.

Jem. [*Looking off,* C.] What a smash! Oh, Sally!

Col. [*Heard without.*] Sarah!

Sal. Oh, Jemima! [*She shuts* C. D. *quickly.*]

Enter CAPSTICK, R. D., *dressed for walking.*

Cap. Sarah.

Sal. Yes, sir.

Cap. Fetch my hat and cane.

Sal. Yes, sir. [*Hesitating before* C. D.]

Cap. Well. go.

Sal. Yes, sir. [*Aside to* JEMIMA.] Don't let him go into the drawing room. [*Exit* SALLY, L.

Cap. So that's the new dress I bought for Mrs. Capstick, isn't it?

Jem. Yes, sir.

Cap. It will become her charmingly. [*Aside.*] Dear Mrs. Capstick!

Enter SALLY, *with hat and cane,* L.

Sal. Hat and cane, sir.

Cap. [*Taking them.*] Oh, by-the-bye, my cousin will call to-day.

Sal. The cousin which gave him the clock. Oh, Jemima!

Cap. Tell him I've gone to the Temple to see my solicitor, but that I shall be in again by five. [*To* SALLY, *who stands transfixed.*] Do you hear?

Sal. Yes, sir.

Cap. But do you understand?

Sal. Yes, sir: your solicitor's gone to the Temple, but he'll be in again by five.

Cap. No, no—I shall be in, stupid, by five.

Sal. Yes, sir—you will be in and stupid by five.

Cap. What the devil! Of all the fools, [*looking at his watch,*] I forgot to wind it up last night. What's o'clock?

Sal. Twenty-seven!

Cap. [*Not hearing her.*] Something struck just now—what was it?

Sal. Twenty-seven!

Cap. How dare you laugh at me? [*Passionately.*]

Sal. I'm not laughing at you, sir—I'm not in a laughing humor. The mainspring of my peace is gone—my clock is broke—I mean my heart is broke——

Cap. Don't make an ass of yourself: you read those penny romances till you don't know whether you stand on your head or your heels, otherwise you are not a bad servant. What's the time?

Jem. Half-past eleven, sir.

Cap. Oh, I shall be there by twelve, then.

Sal. [*Aside.*] Oh, if the clock should go again before he does.

Cap. What the devil are you staring at, girl? What's the matter with you—ain't you well?

Sal. No, sir.

Cap. What's your ailment?

Sal. Tic-dollaroo!

Cap. Remember, I shall be in punctually as the clock strikes five.

[*Exit* CAPSTICK, L.

Sal. Oh, Jemima—it'll never strike again! Mr. Christopher's a coming, and directly he comes he'll go and look at his favorite clock that his grandmother gave him, and he'll be here before five.

Jem. Unless he breaks his time.

Sal. Don't say *breaks his time*, it so reminds me of my fatal crime. I know what I'll do! I'll rout out the drawing-room—I'll take up the carpet, and pile it and all the chairs and tables right agin the clock—then he can't see the smash and pendulum [POSTMAN'S *knock heard outside*, L., *starting.*] Lord, how it frit me! [*Goes off*, L.

Sal. [*Heard without.*] Pray, Mr. Postman, you haven't got such a thing as a pendulum about you, have you?

Post. [*Without.*] No, miss.

Sal. Thank you.

She re-enters.

Here's the letters. [*Places them on table.*] Like them my doom is sealed—the stamp of crime is on my brow. [*Knock heard without.*] Oh! Jemima! [*Exit* SALLY.

Ticket-Porter. [*Without.*] This number 13?

Sal. Yes, sir.

Por. Letter for the master of the house.

Sal. Why, this isn't by post?

Por. No.

Sal. You haven't got such a thing as a new pendulum about you, have you?

Por. No, ma'am.

Sal. Thank you.

Jem. Sally, send him for the watchmaker.

Sal. Oh, come in, sir, will you?

Enter TICKET-PORTER *and* SALLY, L.

Sal. [*Putting letter among others.*] I dare say he'll do it for me; my dear sir, my good kind sir, would you go a errand for me?

Por. Yes, mum, with pleasure—where too?

Sal. It's to the watchmaker.

Por. What, have you broken your watch?

Sal. No, I never break nothing—nothing.

Por. What do you want at the watchmaker's, then?

Sal. [*Bothered.*] Oh, it's a wedding present I am going to make to a friend of mine who has just lost her husband.

Por. Eh?

Sal. No, no, I—I—I—I'm going to present her with a nice new silver watch.

Por. Well, I thought you wasn't going to give her a gold 'un.

Sal. Why not, if I could get a gold 'un for the same price?

Por. But that's not likely.

Sal. Well, p'r'aps it isn't; but look here, you go to Mr. Duplex's—do you know Duplex's?

Por. Yes.

Sal. Tell him to come here, directly—directly—this instant—now—immediately; bring him here, and I'll give you a thousand thanks—my eternal blessing!

Por. Blessing!

Sal. And ninepence into the bargain.

Por. Ninepence, very good; never mind the blessing.

Sal. And if he come directly, I'll make it a shilling.

Por. No, no, never mind the shilling, ninepence will do; I don't charge you as I should your master.

Sal. But——

Por. Ninepence will be enough.

Sal. Well, if you're obstinate, I won't press it on you. [*Aside.*] This ticket-porter has a delicacy not peculiar to his class; if I were to insist, he'd think it suspicious—guilt is ever lavish—them as is innocent doesn't need to be generous. [*Showing him out.*] Duplex's is round the corner.

Por. I know. [*Exit*, L.

Sal. Oh, Jemima! this watchmaker beams across the dark sky of my lowering fate, like a rainbow with a pendulum in its tail, if the clock

shouldn't be quite smashed, intoxicating rapturous vision! I'll go and rout the drawing-room. [*Exit*, C.

Jem. [*Working.*] Poor Sally!

Enter MRS. CAPSTICK, R.

Mrs. B. Has the Colonel gone out?

Jem. Yes, madam, to the temple.

Mrs. C. How are you getting on with the dress? will it be ready by to-night?

Jem. I could finish it by to-night if I had the ribbons and trimmings; but if I have to go out for them, I shan't have the time to finish the dress.

Mrs. C. Then, I'll go out for the trimmings: I think I know what is wanted. I'll get my things myself. [*Aside*] It's very kind of my good husband, to be so thoughtful of me. [*Exit*, R.

Jem. My master and mistress are a regular model couple—married four years, and yet they still love each other; it's uncommon—and very unnatural, I think. [*Knock heard.*

Enter SALLY, *hastily.*

Sal. It's him! Oh, Jemima, it's the watchmaker! [*She goes off*, L. H.

Re-enters with DUPLEX.

Come in, sir; I'm so glad you're come.

Dup. You want to look at some watches, I'm told.

[*Puts down his hat, and takes out of his pocket a box full of watches.*

Sal. N—o!

Dup. No! What, then, was the object——

Sal. The object's inside; come in, and I'll show you the object.

Dup. [*Surprised.*] Eh?

Sal. Come in, and I'll show you. Jemima, the time has come, my fate is soon decided. [*She takes* DUPLEX *off, he astonished.*

Enter MRS. CAPSTICK, R., *dressed for walking.*

Mrs. C. The Colonel will return at five o'clock, will he not, Jemima!

Jem. Yes, madam.

Sal. [*Heard without.*] Oh, oh!

Mrs. C. What's that? Somebody in the drawing room; who is it?

Jem. It's Sarah, singing, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Singing—she must have a very bad cold!

Jem. No, ma'am, it's a very melancholy tune she's singing to.

Mrs. C. It is, indeed I shall not be long. [*Crosses and exits*, L.

Sal. [*Puts her head out*, C.] Jemima, is missus gone?

Jem. Yes!

Enter SALLY.

Sal. Then, I am saved! Mr. Duplex says that I have only broken the spring—the barrel—two wheels—and slightly injured all the rest of the works—but that in four days it'll be all right again, and he'll bring it back—four days, that'll be before Sunday, and they only go into that room on Sunday; hurra! Shout, Jemima, shout, hurra!

Jem. [*Going.*] Be quiet, Sally.
Sal. Where are you going?
Jem. To fetch some lace. [*Exit* JEMIMA, R.
Sal. And I must go and get a cab to take the clock away in.

Enter DUPLEX *from* C., *with clock wrapped up in a cloth.*

You've got the object, then, have you?
Dup. All right. [*Knock heard,* L.
Sal. There's a knock.
Dup. I heard—open the door for me.
Sal. [*Looking from window,* L. 2D E.] It's master!
Dup. Open the door!
Sal. No; master will see you. What shall I do? You must hide.
Dup. Hide! [*Knock heard violently.*
Sal. Yes; or he'll see you. Go in here. [*Pointing to door,* R.] Bolt the door, and don't answer till you hear my voice.
Dup. Can't I go back into the drawing room?
Sal. There's no bolt on there—so, bolt in there.
Dup. But it's the missesses and master's bed room.
[*Knock heard louder.*
Sal. Go in—go in. [*Pushes him in, and shuts door.*] Bolt it—bolt it. [*Calling through the keyhole—the bolt is heard.*] I am saved again. [*Knock again.*] Coming, sir. [*She exits.*

Re-enter SALLY *with* CAPSTICK, L.

Cap. Why the devil was I kept so long at the door?
Sal. I was a dressing myself, sir.
Cap. Why, how can that be? [*Pointing to her dress.*
Sal. Please, sir, I'd got my frock off, and when I heard you knock, I—I—I put it on again. Here's the letters, sir. [*Aside.*] If that watchmaker coughs or sneezes, I am done for—if he has got a cold I am lost. Oh, would that I could give him one of Leach's wafers through the keyhole! [*Seeing hat*] Why, there's his hat!—he has left his hat! [*Takes it.*
Cap. [*Who has read some letters, and put them down.*] What's this? Anonymous! [*Reading.*] "This comes from an unknown friend, who informs you that your wife gives daily rendezvous to a young nobleman; they meet regularly in Montague Square." Here, Sarah, take my hat. [SALLY *has now two hats, which she endeavors to conceal.*] Harriet! —my wife! Oh, this is some calumny!—some insidious lie, coming from an envious wretch, whose slander is anonymous—who creeps, assassin-like, to stab his victim in the dark! I'll show it to her.
[*He goes to* R. D.
Sal. Oh, lord!
Cap. [*Knocking.*] Harriet!—she doesn't answer—the bolt is drawn. Is your mistress dressing?
Sal. Yes, sir—she's trying on all her dresses one after the other, going right through the whole lot.
Cap. I hear a step—a loud, heavy step.

Sal. [*Aside.*] Oh, the fool, he's walking about! [*Aloud.*] Oh, it's —it's——

Cap. Who?

Sal. Jemima.

Cap. [*Calling.*] Harriet! Jemima! [*Sees both hats.*] Who's hat is that?

Sal. [*Puzzled.*] I don't know, sir; I—I—I found it here, but I didn't see it come in; I think it's a runaway hat, sir.

Cap. 'Tis very odd—Harriet, is she asleep?—that hat must belong to somebody. [*Looks through keyhole.*] A man! a man in my wife's bedroom, near the fireplace! I do not know him.

Sal. Oh, oh! [*Struck with an idea, puts hats on table.*] I can go round by the back stairs, and see who it is, sir. [*Runs off,* C.

Cap. Who can he be? [*Looking again.*] He has left the fireplace—he shall not escape!

[*Seizes handle of door, and is about to open it, when the bolt is heard to draw, and* SALLY *opens it from the inside, pale and breathless—a pause.*

Sal. Please, sir, missus is gone out, and it was Jemima which had gone down stairs by the back staircase, and had forgotten to unbolt the door. [CAPSTICK *looks at her.—Goes off,* R. D.

Sal. [*Sinking into a chair.*] Oh! he's gone—the watchmaker has gone, with the clock, and an old hat of master's. Pheu! what a fine invention a back staircase is—holes! there's the watchmaker's hat, that mustn't be here. [*Takes hat off,* C. D.

Enter CAPSTICK, R. D.

Cap. He is gone! Can it be possible that Harriet, my wife—no, no —yet I saw him, distinctly saw him; and this letter, this anonymous letter, oh! and that hat, that d—d hat! She told me, this morning, that she should stay at home the whole day, and yet—she was there—with him, and at the sound of my voice, fled with her; and I waited at the street door many minutes before I was admitted. [*With rage.*] And this fool of a girl is in their confidence, fee'd by them, no doubt; I'll call her here, and watch the workings of her face as she replies to me; dreadful as the truth must be, I'll seek it. Sarah!

Enter SALLY, C., *and shuts doors.*

Sal. Yes, sir.

Cap. During my absence, who has been here?

Sal. Nobody, sir.

Cap. But there was somebody here, just now; I saw a hat there, on that table.

Sal. [*Bringing hat from table.*] Here it is, sir.

Cap. That's mine.

Sal. Yes, that's your's, sir.

Cap. Where's the other?

Sal. It's—it's gone, sir.

Cap. Gone! How?

Sal. Well, sir, I don't know. It came in of itself, and I think it has *gone out of itself.*

Cap. [*Aside, his eye on her.*] She is confused. [*Aloud.*] Of itself!

Sal. Yes, sir, hats turn round, now-a-days, of themselves, and tables move, sir, and answer questions; and if a table answers questions, why shouldn't a hat make a morning call! [*Knock heard.*

Cap. There is my cousin. [*Exit* SALLY, L. She could not meet my eye. Oh! if I find—but let me keep calm and quiet as I can.

Enter SALLY *and* CHRISTOPHER CAPSTICK, L.

Chris. Good morning, colonel, here you are at home, then, as usual! The model husband and the model wife—turtles—turtles.

Cap. [*Aside.*] Oh! [*Groaning.*

Chris. I'm before my time, but the fact is, I'm hungry. Can you give me some lunch?

Cap. Lunch?—yes. Sarah, serve lunch!

[*Exit* SALLY, C., *closing doors after her carefully.*

Chris. Mrs. Capstick not at home! That's strange.

Cap. Strange?—not at all.

Chris. Why, you're always together.

Cap. Always?—oh, no!

Chris. Where is she?

Cap. Where?—I—I don't know.

Enter SALLY, *with lunch on a tray, and tea pot, and milk ewer and sugar basin in tray—she puts them on table.*

Chris. When will she be back?

Cap. I—I don't know.

Chris. What's the time? [SALLY *starts and lets a plate fall.*

Cap. I don't know.

Chris. I saw a magnificent clock yesterday at Major Hardy's, but nothing to ours in the next room. [SALLY *breaks another plate.*

Cap. Sarah, what are you doing?

Sal. Please, sir, I let a plate fall.

Chris. There's a superiority of workmanship in our clock that I have never found in any other. Look here!

Going towards C. D.; SALLY *rushes into* C. *room, and re-appears sweeping with her broom, so as to intercept his entrance.* CHRISTOPHER *stands looking in.*

What a confusion! Everything turned topsy-turvy—where's the clock?

Sal. It's laying down upon the sofa—I put it there that I might wash the marble chimney-piece, the cushions hides it now. [*In her excitement, she gets* CHRISTOPHER'S *hat, which he carries in his hand, upon the handle of the broom, it falls from there into the fire-place, nobody perceiving it.*] Lunch is ready, sir!

[SALLY *crushes the breakfast—they sit down to table,* SALLY *attending.*

Chris. You don't seem well, Colonel.

Cap. Well! oh, yes, but I'm not hungry.

Chris. I am—I'll take some pie, and, Sarah, a glass of wine! [SARAH *fills wine into a teacup and gives it him.*

Chris. Why what are you about—wine in a teacup.

Sally. I beg your pardon, sir. [*Takes it from him and throws it into sugar basin.*

Cap. Now then!

Sally. I beg your pardon, sir. [*She pours wine into glass, then puts two lumps of sugar in it with the tongs, then adds milk and gives it to* CHRISTOPHER.

Chris. Why, she's mad!

Cap. [*Roaring out.*] Leave the room!

Sally. Yes, sir. They won't be pleased, do all I can for 'em.

[*Exit* SALLY, C.

Chris. [*Eating and drinking.*] What a singular girl, to bring a tea equipage with the luncheon tray.

Cap. She is driven half-crazy by reading penny romances. [*Aside.*] Her confusion—her knowledge of my shame is evident.

Chris. Romances—penny romances—moral poison—purchased in pennyworths, weekly doses of love, murder, suicide, and conjugal infidelity.

Cap. [*Rising.*] Infidelity!

Chris. There—I shall do now till dinner. I'll be back by five, I suppose by then, Mrs. Capstick will have returned. [*Rising.*]

Cap. Perhaps!

Chris. Where's my hat? [*Looking for it.*] Did she take it into the drawing room. [*Goes off*, C, D.

Cap. I will know all, I cannot endure this horrible suspense.

Re-enter CHRISTOPHER, *with a hat too small for him.*

Chris. This isn't my hat.

Cap. Another hat!

Enter SALLY.

Chris. Sarah, where's——

Sally. Your hat, sir? here. [*Picks it out of fireplace.*]

Cap. Can he be in that room, that she keeps continually in and out of it?

Chris. I'll be back by five. [*Exit* CHRISTOPHER, L. D.

[CAPSTICK *rushes into room*, C.

Sally. Drat the hat! oh, he's gone into the drawing room. [*Looking in.*] He's looking about on all sides, he can't find his clock—it's come at last, I thought it would!

CAPSTICK *rushes out.*

Cap. Not there—he's gone!

Cap. [*Seizing* SALLY'S *arm, and dragging her down*, C.] Where, where is the object of all my past happiness—my present misery?

Sally. Oh! forgive me, sir.

Cap. Forgive you?—yes. but tell me——

Sally. Oh, it's such a pity to be found out after having been at all this trouble to conceal it.

Cap. What, you confess then?

Sally. Yes, sir.

Cap. Go on.

Sally. The object, as you call it—and he called it an object too——

Cap. He! furies!

Sally. The object is——

Cap. [*Half mad.*] Where—where?

Sally. Gone home with him.

Cap. Home with him!

Sally. To his house.

Cap. To his house! [*Falls into chair.*]

Sally. About an hour ago, when you were out; and he'll send it back again in three days.

Cap. [*Without listening.*] To his house!

Sally. He promised me on his word and honor, to send it back in three days; he said he should have done with it completely by that time.

Cap. Oh, tortures! misery! [*Knock heard.*]

Sally. There's missus. [*She goes off.*

Re-Enters with MRS. CAPSTICK.

Cap. She has returned, then?

Sally. Jemima's in the room, ma'am. [*Making signs to her*—CAPSTICK *observes them.*] He is in such a way, ma'am—so excited.

Cap. They understand each other.

Mrs. C. Have you been to the Temple?

Cap. Yes; you told me you should not go out this morning.

Mrs. C. I have been shopping, see. [*Shows parcels—Aside.*] What's the matter with him?—I'll ask Sarah. Come and open my window, Sarah. [*Crossing to* R.]

MRS. CAPSTICK *exits* R.—SALLY *is about to follow, when* CAPSTICK *throws her over to opposite side.*

Cap. No, wretch, you shall not follow to whisper that I have discovered all. I saw you; and she can preserve a calm and innocent demeanor, while—[*Loudly.*] Leave my house, wretch! [*Throwing a purse down.*] There—yourself, and go.

Sally. Wretch! Oh, I can't stand this. Who do you call wretch? [*Impudently.*] If I've done wrong in this affair, stop it out of my wages.

Cap. [*Sitting down.*] Get out!

Sally. I shan't.

Cap. Then hold your tongue.

Sally. I shan't—I won't—you've discharged me! I'm no servant of yours! you've no right to order me! My hopes are crushed! my happiness is blighted! Now I dare brave all! You see the hat—[*Snatches up* WATCHMAKER'S *hat.*] This hat that I hid from you, that you might find nothing out, now I show to you—look at it! there! and tell you that it's his—his—his! that he brought it on his head here! that I got him out without it, and lent him one of your old ones.

Cap. Wretch! His name?

Sally. Duplex.

Cap. Duplex!

Sally. The watchmaker—and he'll bring it back again before Sunday, as good as new.

Cap. Duplex the watchmaker!—Oh, I see, my clock is broken.

Sally. Alas, yes.

Cap. And you broke it?

Sally. Of course I did.

Cap. And the man you concealed in that room was——

Sally. Mr. Duplex, round the corner, who took away the clock to repair; I told you it was at his house—the object as you and he called it.

Cap. [*Striking his forehead.*] Fool!

Sally. Who do you call fool? I'm no servant of your's, now.

Cap. [*Aside.*] What a jealous ass I've been—what an idiot!

Sally. Ass!—idiot!—don't call me names if you please, you're no master of mine, now. What you owed me—the last quarter—keep for Duplex's bill; we're quits, Colonel Capstick, and I don't care that for you, [*Snaps her fingers, and puts the hat on her head, which being too 'arge, falls over her nose.*]

Cap. Stay, stay, my good girl—I don't wish you to go.

Sally. But I will go—I want to go—I won't stop in your old house any longer; I've had enough of you and your ill-humors!

Cap. Stay, stay, and I'll double your wages.

Sally. What! 'cos I broke the clock, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Well, that is funny—double my wages 'cos I broke his pendulum!

Cap. You have made me so happy!

Sally. Have I?—what, by breaking the clock? Lord, master, if that makes you happy, I'll break something every day! [*Knock.*]

[SALLY *goes off.*

Cap. My dear wife—my charming Harriet!

Enter SALLY, WATCHMAKER, CHRISTOPHER, L. D.—MRS. CAPSTICK, *with* JEMIMA, R. D.

Cap. My love! Hollo! Christopher, have you come back to dinner?

Chris. Yes, I'm hungry again. There's a porter at the door says he has brought a letter to this house which ought to have been delivered at No. 18.

Cap. [*Reading the address of the letter.*] To G. Beauchamp, Esq., it wasn't for me. [*Gives the letter to* JEMIMA, *who takes it off*, L. H.

Mrs. C. What was the matter with you just now, Charles?

Cap. I—I was angry with the girl for breaking the clock.

Chris. Breaking the clock?

Sally. Yes, but here's the clockmender, who'll tell you it's all right.

Duplex. Excuse me, but I left my hat.

Sally. Here it is, [*Giving it.*] and a nice mess it's got into—however it's all right now. Jemima, you've got a good job. I've had my wages doubled 'cos I smashed the clock, and if you are only [*To* AUDIENCE.] pleased at what has occurred, they'll always be glad to keep me in my place here—and I shall be always ready, that is, if you give me encouragement to do so, to keep on smashing the clock, and hiding the Watchmaker's Hat.

Mrs. Cap. CAP. SALLY. CHRIS. DUPLEX.

CURTAIN.

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.
The Acting Edition.
No. LXXI.

THE MARRIED RAKE:

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES SELBY, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters.—Married Rake

	Arch St., Phil.	*Broadway, N. Y*
Mr. Frederic Flighty, an erratic married Gentleman	Mr. J. E. Murdoch.	Mr. Fenno.
John, his servant - -	" Kelly.	" Allen.
Mrs. Flighty. an easy, confiding Wife - -	Mrs. Judah.	Mrs. Warren.
Mrs. Trictrac, a teasing, tormenting, bewithing young Widow - - -	Miss A. Fisher.	Miss Hardinge.
Cornet Fitzherbert Fitzhenry, an elegant extract, a regular killer, the beau ideal of a Cavalry Officer. -	" " "	" "
Susan Twist, an accomplished Lady's Maid - -	Mrs. Thayer.	" Manners.

Costume.—Married Rake

MR. FLIGHTY.—Light green frock, faced with black velvet, black trousers, straw-colored waistcoat, black satin stock, whiskers and mustachois.

JOHN.—Handsome livery.

MRS. FLIGHTY.—Fashionable white silk or morning dress.

MRS. TRICTRAC.—First dress: Pink satin pelisse, hat and feathers. Second dress: Blue undress military frock, metal buttons, blue trowsers., with broad gold lace down the sides, scarlet and gold cartouch box, belt, and foraging cap, boots, and long brass spurs. Third dress: Same as the first.

SUSAN TWIST.—First dress: Flowered muslin gown, French shawl, very small fashioned bonnet. Second dress: Cap and silk apron. Third dress: Silk cloak, trimed with ermine, hat and veil.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the audience.*

THE MARRIED RAKE.

SCENE.—*A Drawing Room, handsomely furnished, with carpet, &c., Folding Doors in* C., *a door,* S. E., *a fire-place,* T. E. R., *a window* S. E. L., *a Sofa,* L.—*near it a small Table, with Writing Materials, Books, &c., and on the* R., *another Table with a handsome cover.*

MRS. FLIGHTY *discovered, seated on the Sofa, with* SUSAN TWIST *attending.*

Mrs. F. First go to the library and change the books.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. Then call at my milliner's.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. Tell her my hat *must* be sent home this evening.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. Then go to Mr. Brown, the shoemaker.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. Desire him to come to me before twelve o'clock; to-morrow.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. Let me see!—is there anything else? Yes, call on Lady Manly—my love and compliments, hope she caught no cold last night. Ask after her little dog; say I am very anxious to know the result of the quarrel between the parties she mentioned to me yesterday,—that should it be as *I* said, a certain person will be very awkwardly situated; but if, on the contrary, *she* should be right, the consequence will be dreadful, particularly to the individual by whose infamous machinations the meeting was arranged—so much confusion has taken place, and so many distressing circumstances have transpired.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. And you may also say——

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. No, never mind, she will understand; I don't remember any thing more at present. You won't forget what I have told you?

Sus. No, ma'am, you may *'pend* on me, I won't make *no* mistake. [*Rapidly counting her fingers.*] First, I'm to change the library—tell the milliner you *must 'ave* your *'at* this *hevening*, before twelve o'clock to-morrow. Mr. Brown, the shoemaker—then Lady Manly, love and compliments to her little dog, hope she didn't *cotch* no cold—let you know

the *insult* of the quarrel *betwixt them* parties you told her *on* yesterday. If so be it *are* as *you* said, then it's *aukud* and contrary—but if so be it *are* as *she* said, then it's all right, and the consequence will be dreadful, *'tickularly* to the *hindewidewal* by whose *famous assassinations* the meeting was *deranged*—and so much *profusion* and *compressing* circumstances *has perspired*. There, ma'am, I've got it by *'art*, in my *'ed*—I ar'n't *larnt* the *dicksnary* for nothing. [*Exit*, C. D. R.

Mrs. F. [*Laughing.*] Poor Susan!—I knew I should puzzle her. How Lady Manly will laugh! If she survives "my love and compliments to her little dog," she'll certainly expire at the bewildering episode of "them *hindewidewals* and *famous assassinations!*"

Mrs. T. [*Without.*] Never mind, Susan, you need not announce me; I know your mistress is at home.

Enter Mrs. Tricrac, R. C.

My dear friend, I'm so glad to see you! Where's Flighty! Ah, as usual, I suppose, amusing himself abroad, while *you* are moping at home. Well, and how do you do!—are you glad to see me! Shall I be troublesome if I stay an hour or two!—can you endure my silly rattle!

Mrs. F. My dear Sophie, you know you are always a welcome visitor, and I am never so happy as when you are with me. I anticipate a delightful morning—Flighty has gone to Richmond, to dine with his uncle, so we shall have the whole day to ourselves.

Mrs. T. That husband of yours is a terrible racketty fellow. I must read him a lecture on matrimonial conduct. Well, as you are rash enough to prefer my society to reading *Paradise Lost*, in melancholy solitude, I'll stay and plague you. And now, [*crossing to* L. *and seating herself on sofa,*] let us sit down and cut up all our friends and acquaintances—by-the-bye, Eliza, I have something to tell you about your husband.

Mrs F. My husband! [*laughing,*] poor fellow, I hope you don't mean to cut *him* up—what has he been doing!

Mrs. T. My dear creature, he's a wretch!

Mrs. F. [*Laughing.*] Indeed!—in what way!

Mrs. T. In every way—he's a gay Lothario, a Blue Beard, a Don Juan, a Robert the Devil——

Mrs. F. You alarm me—what do you mean!

Mrs. T. Does he *often* go to *Richmond!*

Mrs. F. Yes, two or three times a week.

Mrs. T. *Indeed!*—does he ever take *you* with him!

Mrs. F. No; his uncle is a bachelor, and only gives bachelor's parties.

Mrs. T. You *silly* creature—how easily you are imposed upon. An uncle who lives a few miles distant in the country is a very *convenient* person, some times. Now, what do you think!—I have discovered——

Fli. [*Without.*] Here, Thomas, take my hat and cloak—tell the groom to put up the cab; I sha'n't want it till night.

Mrs. F. There's Flighty—what can have brought him home so soon!

Mrs. T. [*Pointedly.*] His *uncle* was not at *home*, I dare say my dear. I'll tell you all by-and-bye.

Enter FLIGHTY, R. C.

Fli. (R.) My dearest Eliza, my uncle was from home, so I— [*seeing* MRS. TRICTRAC, *and crossing to* C.] Ah, Mrs. Trictrac, little did I anticipate this pleasure! [*Kissing her hand.*] Eliza, my love [*kissing her.*] don't laugh at me, Mrs. Trictrac; I have not been married long enough to give up these little follies.

Mrs. T. (L.) Oh, don't mind me—I like to see married people make fools of themselves; 'tis quite delightful to see them "*billing* and cooing, like pretty little turtle doves!" [*Aside.*] Deceitful savage!

Fli. Well, I'm so glad my uncle was not at home; I shall pass the day in matrimonial felicity, instead of being bored with the exploits of Tippoo Saib, and the storming of Seringapatam!

Mrs. T. Then I'll say adieu—I'll not disturb your matrimonial felicity. *Happy* creatures! how I envy you. What an example of a husband you are, Flighty—so kind, so affectionate, [*crossing to* C. *and going up.*] Good bye, friends, good bye—make my compliments to your *uncle*, Mr. Flighty. [*Going.*

Mrs. F. (R.) Nay, Sophie, do not leave us, I am sure you will be a charming addition to our party,—pray stay; persuade her, Henry.

Fli. Now, positively you shall not leave us—we cannot part with you: we should both be miserable—nay, I'll hear no excuses; you *must*, you *shall stay*!

Mrs. T. Well, as you are so determined, I will remain; but you'll soon be tired of me; I'll do all I can to plague you—I'll talk you to death.

Fli. I'm quite resigned. Kill me in any way you please; but, lest I should die of hunger in the mean time, suppose I order some luncheon. [*Ringing hand-bell.*] John!

Enter SERVANT, C.

Bring luncheon. [*Exit* SERVANT.] 'Pon my life, I don't know when I have been so happy Any news in the world, Mrs. Tricktrac? I know you are the "Gazette of Fashion"—any little affairs of the heart, elopements, or *interesting domestic calamities*?

Mrs. T. I am not aware of any; but why do you ask me about such things? you know I never feel any interest in them—besides, I dislike exposing the *indiscretions* and *misfortunes* of my friends. By-the-bye, I *did* hear of a *circumstance*, yesterday, a *decided case*; 'tis very droll, *you* know the parties. I've a great mind to tell you, if you'll let it go no further—'twas told me in confidence, I would not have it known for the world; but, if you'll promise——

Fli. Oh, certainly, certainly, *we* never talk—what is it, eh? we won't mention a word.

Mrs. T. Well, then, mind now—'tis in strict confidence!

Fli. Oh certainly, strict confidence.

Mrs. T. 'Tis about your friends, Sir Charles and Lady Simple.

Fli. [*Aside.*] The devil!—can she know? I must change the conversation, or I shall get into a scrape. [*Aloud.*] Oh, I've heard all about *that affair*; 'twas very ridiculous—[*Laughing.*]—I've laughed at it ever

since. Who would have supposed—[*Laughing.*]—John, bring the luncheon!—Yes, yes, I know all about it.

Mrs. T. I dare say *you* do, but Eliza does not; so I shall tell her the particulars.

Fli. [*Aside.*] I'm in a nice hobble! [*Aloud.*] Oh, it's all nonsense—what does *she* care!—[*Calling.*]—John, bring the luncheon!

Mrs. T. It's of no use trying to stop me, Flighty; I *will* have my own way—never mind him, Eliza. Sir Charles Simple happening to stroll into his wife's dressing-room, the other morning, when she was absent, carelessly sat himself down before the looking-glass, with the intention, no doubt, of waiting her return; well, finding one of his side curls dreadfully deranged, he opened a drawer of the dressing table to find a comb, with which he wished to have restored the truant hairs to a state of propriety, when he discovered——what do you think?

Fli. [*Aside.*] I'm settled!

Mrs. T. A miniature portrait of a man with black hair, whiskers, and mustachios—*you* know the sort of man I *mean*, Flighty!

Fli. Oh, yes, perfectly! [*Aside.*] I'm discovered—she knows all about it!

Mrs. F. Well, and what was the consequence?

Mrs. T. Sir Charles got into a terrible passion; of course, he must have felt very uncomfortable, and thought of all kinds of unpleasant things. In the midst of his fury, her ladyship returned; a scene immediately ensued—*he* was *violent*, *she cool*; *he* vowed vengeance, *she* laughed and called him a fool—said the miniature belonged to her sister, and that the formidable hero of the mustachios was her cousin. [*Laughing.*] Wasn't that a capital idea, Flighty?

Fli. Capital! [*Aside.*] I'm alive again!

Mrs. T. Sir Charles, *poor man*, believed her, laughed at his ridiculous mistake, and wished to be introduced to the gentleman. Poor fellow! 'twas as much the portrait of her *cousin*, as 'twas of *you*, Flighty.

Fli. [*Laughing.*] Yes, yes, I dare say. [*Aside.*] She'll roast me to death—I wish I hadn't asked her to stay.

Enter JOHN, *with luncheon on a tray.*

Oh, here's the luncheon—a happy relief; I'll stop her mouth with a sandwich! Mrs. Trictrac, be seated. [*Handing her to the sofa.*] Eliza, my love, take a chair.

[*They sit at table,* L., MRS. TRICTRAC, L. *on the sofa*—MRS. FLIGHTY, C.—FLIGHTY, R.

Mrs. T. Do you know any body at Richmond, besides your *uncle*, Mr Flighty!

Fli. Not a soul!—allow me to give you a wing of this chicken.

Mrs. Fli. Do you know, Henry, I should very much like to see your uncle.

Fli. So you shall, my love—let me help you—[MRS. TRICTRAC *bursts out into a loud laugh.*]—What is the matter, Mrs. Trictrac—why are you so merry?

Mrs. T. Why, at a little affair I heard of the other day; speaking of your uncle, put me in mind of it. It occurred at *Kensington Gardens*;

you know *where* they are situated, Flighty—on the road to *Richmond.*

Fli. Yes, yes, I know very well—allow me to give you a merry thought!

Mrs. T. Thank you, you often do. [*Laughing.*] Well, I was about to tell you—

Fli. A glass of wine, my love?—Mrs. Trictrac, you'll join us?

[*Fills wine and drinks.*

Mrs. T. Well, to return to my story of Kensington Gardens——

Fli. [*Aside.*] Confound her, she's determined to ruin me!

Mrs. T. What are you about, Flighty?—I declare you are eating out of the dish! Well, about three o'clock yesterday afternoon, a lady dressed in a cloak, trimmed with ermine, was observed to saunter about one of the retired walks. She was joined by a gentleman in a *green* frock coat, *straw* colored waistcoat—[FLIGHTY *buttons up his coat.*] and *white* trousers—be quiet, Flighty, don't play with your knife and fork like a baby—they (I mean the lady and gentleman) left the gardens, got into a coach, and drove off towards Richmond—take care what you are about, Flighty; you'll upset the table—what is the matter with you? one would think *you* were one of the *parties* in question, and were afraid of being found out.

Fli. [*Rises, and goes down,* R., *and walks about with the fowl on a fork. Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! I'm so amused with your story, I can't sit still, 'tis so very droll! Damme, I've carried off the fowl! [*Puts it down on table. Aside.*] I wish I could get rid of her. What say you to a walk, ladies? suppose we take a stroll before dinner?

Mrs. T. [*Rising and going forward,* L.] With all my heart—let us go to Kensington Gardens, perhaps we may see the *lady* in the *ermine* cloak, or the *gentleman* in the *green* frock coat, eh, Flighty?

Fli. Yes, yes, 'twould be capital fun. [*Aside.*] I'm regularly cut up—I must put a stop to her tongue, or she'll ruin me. Eliza, my love, put on your bonnet, we'll go out immediately.

Mrs. F. I won't be a minute—amuse Mrs. Trictrac, till I return.

[*Exit into room* R. MRS. TRICTRAC *and* FLIGHTY *look at each other for some time*—MRS. TRICTRAC *takes a chair, draws it after her to* L. *corner,—sits down and plays with her parasol.* FLIGHTY *takes a chair to* R *corner, and plays with his umbrella.*

Fli. [R., *Aside.*] Amuse her! I have already—she has found me out. I must persuade her to be quiet.

Mrs. T. [*Aside.*] A wicked wretch—I'll tease his life out.

Fli. [*Aside.*] It's of no use of mincing the matter—I'll come to the point at once.

Mrs. T. [*Aside.*] He's afraid of me; I'll torment him!

Fli. Mrs. Trictrac!

Mrs. T. [*Suddenly turning round.*] Mr. Flighty!

Fli. [*Aside.*] She looks like a tiger cat; I shall be damnably mauled. [*Aloud.*] Mrs. Trictrac——

Mrs. T. Sir!

Fli. [*Aside.*] There's a sir!—what a horrid monosyllable. [*Aloud.*] I perceive, madam——

Mrs. T. Well, sir!

Fli. Don't say *sir*, again—it makes me very unhappy. I perceive, madam, that you are aware of my error, and—and—and——

Mrs. T. And what, sir!

Fli. [*Crossing to her.*] Don't tell my wife, there's a *dear* creature!

Mrs. T. You confess, then? I'm ashamed of you, sir—How could you behave so? 'Tis my duty to tell your wife, you base man!

Fli. Now don't—'twouldn't do any good—'twould only make bad worse. In future I'll be *savagely* virtuous, I will, indeed.

Mrs. T. Well, then, provided you give me your promise never to neglect your wife, or visit your uncle at *Richmond*, I will not expose you.

Fli. Oh, you dear, charming—[*Aside.*]—damned tormenting—enchanting woman! I'll become a perfect anchorite!—I'll——

Mrs. T. Hush! here's your wife.

Enter MRS. FLIGHTY, R.

Mrs F. Now, Henry, I'm quite ready—where shall we go?

Fli. Wherever you please, my dear.

Mrs. T. Suppose we take a turn in St. James's Park, and look at the ducks and swans—you are fond of *wild ducks*, I believe, Flighty?

Fli. I used to be. [*Aside.*] Confound the satirical gipsy, I shall never have a moment's peace. Come, ladies, I'm at your service.

Enter JOHN, R. C.

John. A note, sir.

Fli. I can't attend to it now, I'm going out.

John. The servant said it required immediate attention, sir.

[*Exit John.*

Fli. Pshaw! how very annoying—some invitation to dinner, I suppose. Excuse me—[*opening letter.*]—Eh! what is this? [*Reading*] "Dear Flighty:—I am waiting for you at White's—I have had a *scene* at home; want your advice. Come to me immediately. Yours, CHARLES SIMPLE." The devil!—what's to be done? I *must* go, or he'll find some other confidant, and that would not be so agreeable. Then that confounded Mrs. Trictrac will expose me if I leave her—no matter, of the two evils, I'll choose the least. Mrs. Trictrac, Eliza—I'm very sorry I cannot accompany you to the park, this morning; I am obliged to see my *solicitor* on most particular business. Pray, excuse me, I'll return to dinner—very provoking, isn't it, to be called away so unexpectedly? Good bye, Eliza—*au plaisar*. Mrs. Trictrac—I'm so sorry to leave you!

Mrs. T. (C.) You are afraid I shall expose you.

Fli. [*aside to* Mrs. TRICTRAC.] Remember your promise—not a word about my *uncle*. [*Going—Significantly.*] Mrs. Trictrac———

Exit, C. D.

Mrs. F. (L.) Now, Sophia, tell me what is the meaning of your mysterious hints—what have you discovered about my husband! he seem'd very much annoyed and uneasy.

Mrs. T. You recollect my story about the miniature?

Mrs. F. Yes.

Mrs. T. Your husband was the hero of the mustachois—'twas *his* portrait!

Mrs. F. Impossible!—he cannot be so base?

Mrs. T. 'Tis true, nevertheless, but he is not so much to blame either. The affair is only in its infancy, and if you will assist me, I have a scheme to break off the attachment, and make e'en him a good and affectionate husband.

Mrs. F. I'll aid you to the utmost—I'll do anything to secure his affection.

Mrs. T. Then try to make him jealous.

Mrs. F. Will not that be dangerous?

Mrs. T. Not in the least—I will represent the lover, so there can be no *danger*.

Enter SUSAN, C. D.

Sus. (C.) I've made all the haste I could, ma'am; I haven't forgot *nothing*. When I told Lady Manly what you said, she laughed so, I thought she would have had an *asterical* fit—she says it *are* as *you* said, and *them* parties you *delude* to, will pay dearly for their *obstropulousness*.

Mrs. T. [R. *laughing. Aside.*] Obstropulousness!—you have been studying the dictionary again, I find, Susan!

Sus. Yes, ma'am, I *takes* it in numbers, and *expresses* three pages in my *'ed hevery* day; it so *reproves* my *physiognomy* and *renunciation*.

Mrs. T. Susan may assist my scheme—will you allow me to employ her?

Mrs F. Certainly.

Mrs. T. [*crosses to* L. *and hastily writes a note.*] Susan, will you have the kindness to take this to my maid—she will give you a dress for me; bring it into your mistress's bed room by the door in the passage.

Sus. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. T. Make haste, and take care you are not seen by your master.

Sus. Yes, ma'am—I'll be so *individious*, nobody shan't *inspect* me.

[*Exit*, C. D. R.

Mrs. T. Now, let us retire into your room and concert our plan I'll give Mr. Flighty a lesson he won't forget in a hurry.

[*Exeunt*, MRS. FLIGHTY *and* MRS. TRICTRAC, *into room*, R. D.

Enter FLIGHTY, R. C.

Fli. I wonder who could have sent me that note? All a hoax—Sir Charles has left town for Dorsetshire. Some trick of my tormentor, Mrs. Trictrac, no doubt. I'll be even with her—what has become of her, I wonder?

Enter MRS. FLIGHTY.

Mrs. F. So, sir, you have returned sooner than I expected. Mrs. Trictrac would not wait, she has gone home.

Fli. [*aside.*] Glad of it—she looks rather glumpy; I'm afraid the murder's out. [*Throwing himself on the Sofa, and taking up a book.*] I'm sorry your friend has gone, we should have passed such a delightful day—never mind, we can make ourselves happy without her—[*yawning.*]—can't we, my *love*? [*Reading his book.*

Mrs. F. [*taking a chair to* R. *corner, and pulling a flower to pieces.*] Certainly, my dear.

Fli. [*after a pause.*] You are a very amusing companion, Mrs. Flighty. [*Looking at her.*

Mrs. F. So are you, Mr. Flighty.

Fli. How long do you mean to twiddle that flower?

Mrs. F. How long do you mean to read that book?

Fli. As long as I please, madam!

Mrs. F. Very well, I shan't interrupt you, sir!—[*after a pause—aside.*] This is matrimonial felicity.

Enter SUSAN, C. D. R. *on tip-toe—She looks cautiously round—*FLIGHTY *observes her, and peeps over his book—She gives* MRS. FLIGHTY *a letter which she hastily conceals.—*SUSAN *goes off as she entered, mysteriously endeavoring to avoid being seen by* FLIGHTY.

Fli. [*aside.*] Eh! what the devil is the meaning of that?—she gave her a letter!

Mrs F. Did you speak, Flighty?

Fli. No, madam.

Mrs. F. I thought you did. Oh, dear me! I declare my hair is quite out of order! I must arrange it—I'll be back directly, Henry.

[*Exit,* R. D.

Fli. [*jumping up from sofa.*] She has gone to read the letter—who can it be from?—Dam'me, I feel quite queer! I—I must keep my eyes open; I musn't go out so often. I—what can that letter be about?—she's coming back, I'll go into the next room, and observe her from behind the door. [*Exit,* C. D. L.

Enter MRS. FLIGHTY, R. D.

Mrs. F. [*aside.*] He's on the watch. [*aloud.*] Ah! Henry gone?—so much the better.

Fli. [*putting his head out from* C. D.] You don't say so.

Mrs. F. I can read his dear note again.

Fli. His dear note!—'tis from a *man*, then—I'm one of the club! [*Putting his hand to his head.*

Mrs. F. How tender, how affectionate!

Fli. Yes, damn'd tender—cursed affectionate, I dare say.

Mrs. F. How kind to send me his portrait!

Fli. His portrait!—I'm pleasantly situated!

Mrs. F There can be no harm in kissing it. [*Kissing a miniature.*

Fli. [*rushing forward.*] Can't there, though!—oh, you vile woman! I have discovered your perfidy.

Mrs. F. [*bursting into a laugh.*] Where did you come from, Henry? I thought you had gone out. [*laughing*] What's the matter, *dear?* [*Coaxing.*

Fli. [*astonished.*] Matter! matter, madam! [*Aside.*] She wants to brazen it out. [*Aloud.*] That letter, madam—that tender letter, madam! that portrait, madam! that—that—that—damnation, madam! [*Taking the Stage in a fury.*

Mrs. F. Now don't make a fool of yourself, Henry, what is the use of getting in a passion, there's no harm in the letter, or the portrait, either.

Fli. No harm, madam! do you take me for a fool! whose likeness is it, madam! who is the rascal, madam—who is he!

Mrs. F. How can you be so ridiculous, Henry, to storm about nothing! 'tis only the likeness of my *cousin!*

Fli, Your cousin! [*aside.*] The old story! No, no, madam, that won't do for me. *Cousins* are very *convenient* persons, madam———

Mrs. F. So are *uncles*, sir.

Fli. Yes, madam—but I'll be hanged if I'll be *cousined* by any body. I know better, madam. I'm too old a soldier to be daceived by a cousin. Who is he madam—who is he!

Mrs. F. My cousin, sir, as I told you before. If you don't believe me, I can't help it. I declare your behavior is so outrageous, that I'm afraid of you. One would think by your conduct that you were jealous.

Flighty. So I am, madam.

Mrs. F. What, of a boy!—my poor little cousin!—I'm ashamed of you! I might as well be jealous of *your uncle!* You've used me very ill! I won't bear it! I—I—[*Sobbing.*] I'll go to my mama!

[*Exit into* R. *room, and drops the note.*

Flighty [*Astonished.*] Well, that's the coolest thing I ever heard! Because I don't like her to love other people, she says she's ill used, and will go home to her mama! What a victim I am! Nobody ever felt as I do—nobody ever deserved such treatment! I'm sure I don't. I never—damme, the least I say on that subject the better. Little did I think when *I* passed for a cousin, that I should ever have a wife who had one. I'll be divorced—I'll go abroad—I'll—[*Secs note.*] She has dropped the note. [*Picks it up.*] Pink paper—the fellow's in earnest, I see. [*Reading.*] "Dearest Eliza." Curse his impudence! "I will be under the window at three o'clock." Three o'clock! [*Pulling out his watch.*]—It wants but a few minutes. "If you are alone, strike a few notes on the guitar. Yours, ever, FITZHERBERT FITZHENRY. P. S.—Your fool of a husband,"—Eh! fool of a husband! I'll cut his throat! —"is safe at Richmond, I suppose." So, so—he'll be under the window at three o'clock. He thinks I'm safe at Richmond, eh! I'll murder him! Let me see—a few notes on the guitar is to be the signal. I'll have him up, and blow his brains out! Where is the damned, diabolical, *cousining* instrument!—here it is. [*Taking up guitar.*] Oh, you confounded caterwauler! you don't know what you've to answer for. Here's a situation for a husband! playing the guitar to his wife's *cousin!* [*Plays the guitar with furious gestures.*] There—I think he'll hear that! Now, for my pistols—I'll settle his business at once!

[*Exit* C. D. L.

MRS. TRICTRAC *enters from* R. D., *disguised as an officer, followed by* MRS. FLIGHTY.

Mrs. T. [*Laughing.*] Poor Flighty! he doesn't seem to relish his first dose—a few more will complete his cure. I don't think he'll recognize me. My brother's dress fits me admirably—in fact, I think I'm the *beau ideal* of a cavalry officer—at all events, I'm a ladies' man, which every fellow in the service is, and ought to be. But, hark! I

hear Flighty returning. Now for the attack. [*Kneeling.*] Dearest Eliza! I love you better than ——

Enter FLIGHTY, *hastily from* C. D., *with a case of pistols in his hand.*

Flighty. Death and the devil! There he is! I'm just in time. [*Advancing between them.*] So, sir—so, madam ——

Mrs. F. [*Pretending alarm.*] Oh, good gracious, my husband!

Mrs. T. Your husband! Flighty, my dear fellow, how are you!

Flighty. [*Aside.*] Curse his impudence! Sir—madam—allow me to observe that I—you—she—he—my—conduct is scandalous—shameful—damnable! I'm not a man—I—

Mrs. T. What!

Flighty. I'm not a man, I say—to be insulted with impunity. I'm a fool—an ass—an idiot ——

Mrs. T. I know you are.

Flighty. Don't interrupt me, sir. I say I'm a fool not to have suspected—you deceitful woman—you damned puppy! Don't laugh, or I'll throw you out of the window! Leave the room, madam. [*Exit* MRS. FLIGHTY, R. D.] I insist on immediate satisfaction. Here's a case of pistols. [*Trying to open it.*] I'll shoot you, sir—I'll blow you to atoms!

Mrs. T. Fire away, my boy—I'm not afraid of you or your pistol-case. Why don't you produce your weapons, if you intend to blow me to atoms? Do it at once—I'm quite ready. Don't keep me waiting; you've no idea how valuable my time is.

Flighty. Confound it, I've lost my keys! I can't open the case.

Mrs. T. How unfortunate! I should have like to have had a pop at you. I had made up my mind to have had a pop at you. I had made up my mind to a little sport. [*Leaning on* FLIGHTY'S *shoulder—he throws him off.*] I would have betted five to four I would have drilled a hole through you—smashed that bust at your back, and shivered the looking-glass all at the same moment.

Fli. Would you, indeed! [*Aside.*] He's a regular fire-eater—I shall be peppered—no matter. [*Aloud.*] Leave my house, sir—you shall hear from me—leave my house!

Mrs. T. [*Crossing to* R.] Certainly, my dear boy, if you wish it. Always happy to hear from you. 'Twould save a deal of trouble, though, if you could find your keys. Give me the case—[*Trying to take it from him.*] I'll break it open sooner than lose my shot.

Fli. [*Resisting.*] No, sir—you shall meet me to-morrow morning.

Mrs. T. Oh, very well—as you please. I'd rather have settled the thing at once. If we had come up to the scratch, here, I'd have brought your head, the bust and the glass into one—put in the lead about here—[*Hitting him on the ribs.*]—and drilled you in a most superior style.

Fli. You are very kind.

Mrs. T. Not at all, my dear boy. I'm famous for bringing down my man! I'm told I've a *good eye* for it—never made up my mind to *hit* a fellow, but I made *sure* of him. I'm very fond of *killing*.

Fli. [*Aside.*] What a butcher!

Mrs. T. I shall be sure to settle you, Flighty—you're a capital object. [*Laughing.*] What's the matter?—you don't seem comfortable—[*Laughing.*] Oh, I remember—you are jealous; you don't like my making love to your wife. [*Laughing.*] I can't help laughing to think how capitally she deceived you—*you*, above all men, who have made so many husbands unhappy. [*Laughing.*] You look quite deranged—quite Othello-ish. Your nose is turning quite blue, and your eyes have such a thunder and lightning expression. [*Laughing.*] I dare say, your friend, Sir Charles Simple, looked just as you do, when he discovered your picture in his wife's dressing-room. [*Laughing.*

Fli. This is beyond bearing. Sir, I—leave my house, *sir*!

Mrs. T. You and Sir Charles would match well in a curricle, Flighty! [*Laughing.*

Fli. Leave my house, sir! Don't make me forget you are under my roof! Begone, sir, begone!

Mrs. T. Certainly, my dear boy, certainly. As we do not meet until to-morrow morning, I shall have plenty of time to amuse my friends with the particulars of our little affair, and send a notice of it to the newspaper, as an interesting and laughable occurrence in high life, called, "The Jealous Husband; or, the Deceiver Deceived!" [*Laughing.*] Good bye, old fellow! You musn't mind being laughed at—your case is not singular. The next time you take a fancy to a friend's wife, be certain nobody returns the compliment by taking a fancy to your's. Adieu! I shall never forget the expression of your face! [*Laughing.*] What a fool you looked, when you couldn't open the pistol-case! [*Exit* C. D. R., *laughing.*

Fli. I shall go mad! [*Walks up and down in a great rage, with his hands in his pockets, then takes a chair, kicks it away, &c.*] I'm settled. What a fool I've been! If I had for a moment supposed——I'm in a dreadful situation! I shall be the laughing-stock of all my friends. I, who have been the terror of husbands, to be so regularly dupped! I'll be revenged, at all events. I'll shoot the rascal—if I can—then, I'll——

SUSAN *enters* C. D. *cautiously, and endeavors to steal in to* R. H. *room*—FLIGHTY *observes, and brings her forward.*

Sus. [*Screaming.*] Oh, sir, how you frightened me! Don't look so *hawful!* I'm a *hinnocent girl.* I can't help your misfortunes. I never did nothing wrong in all my life!

Fli. Come, come, Mrs. Innocence, you can't deceive me. I know that you are that young rascal's agent—I saw you give your mistress a letter from him. I'm not blind—I'm awake to all your manœuvres. You are the letter-carrier, the message-bearer, the sentinel, the spy, the convenient go-between—you modest, innocent, deceitful, deluding, diabolical maid servant!

Sus. I deny the *dispersion.* I'm not a postman—I never deluded nobody—I *aynt* convenient—I never went between nothing—I *aynt dialogical*—you know I aynt. I'm your wife's own woman, and I aynt a maid servant.

Fli. Now, tell me, this moment, all you know about your mistress and that young officer, or I'll murder you! [*Shaking her.*

Sus. Oh, don't—don't shake me so—I aynt fond of *percussions*. I'll do anything, if you'll be quiet and keep your hands off. [FLIGHTY *releases her.*] Oh, dear! I never was so *conglomerated* in my life. What a flustration you've put me in, surely. I declare I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my feet—I'm quite *wisey wersey*.

Fli. Now, answer—who is that officer?

[*Pointing to* C. D. *with furious action.*

Sus. What *hossifer?* I don't see nobody.

Fli. No prevarication! The young puppy your mistress is so fond of——

Sus. She aynt fond of no young puppy that I knows on, except it *are* the little poodle she had give her last week.

Fli. Curse the poodle! [*Aside.*] She's an old hand, and wants a bribe. [*Giving money.*] There—now, try if you can give a direct answer.

Sus. Yes, sir,—thank you, sir.

Fli. Who is he?

Sus. A *hossifer.*

Fli. I know—but what is he?

Sus. A handsome, *beautysome* young man.

Fli. Pshaw! you *won't* understand. What's his name?

Sus. Hornet Fitz something—but I don't know what.

Fli. What regiment does he belong to?

Sus. The horse-something. I don't *'ticlarly* remember, but I think it's Blue *Dragons*, or the *Horse Marine Distillery.*

Fli. [*Aside.*] Confound her stupidity! [*Aloud.*] Does he often come here?

Sus. Yes sir, very often—whenever you go to Richmond.

Fli. Indeed! What a cursed idiot I have been!

Sus. You have, indeed, sir.

Fli. Do you think so?

Sus. Yes, sir, certain—positive. While you were with your uncle, the *Hornet* was always here with missis. I had a great mind to send you a *synonymous* letter about it, but I was *afeard.*

Fli. Now, let us understand each other. If you'll watch your mistress, and give me notice of all her proceedings, I will reward you; but if I find you attempting to deceive me, I'll turn you out of doors Now, which will you do—serve me or your mistress?

Sus. You, sir, if you please.

Fli. Very well. Now, go, and see what she is about.

Sus. Yes, sir; but don't put yourself in a *quandary.* It can't be helped. We all has our little weaknesses. Yours is Lady Simple—mississes is Hornet Fitzturbot—and mine is Tom Smith the baker!

[*Exit into room* R.

Fli. Deceitful woman! Why did I marry? I ought to have known better, after all my experience, to run so great a risk. How my friends will laugh. I can never show my face in the world again! I shall be caricatured in the print shops—pointed at in the streets—and ridiculed by all my acquaintances. If I don't get drilled to-morrow, I'll go to America—nobody shall ever hear of me again.

Enter JOHN, C. D. R.

Well, sir—what do you want?

John. A lady, sir, wishes to see you.

Fli. What lady?

John. I don't know, sir—she would not give me her name. She told me to say she came from your uncle, at Richmond.

Fli. [*Aside.*] The devil! 'tis Lady Simple! What on earth can have induced her to come here! [*Aloud.*] Say I'm not home.

John. It's of no use, sir—she's on the stairs, coming up.

Fli. Confound your stupidity! Leave the room, sir. [*Exit* JOHN.] How cursed unlucky! What shall I do with her?

Enter SUSAN, R. C., *disguised as* LADY SIMPLE—*she throws herself into* FLIGHTY'S *arms.*

My dear Lady Simple, what is the matter? why are you here? Speak—pray speak! [SUSAN *sobs violently.*] Damn it, she's going to faint! What the devil shall I do? Here—here, sit down. [*Gives a chair,* L.] If my wife should see me! [*Kneeling and slapping* SUSAN'S *hand.*] Fanny! Fanny! my dear Fanny, you'll ruin me! pray be composed. [SUSAN *kicks and screams.*] Fanny! Fanny! my dear Fanny!

Enter MRS. FLIGHTY, *from* R. *room.*

Mrs. F. What do I see? A woman fainting, and my husband calling her his dear Fanny! What are you about, sir? [FLIGHTY *turns, and jumps up in confusion.*] Who is that lady?

Fli. I don't know—— my cousin, madam. [*To* SUSAN.] Fanny, here's my wife; don't faint any more—come to yourself. [SUSAN *kicks and screams.*] Damn it, she's worse than ever! It's all up with me!

Mrs. F. I'm ashamed of you, sir. This is one of your vile intrigues! Oh, you monster! to deceive your affectionate wife—to pretend so much love for me, and then to have a dear Fanny! It's shocking—it's dreadful! I can't bear it—I shall faint—I—oh—oh——

[*Faints on a chair,* R.

Fli. A fainting duett! What will become of me? Nothing can stand against this! Eliza—Eliza! Fanny—Fanny! [*Turning from one to the other.*] Don't make damned fools of yourselves. [*Both scream and kick.*] I'm very sorry—I'll never do so again. I'll do anything you please. Damme, if I know what to do! *Crosses to* R.

Enter MRS. TRICTRAC, R. C., *in her own dress—she goes down* C.

Mrs. T. Ah! good heavens! my dear friend fainting! Lady Simple, too! Oh, you barbarian—you vile wretch—you terrible Turk! The shock is too much for me—my head turns round! Oh, dear, I'm going! I—oh—oh—oh—— [*Faints on a chair,* C.

Fli. Damme, there's a trio! I must faint myself, and make up a quartette. Ladies, [*going from one to the other,*] my dear Eliza——

Mrs. F. [*Screaming.*] Oh!

Fli. Mrs Trictrac——

Mrs. T. [*Screaming.*] Oh!

Fli. Fanny!

Sus. [*Screaming.*] Oh!

Fli. [*Taking up the last scream—in a great rage.*] Oh! pray, be calm. I cannot endure all this kicking and screaming! [*All scream together.*] If all three of you don't come to directly, I'll leave you to fight it out by yourselves. Now Eliza——

Mrs. F. [*Pushing him away.*] You wretch!

Fli. Mrs. Trictrac——

Mrs. T. Don't touch me, sir.

Fli. Fanny! [Susan *rises, bursts into a loud cry, and throws her arms around his neck.*] Oh, the devil! worse and worse!

Mrs. F. [*Jumping up.*] Shocking depravity! before my very face! Come away, from her, sir! [*Pulling him*—Susan *pulls the other way.*

Mrs. T. [*Jumping up.*] I'll help you, Eliza. Let go, sir——

[*All three drag him from one side to the other, and up and down the Stage*—Mrs. Trictrac *behind him.*

Fli. I shall be murdered! I'm ashamed to call for help. Let me go, ladies—pray, release me! Give me fair play, and don't all set upon me at once. [*They all beat him round the stage.*] One at a time, pray. [*Breaks away, jumps on the sofa, and holds up one of the pillows in a threatening attitude.*] What an escape! I demand a parley—I'm ready to accede to any terms, if you'll keep the peace.

Mrs. T. (L. C.) Will you promise never to go to Richmond again?

Fli. Yes.

Mrs. T. Never to neglect your wife?

Fli. Yes.

Mrs. T. To become a steady husband?

Fli. Yes.

Mrs. T. In short—you'll stay at home, love your wife, forsake dissipation, and do whatever I please.

Fli. Yes.

Mrs. T. Very well. Then, Eliza, I think we must forgive him. What do you say?

Mrs. F. I have no objection.

Mrs. T. Give him your hand, then. [Mrs. Flighty *crosses to* C.] But I had forgot Lady Simple—perhaps she won't consent to part with her dear Henry.

Sus. (R.) I aynt got no objection as I knows on.

Fli. [L. *astonished.*] Knows on! who's that with a nose on? Not Lady Simple, I'm certain.

Sus. [*Throwing up her veil.*] No, sir, it be I—Susan Twist. I hope no offence. I ar'n't done no wrong. I'm only a *happarition.*

Fli. So, so—I've been nicely tricked and made a fool of.

Mrs. T. Most decidedly, my dear boy. If you are refractory, "I'll bring your head, the bust, and the looking-glass into one, put in the lead about here, [*hitting him.*] and drill you in a most superior style."

Fli. [*Astonished.*] What, were *you* the officer? What an ass I have made of myself!

Sus. You have, indeed, sir—quite a *lustrious* one.

Fli. Forgive me, Eliza. I'll profit by the lesson I have received to-day, and never do anything to disturb our matrimonial felicity.

Mrs. T. Wisely resolved—and now *I* must ask pardon for *my* transgressions. [*Advancing to the audience.*

Of *you*, kind friends, who round me sit,
In Boxes, Gallery, and Pit—
Your plaudits and your smiles to gain,
I hope I have not tried in vain.
If you'll forgive, and kindly take
A lesson, from "*The Married Rake*,"
Again I'll "don" my martial gear,
Nor fear to meet a welcome here.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

L.		C.	R.
SUSAN.	MRS. TRICTRAC.	MRS. FLIGHTY.	MR. FLIGHTY.

THE END.

FRENCH'S

AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. LXXII.

LOVE AND MURDER:

A

FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by John Brougham, in the Clerk's Office of the District court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW-YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters.—Love and Murder.

	Wallack's Theatre
Don Manuel	Mr. Reynolds.
Don Garcia	" Lyster.
Don Andrea	" Shirley.
Mickey Magra	" Brougham.
Anita	Mrs Stevens.
Isaveau	Miss Fanny Dean
Ninetta	Mrs. Brougham.

Costume.—Love and Murder.

MANUEL.—Black frock coat, pantaloons, and Hessian boots.

GARCIA.—Spanish officer's uniform.

ANDREA.—Dark morning suit, large cloak, and sombrero.

MICKEY MAGRA.—Blue faded uniform coat, gray trowsers, and Spanish gaiters; hat and scarf.

ISABELLA, ANITA. } Spanish walking dresses, high combs, and black veils.

NINETTA.—Scarlet dress with black body.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience*

LOVE AND MURDER.

SCENE.—*A Spanish Interior, enclosed all round—Garden seen beyond through windows—trellis-work, with vines, on* L. H., *in corridor.*

Enter ANITA, C.

Anita. Signor jealous pate is gone at last; now, to release my poor imprisoned sister. Isabella! you may come forth.

Enter ISABELLA, R. D. 2 E.

Isabel. My dear Anita, I dislike more than ever this perpetual game of hide and seek. I fear that some great annoyance to you will grow out of it.

Anita. Nonsense, my dear. Lewis is gone for the day—you know how absorbing his business is; he never by any chance returns until evening; it's hard, indeed, if I cannot have the society of my own sister: to tell you the truth, I am getting heartily tired of his absurd jealousies and caprices, and I don't care how soon an explanation may take place.

Isabel. Why has he such an objection to my being here?

Anita. It ain't you, love, that he objects to, but the whole female race: it was as much as I could do to retain Ninetta, my favorite but somewhat familiar waiting-woman. What do you think he says—the libeller—that women are never as pleasantly employed (to themselves) as when they are plotting mischief; now you know that's not the case. [*a guitar heard..* U. E. L.] Do you not, Bel. Why, what's the matter, dear? you are blushing like a provence rose. Who is the musician?

Isabel. Don't go, dearest, it's nobody, only a street musician—some poor wandering mendicant.

Anita. Indeed, a most elegant street musician, a very distinguished-looking mendicant. Oh, sister, not to tell me of this!

Isabel. Who could have supposed he would be so foolish—so audacious—so wicked—to run such a risk.

Anita. Ah, you've caught the universal contagion, I see. Shall we have the street musician in?

Isabel. Not for the world, it would be so rash—so wrong—so imprudent. Do tell him to go away, then, dear. Ah, not yet, I mean. I don't wish him to be positively insulted, you know—common courtesy *demands* that much consideration.

Anita. Certainly, my dear, you are quite right, he shall not be insulted. [*rings bell.*]

Enter NINETTA, R. 2 E.

You were wonderfully near the door, Ninetta.

Ninetta. Yes, ma'm, I was, that's the truth; fact is, I forget exactly what the fact is, ma'm, but I was going to tell you something very particular.

Anita. Indeed! Well, that may be so; but remember one thing, Ninetta, you and I will have a serious quarrel if I find you using your ears at undue times.

Ninetta. Ears! law, my lady, you ought to know that my ears wouldn't listen to anything they oughtn't to hear, if I was ever so inclined: it's perfectly wonderful how deaf they can be on occasions.

Anita. That's right, keep them so; be discreet, and you shall not lose by it.

Ninetta. Ho, ho! I'm getting into request at last.

Isabel. Don't you think, sister, that it is rather discourteous to keep a gen—I mean a musician—waiting?

Anita. The height of rudeness. Pardon me, dear. Ninetta go and acquaint yonder musician, that we should like to hear a specimen of his ability a little closer.

Ninetta. Yes, ma'am. Musician, ha! ha! This looks as if it were going to pay. [*Exit*, C. L.

Anita. I suppose I had better find some employment elsewhere, eh, sister.

Isabel. What for, I should like to know? Surely you can't think. There, don't look at me in that way: yes, you may. Isn't he a charming fellow?

Anita. Of course he is—I'll take your word for it. You forget—I don't know the street mendicant.

Isabel. For shame, sister, to strike a fallen foe!

Anita. He comes. Now, pray remember, that on those occasions time flies with singular rapidity. When may I interrupt you?

Isabel. When you please—in a few minutes.

Anita. About an hour, I suppose.

Isabel. Oh, sister, we should hardly have time to say, how do you do, to each other in an hour.

Anita. Ah, well, I won't intrude at all.

Isabel. Won't you, that's better still; how kind of you.

[*Exit*, ANITA, R. C.

Enter NINETTA.

My lady, the musician. [*Enter* ANDREA—*they salute formally.*

Ninetta. If his notes ring as sweetly as his golden pieces, he's the very prince of tweedledums [*Exit*, R. C.

Andrea. My own dear Isabella, I have dared to break the restriction you enjoined upon me, once more, although last evening you told me how suspicious Senor Manuel was; but surely there can come no ultimate harm now, when we are pledged to bear each other's future fortune

Isabe. Were he like other men, I should not fear, but he is so rash, so hasty, and so blindly jealous, that a vague apprehension encircles me while you remain: it was by a miracle that we escaped his notice last night when we parted.

Enter NINETTA, R. C.

Ninetta. Beg pardon, ma'm, for interrupting you, but I don't know if it's of any consequence; however, thinking it might, there's no knowing; I thought I'd just step in to let you know, as it's best, I think, to be on the safe side, if possible, that my master is coming up the walk.

Isabel. I knew there was great risk—great danger.

Ninetta. It doesn't matter much, ma'm, does it?

Isabel. Everything, Ninetta, everything. Can you not get Senor Andrea away?

Ninetta. So, so—the twangler's a senor is he—I thought as much. Don't know what on earth to do with him, ma'm. [ANDREA *gives money.*] Let me see. [*more money.*

Andrea. Let this quicken your understanding.

Ninetta. Now, don't interrupt me in such an unprincipled manner, and at such a critical crisis—there's no time for deliberation—step into this room, it's the housekeeper's—he never goes there; when the coast is clear, I shall return and let you out.

Andrea. Dearest Isabella.

Ninetta. Oh! there's no time for that sort of nonsense: in with you—that's it. [*puts* ANDREA *into closet.*]

Isabel. Not a syllable, Ninetta, for your life.

Ninetta. What do you take me for? Put a sudden stop to the first delightful dilemma I've had the pleasure to be mixed up in for such a heap of centuries. Away with you into my misseses' boudoir—that's sacred yet, [*exit* ISABELLA, L. 2 E.] he's coming, and somebody with him—so much the better. [*pretends to dust the things, and is going off as* MANUEL *and* GARCIA *enter*, R. C.]

Manuel. Is this the time of day you dust the furniture?

Ninetta. Any time that it wants it, sir. Well, I'm sure—teach me my business. [*Exit*, R. C.

Manuel. Ah! they are all in league together—of that there can be little doubt. Where have they hidden that villain? Most likely here; he could not have escaped without my notice: he is here! [*locks door*, R. 2 E.] Thou'rt caged, now, thou subtle soul-slayer. Answer me, Garcia; are you now astonished that I should make so deadly a resolve?

Garcia. Still there is a bare possibility that you may be in error. I entreat you to pause before you proceed upon a determination so fearful.

Manuel. No, no; I cannot be deceived. Last night I saw my wife. Oh! that I should live to name her with such a thrill of indignation. I saw her parting from this vile seducer. I wonder what withheld me from dealing retribution on the instant? Did I need further proof? I *have it now; enough* to steel my heart against all pity. He must die;

nor shall I sully my hands with his dishonored blood. Have you seen the bravo?

Garcia. My great friendship for you forced my better nature to yield I have seen him.

Manuel. And will he undertake this matter?

Garcia. That, or any other, for a sufficient recompense, but still I counsel you to delay your purpose.

Manuel. Garcia, it is the greatest love that, checked or desecrated, turns to bitterest hate. Say no more—my mind's made up—his life only can atone in part for this blot upon my house's honor.

Garcia. A few moments' reflection only. Walk with me in the garden: remember, vengeance is not always justice, even when portioned out by law itself.

Manuel. Justice and vengeance are alike in this. What! must I not stay the machinations of the secret foe, who fain would rob me of domestic joy? Come, the air will cool my fevered blood, while we await this messenger of death! but the stab, that lets out his base life, will be but nothing to the soul-pang I am doomed to feel henceforward.

[*Exeunt into garden*, L. C.

Enter NINETTA, *cautiously*, R. C.

Ninetta. Now to liberate our trapped musician. A few more pieces in my purse, or I mistake me—the saints, how's this! door locked: ho! within there!

Andrea. [*within.*] May I come forth, Ninetta.

Ninetta. That you may not, Senor, and for the best of all possible reasons, you cannot—the door is locked.

Andrea. And Manuel locked it—what is best to be done?

Ninetta. Why you must be content to remain until I find a key.

Andrea. Hist, Ninetta, you must inform my brother Leon; tell him to hurry here, this jealous fool may, in his rashness, do some mischief else.

Ninetta. It shall be done, Senor, at once: I'll go myself; there's no knowing what may happen. [MICKEY MAGRA *sings outside.* Oh, good gracious! if I didn't forget all about that, I mean him; it's my new sweetheart—the green islander. I just hinted to him Senor Manuel would be out all day, and he's had the impudence, I suppose, to take it for an invitation. He's a nice-looking fellow, though he *is* my intended. I wish he was anything but a butcher; ugh! it's a terrible trade, but profitable however, and that goes a great way in the choice of a husband.

Enter MICKEY, R. C.

Mickey. Ah, my deludin Andelusian, if t isn't like shaking hands with the stars to look into your purty pair of Spanish eyes. I'm a Hottentot!—look at me; havn't I dressed myself up in the national costume to please you? though I must say it's rather an inconvenient hot weather uniform.

Ninetta. I'm obliged to you for the proof of your regard, but you can't stay now.

Mickey. And why the divil can't I?

Ninetta. Hush! don't talk so loud: I made a mistake. I thought there would be nobody here, but instead of that, there's a whole housefull of human combustibles, and I don't know when we may have an explosion.

Mickey. Being a sojir, you know, I'm used to them sort of playthings. Didn't I came over here from the blessed green island, and more betoken a deal greener I was than itself for that same. Didn't I pursue glory, as the recruiting-sargeant said, in coming here to help General Evans to powder the Carlists for Don Myjewel? and didn't we all get purty well powdered ourselves? and if I hadn't left off slaughtering the foe for slaughtering my fellow-creatures, in the shape of calves and sheep, it's lying peacably in the bed of glory I'd been long ago, with a daisy patthern quilt over me, to keep me from catching my death-cowld.

Ninetta. I tremble every moment you stay; go, now, or I shall be angry.

Mickey. Don't say that—I'm off. Give us one—just one, to keep the life in me till I see you again.

Ninetta. My gracious! my heart's in my mouth.

Mickey. Then it's all the closer to your lips, darling, and that improves the flavor wonderfully. [*kisses.*] Now I'm off, and indeed I have enough to do: this is one of my killing days!

Enter, at top, R. C., MANUEL.

I have a calf or two to despatch!

Ninetta. How coolly you talk of taking the lives of the poor innocents.

Mickey. Bless your tender little heart, it's nothing when you're used to it; a life's a life, you know, whatever dimensions it's in. You don't mind murdering a colony of spiders if they come in the way of business.

Ninetta. Don't talk so—don't. I couldn't kill anything for the world.

Mickey. Couldn't you, really. Did you ever eat an oyster?

Manuel. [*advancing.*] Silence, wretch!—Is this ruffian known to you?

Ninetta. Ruffian, indeed!

Manuel. Answer me at once.

Ninetta. Ye–yes, sir.

Manuel. And his dreadful trade.

Ninetta. Yes, sir.

Manuel. Away! Prepare to leave this house, immediately.

Ninetta. Gracious! the explosion's coming. Don't mind him, he's only jealous. I must find out Senor Leon before there's any mischief done. [*Exit,* R. C.

Manuel. Now, butcher, since that's your horrid trade, is it not?

Mickey. Why, yes, sir, just now, for the want of a better. Proud to serve you, sir, in any way.

Manuel. A heartless foreigner—the fittest for my purpose. How long have you followed this estimable calling?

Mickey. Well, not very long, your honor. You see, sir, this sort of killing is new to me: I've been a sojer.

Manuel. Oh! then, ou were early initiated into scenes of blood!

Mickey. Indeed, you may say that, sir, as far as shutting my two trigger eyes and firing away at random went.

Manuel. What a frightful patois!

Mickey. You may say it was a mighty frightful Pat-war! but there never was a war where the Pats was in, that they did not make it a little uncomfortable for some; for my own part, I fought as well as I could for the money I got, but, as good-luck would have it, I was killed at last.

Manuel. Killed!

Mickey. Yes, sir; at the close of a hard day's fight, I got shot in the throat by a quart-bottle, and was carried dead-drunk off the field, and when I came to my senses, I found I was condemned to be shot for mutinously knocking the head out of a whiskey barrel, so I took an opportunity, one fine day, to walk off with all the honors of war.

Manuel. Enough! my blood freezes to hear your coolness. Your present occupation pays you better, I presume.

Mickey. Why, to be sure it does. What I killed then, only went to the account of glory, but what I kill now turns into ready money.

Manuel. How so?

Mickey. How so? why don't I sell the carcases.

Manuel. What?

Mickey. And make a mighty pretty profit out of the skins.

Manuel. My friend, you set about your sanguinary business with true gusto, one would almost suppose you killed for pleasure.

Mickey. Not exactly. I kill for food: do you see the joke? Ha, ha!

Manuel. I know—I know: Hunger has goaded many a poor wretch to crime. Approach! nearer—don't laugh, it chills me to the heart to hear you.

Mickey. I can't help it, sir—upon my word I can't—it's constitutional.

Manuel. Cold-blooded miscreant! But to business; you know what you came here for?

Mickey. Know it—I should think so: to pierce the tender and susceptible heart of ——

Manuel. Silence!—I see you understand: let it be done.

Mickey. Don't be at all alarmed; I have a peculiar way of my own.

Manuel. You won't flinch!

Mickey. Is it me? Man alive, you don't know what I'm made of. Stop—let me see—a thought strikes me; you seem mighty anxious about this affair.

Manuel. Anxious! yes, I am anxious.

Mickey. Would it be a mighty great liberty if I was to ask you if you have a reason for getting rid of that same individual.

Manuel. Suffice it to say I have.

Mickey. A pretty noose you'd have me put my head into. It appears to me, sir, that if I understand you rightly, you want me to take off an individual that you have good reasons to wish removed.

Manuel. Speak lower. Decidedly you've just hit it, but assuredly not without a weighty consideration: here is a portion to begin. [*gives purse.*]

Mickey. A portion, a marriage portion.

Manuel. Just as you please, I care not what you do with it.

Mickey. Well, upon my soul, you're a purty sort of a chap, aint you!

Manuel. No recriminations—no compunctions. Will you do it, or shall I seek another mercenary wretch? You are silent—you consent. 'Tis well. Is that the knife?

Mickey. What knife?

Manuel. The instrument of your detestable trade?

Mickey. Yes; tidy bit of stuff, aint it?

Manuel. It will do. Now all that remains for me to say is—that's the chamber.

Mickey. Oh, that's it, is it?

Manuel. Yes, and here's the key.

Mickey. Thank you.

Manuel. Hush! be expeditious—no noise, hush!

[*Exits mysteriously*, L. C.

Mickey. Well, if that ain't as mysterious a creature as ever puzzled a man of limited comprehension. I'll turn Turk, and live upon Russian ducks. He's either mad or drunk—not that there's much differ between the two. I wonder where my Ninetta has cut off to. I'll just bid her good-bye and start. What the devil did he mean by—Hush! no noise, that's the door! [*Imitating the other.*]

Enter hurriedly ANITA, R. C., *grasps* MICKEY.

Anita. Man of blood, desist.

Mickey. Hallo, what the devil's the matter now?

Anita. You know not what a crime you are about to commit.

Mickey. Upon my soul, you're right there.

Anita. You acknowledge it; indeed, indeed, it is a mistake.

Mickey. I should think it was.

Anita. I know it is.

Mickey. I'm rejoiced to hear it.

Anita. Give me that dreadful knife.

Mickey. I shan't do anything of the sort.

Anita. I implore you to surrender that instrument of death.

Mickey. What for, my good lady? I can't very well get on without it. This must be a mad-house, or I'm drunk and seeing visions, I don' know which.

Anita. Suffer me to take it from you?

Mickey. I'd rather not give it up, if it's all the same to you. I must be gentle, or maybe I may set her raving. The fact is, my dear madam, I want it myself. I'm just going to make use of it.

Anita. [*Screams*] No, no; unsay those fearful words. Stay one moment—hear me! It is jealousy, false, groundless jealousy, which has driven him to take this desperate step.

Mickey. Is it, indeed, ma'm? Poor fellow. I wish I could cry a bit.

Anita. Yes, yes! and butcher though you are, I entreat you to pause before you shed innocent blood.

Mickey. I'd oblige you if I could, ma'm, but if you'll be good enough to recollect, I never shed anything else.

Anita. True, true; 'tis your abhorrent trade; and ye, methinks I see commiseration in your eye.

Mickey. Maybe you do, ma'm. I mustn't contradict her—she's as mad as a Millerite.

Anita. May I hope, then, that you relent?

Mickey. Indeed, ma'm, if it will do you any good, you may.

Anita. Bless you for that word—it has removed a mountain load from my heart.

Mickey. Has it, really? then I dare say you feel all the lighter. [ANITA *tries to take away knife.*] Ah! would you—they're mighty deceitful when they're in this state, I've heard.

Anita. Hark! 'tis his footstep.

Mickey. I wouldn't be surprised if it was.

Anita. It is!

Mickey. You're right, decidedly it is.

Anita. Hush! take this purse; only keep in your present mind, and its contents shall be doubled.

Mickey. Will it! You don't say so. Then with a blessing on the endeavor, I'll try to keep straight.

Anita. Will you swear it?

Mickey. Upon my soul.

Anita. Enough. I'll trust you. If he should question you, prevaricate.

Mickey. I will.

Anita. Say—'tis done.

Mickey. 'Tis done.

Anita. He comes! remember. [*Exit.* L. 2 E.

Mickey. Remember! bedad, I'll never forget if I was to live to be as old as a couple of Methusalem's. I never saw a madder female since the day I left Molly Maguire, hurling benedictions after me at the cove of Cork. Let's see if its real money they've trusted her wid—why, I'll be hanged if it ain't. [*As he counts the money*

Enter MANUEL, L. C., *touches him on shoulder.*

Manuel. Well!

Mickey. How are you again, sir. Maybe this is the chap she was expecting. I'll try—Hush! it's *done!*

Manuel. Good! Ha! what's that! [*Snatches purse.*] Her purse, as I live; another damning evidence of her guilt.

Mickey. Come, I say, fair play's a jewel; that's mine.

Manuel. I know, wretch! your lawful spoil, torn from his prostrate body, was it not!

Mickey. Not a bit of it—I mean, yes. Damn it, this is another of them—there's a whole handful, and that little devil not to tell me a word about it.

Manuel. Hark! is he dead!

Enter LEON *at back,* R. C.

Mickey. Dead!

Manuel. Aye, dead!

Mickey. Dead as a herring.

Manuel. Then she shall follow. [*Exit*, L. 2

Mickey. With all my heart, and serve her quite right, I should say.

Leon. [*Seizes him by the throat.*] Bloodthirsty villain—vile remorseless wretch!

Mickey. Murder alive—they're all running about wild. It's the full of the moon!

Leon. Prepare to die, villain, although such consideration you do not deserve.

Mickey. Don't be a fool; what the devil are you about. Take it easy; what's it all about?

Leon. Have you not murdered him? speak.

Mickey. No, I believe not.

Leon. Liar!

Mickey. That is to say—wait a bit, let me think. Yes, I think I have. But wait, at this minute I give you my word I can't exactly remember.

Leon. Vile, prevaricating caitiff; did I not overhear you tell your fellow scoundrel, Manuel, that you had slain my brother.

Mickey. Was it your brother; did I do such an ungentlemanly thing; do give me time to consider!

Leon. Speak, or instant death awaits you!

Mickey. Well, then, I suppose I must have killed him.

Leon. Then follow thy victim. [*About to stab him.*]

Enter MANUEL, L. C.

Manuel. How now, young sir; would you tempt your villain brother's fate?

Leon. He was no villain.

Mickey. I most sincerely hope they'll humor one another if they're inclined to fight.

Leon. 'Tis you are the villain; hasty and remorseless, your unjust suspicions have urged you even to murder. My brother was innocent of any wrong to thee.

Manuel. No, no! I could not have been deceived—he betrayed me and has perished for it.

Leon. 'Tis false as thine own false heart.

Isabel. [*Without*, L. 2 E.] Where is he—where is the assassin of my love?

Mickey. Holy St. Donnybrook, here comes another! Where the devil's the keepers!

Manuel. That voice—who spoke?

Leon. Your wife's sister, Isabella; the betrothed of him whom you have so foully butchered!

Manuel. No, no! it cannot be.

Enter ISABELLA, L. 2 E.

Isabel. Cruel, cruel, heartless man, to take a life that was so dear to me!

Mickey. They're all in a story; I wish I could get out.

Isabel. How has your fatal jealousy blinded your reason! It was to

me that those attentions were addressed which you thought were bestowed upon your wife—to me, whose life, and love, and happiness, were all centered in him, and now my heart is widowed by a brother's hand.

Manuel. Oh, fool! fool! thoughtless, blind, inhuman villain!

Mickey. It's getting rather serious. [*Stealing out.*]

Manuel. Where is that cool, heartless witness of my villany? Ha, think not to skulk away;—had not thy ready knife been anxious for the horrid deed, it might now have been undone.

Isabel. Is this the fiend?

Leon. Hold no longer parley with the assassin, but let us each kill our share of him. Die, villain! [MANUEL *and* LEON *rush at him.*]

Andrea. [*From chamber.*] Hold! [*They pause.*]

Isabel. That voice! 'tis Andrea's!—alive!

Manuel. What juggle is this—the key?

Mickey. What key? Oh, aye—here you are.

[MANUEL *opens door.*—ANDREA *embraces* ISABELLA. *Enter* ANITA *who embraces* MANUEL. MICKEY *embraces* LEON.

Mickey. By the powers I'm mighty glad there's a lucid interval.

Manuel. My dear true-hearted wife, how nearly did my groundless jealousy cause me to commit a deed which would have embittered my after life: say but that I am forgiven, and the shadow of a doubt shall never cross me more.

Anita. Ah, Manuel, you know how zealous a counsellor you have in my unchanged affection. Jealousy, the offspring of o'er anxious love, leaves no ill-feeling in a woman's heart: there is my hand.

Manuel. Of you and all, I have to ask most humble pardon; but for this murderer, here ——

Mickey. Hallo! the moon's rising again. You'll pardon me, sir, but as you seem to have come slightly to your little bit of original sense, let me inform you that it was love, and not murder, that brought me here.

Manuel. Indeed!

Ninetta. I'll answer for that, sir, such as it is. What! my intended murder? Yes, as far as a good fat sheep goes, I grant you.

Nickey. Yes, and that's justifiable homicide, all the world over.

Manuel. Thank fortune, then, which threw you in my way, and pray forgive me, my fine fellow, for so greatly mistaking your useful vocation.

Isabel
Anita, &c. } And me. [*shake hands.*

Mickey. Don't mention it. I'm not exactly sure if their wits are in the right place yet: I'll see. You recollect giving me this bit of money to take care of for you, when you were raving. I mean ——

Anita. Keep it—it is the least I can do to atone for my unjust estimate of your character.

Manuel. I shall add something to it, also.

All. And so shall I, and I, &c.

Mickey. I'm satisfied. The verdict of the jury is, sensible all round. Long life to you all, and that you may never think of a worse way to get rid of your small change; and now, if my darling Ninetta will so

cept this hand, red with the blood of beef and mutton, why I'll cut the slaughterer's trade, take a bit of garden ground, and go into the nursery business.

Ninetta. It would be cowardly to shrink now; there, I have no fears of your killing me!

Mickey. If I do, it will be with kindness, you bewildering little divil of an angel. I'm so nearly happy, there's only one thing remains to make me completely so; and that is, that you, who are a whole court of justice, judges, jury, and witnesses, may look upon this case as merely a laughing matter. They say that the man who pleads his own cause, has a fool for a client, and, indeed, if there was a counsellor here would volunteer in my defence, I really wouldn't say a word; but in my present situation, what am I to do? You are called upon to decide upon the merits of this case; and as you are your own witnesses, why you'll escape a jolly lot of balleyragging, and return a verdict according to the evidence. Now, I contend, that there is not a particle of evidence that can convict me of even an attempt to kill anything but Time: if I have succeeded in that, I feel that your sense of justice will cause you to return a verdict in my favor, without leaving your boxes.

THE END.

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